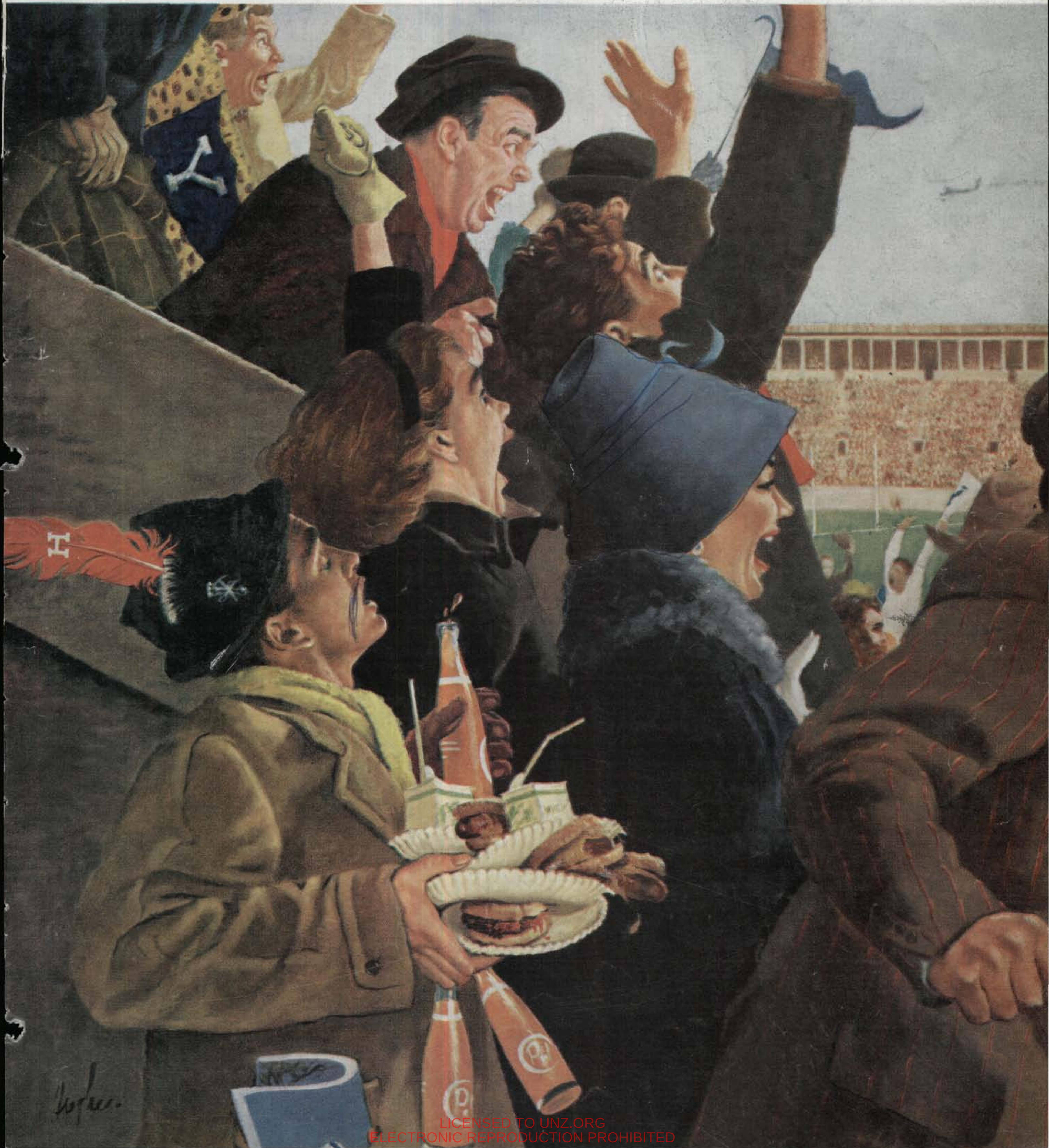
The Saturday Evening POST

November 19, 1960 — 15¢

SPECIAL COLOR FEATURE:

NORTH CAROLINA'S OUTER BANKS

A Visit With ROBERT FROST



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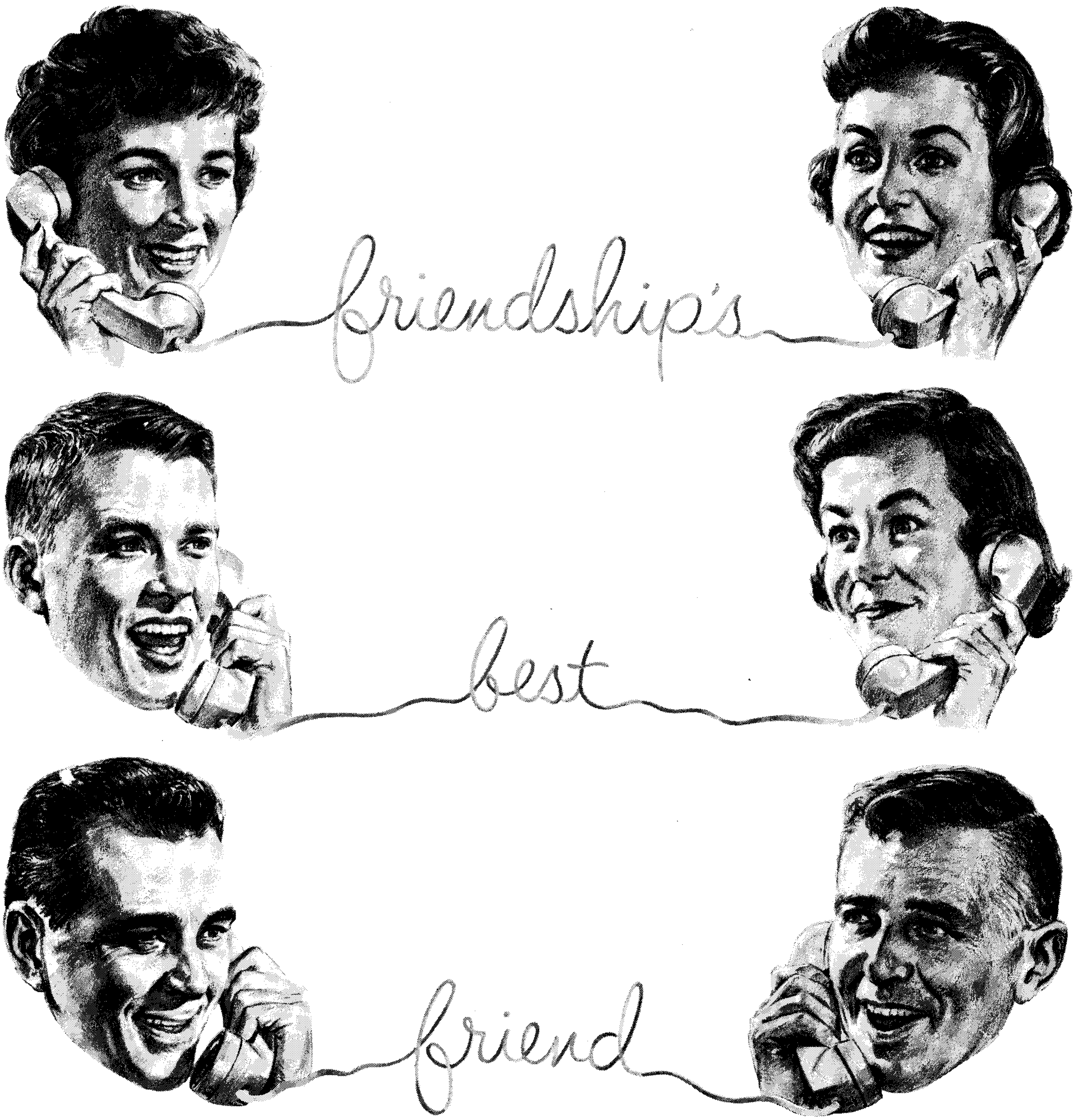


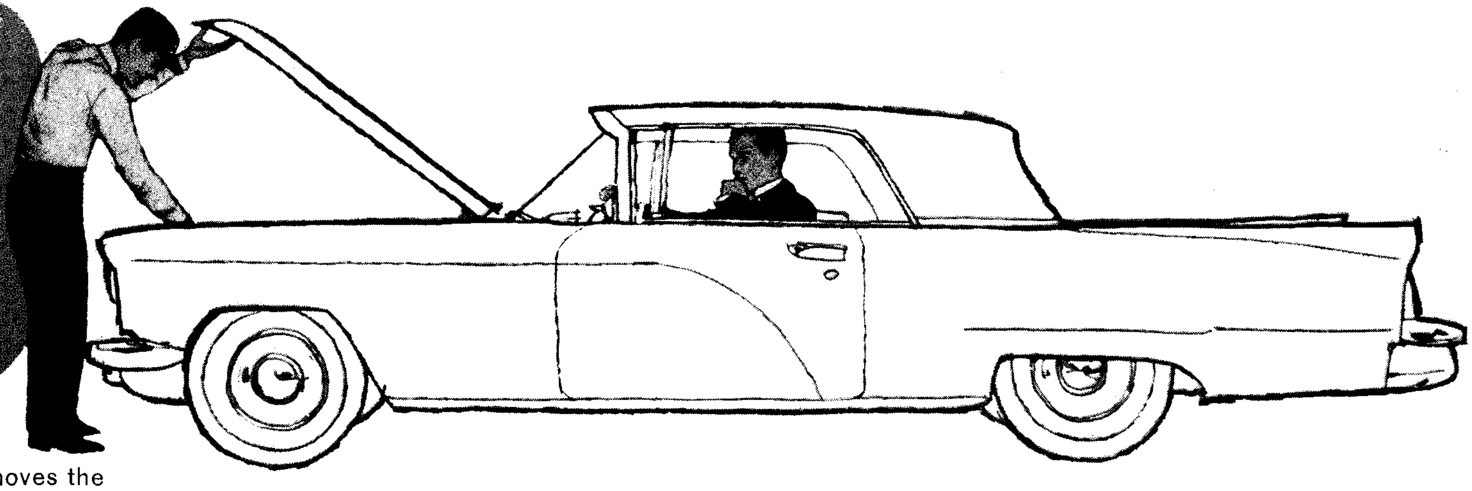
YOUR TELEPHONE!

Are there friends nearby or faraway you haven't seen for a while? When you think of them, think also of your telephone. It quickly puts you back in touch . . . gladdens the day for everybody . . . ends that long silence with a lot of smiles.

Why not make an overdue telephone visit this minute? (And maybe plan an actual holiday visit later.) It's easy to do, and a laugh or two from now you'll know why the telephone is truly friendship's best friend.

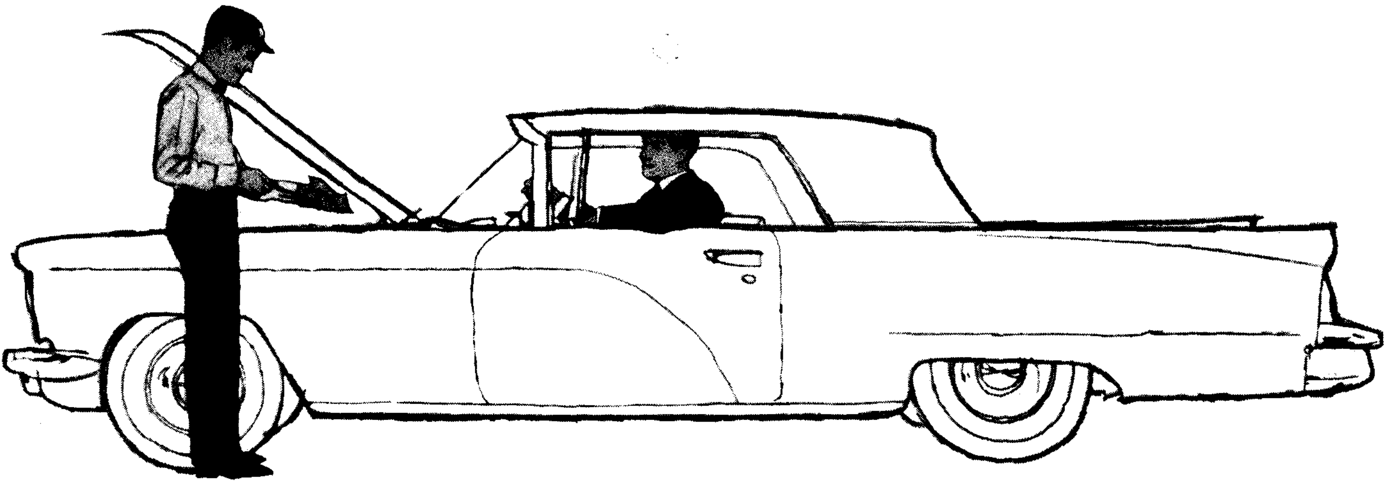
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

10



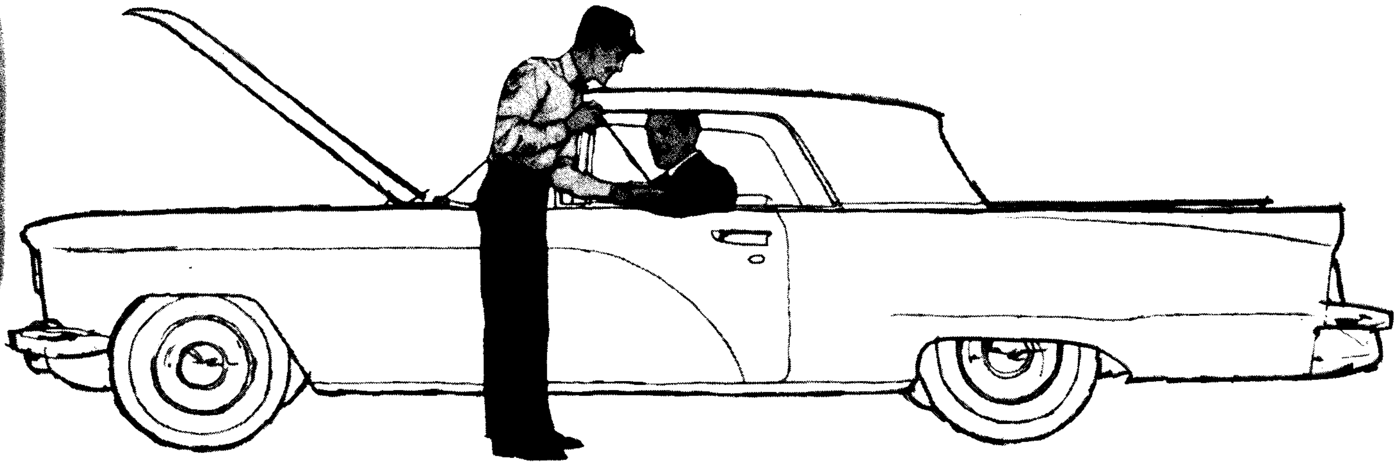
. . . in 10 seconds, your Shell Dealer lifts the hood and removes the dip stick

20



. . . only 10 seconds more to check the oil level

30



. . . and another 10 to ask "When did you last change your oil?"

The most important 30 seconds in the life of your car!

In just 30 seconds your Shell Dealer can make this vital check. Remember, even if your engine has a safe level of oil there's a good chance you need an oil change. That's because your oil has become contaminated with sludge, metal particles, carbon.

New Shell X-100 Premium—

the first ash-free multigrade motor oil!

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New Shell X-100 Premium keeps new engines cleaner than ever before possible. In older cars it actually helps regain lost power and improve fuel economy.

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X-100
MOTOR OIL
PREMIUM
SHELL

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Saturday Evening
POST
SPECIAL COLOR FEATURE:
NORTH CAROLINA'S OUTER BANKS
A Visit With ROBERT FROST

THE COVER

The Harvard chap in the foreground is searching for a receiver in the open, but his view is blocked by an exultant pack of Yale Bulldogs. It would seem that while the Crimson was successful at a hot-dog stand, Yale spoiled the attempt at a goal-line stand. "Bull-dog! bull-dog! Bow, wow, wow!" shriek the Yale fans, as portrayed by artist George Hughes. (Hughes is neutral. His father-in-law is a Yale graduate, but both his sons-in-law are Harvard.) The Harvard-Yale rivalry commenced in 1875, and Eli Yale has a seventeen-game edge. This week's combat will be staged at Harvard Stadium—not that the field of battle is likely to affect the outcome. The Bulldogs took a drubbing in 1914, the year the Yale Bowl was dedicated. Yale had the bowl, we read somewhere; Harvard supplied the punch.

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in seconds!

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Whether tension-caused or due to over-indulgence in food or drink, Phillips' brings relief from all five stomach troubles — *in seconds!* For the cause of all these stomach troubles is excess acidity. And scientific tests show Phillips' starts to neutralize excess acids in seconds! Yet stomach and lower intestinal walls remain completely free to do their digestive work. There's no digestive interference.

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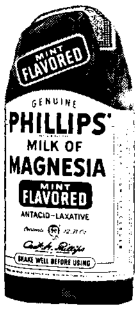

Florida Keys . . . one of Florida's nine vacation regions

Captains and mates of rental fishing boats know these Keys waters intimately. This trio has been guided into a school of big ones off old Fort Taylor at the tip of Key West.

Tie into thrills on this tropic-island holiday

Sportsmen consider the Florida Keys one of the world's most productive fishing grounds. Trolling for marlin, sailfish or tarpon often yields trophy-size catches. Stalking the wary bonefish is a supreme light-tackle thrill.

Each resort Key has its charter boats with guides; launching ramps and dockage for private craft.

But don't be misled. These tropic isles are not just a place for the resolute fisherman. Their casual waterfront life appeals to everyone.

You are rarely out of sight of the sea or out of earshot of the lore of pirates and old shipwrecks.

And don't let September's hurricane deter you. The tropical nature of the Keys is beguiling once more. New and decorous lodgings welcome you. The highway runs dependably as ever on to Key West.

Restaurants feature tantalizingly fresh seafoods and Key Lime pie.

For fishing thrills and a happy anchorage in the Florida sun, plan to drive down. *Guide to Florida Vacations* describes the Keys and all nine Florida regions in vivid detail. For your free copy, simply mail coupon.

Accommodations in the Keys vie with Florida's finest. Many have swim pools.

Along the Overseas Highway are many drive-offs where you can picnic, fish.

Florida

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GET THIS BRAND NEW GUIDE FREE! Completely revised with latest information, nine regional tour maps, handsome color photos, 100 pages of fascinating details about Florida vacationing. Mail coupon today!

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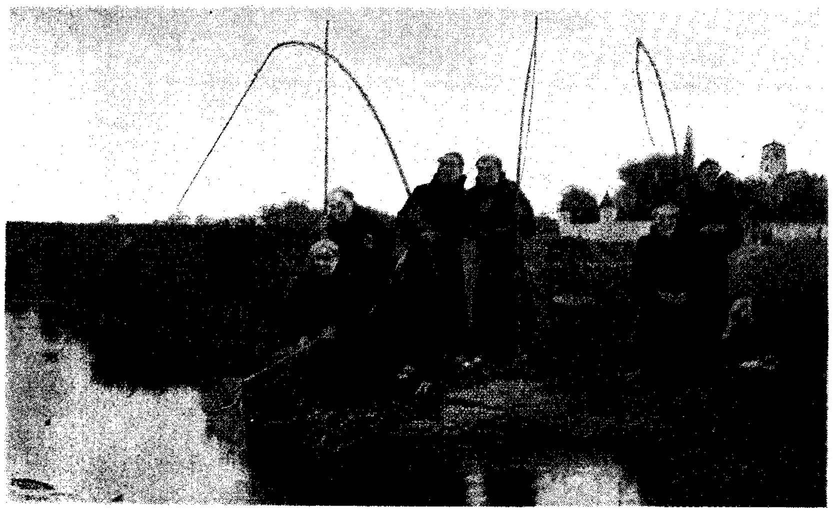
Letters

MONKS' DAY OFF



Dear Sirs:

Recently in going over some old prints I came across the enclosed [above]. The date on it seems to be '05. . . . Needless to say, the picture immediately came to mind when THE FACE OF AMERICA: NUNS' DAY OFF appeared [Oct. 1].

MRS. AXEL WESTERDAHL
Bloomfield, N.J.

The West Virginia Way

Dear Sirs:

In the story, BIG SPENDER FROM THE WEST, by D. K. Findlay [Oct. 8], Mallow says: "Some of the old cider they put in the cellar years ago has turned into applejack."

So that's the way applejack is made in Massachusetts! Here in West Virginia we continue doing it the hard way—run the cider through a still. No wonder we can't get ahead. When we store the stuff in the cellar it just gets sour or, if we mother it a little, it turns to vinegar.

LEWIS H. BUZZERD
Berkeley Springs, W. Va.

P.S. I am one West Virginian who hasn't canceled his *Post* subscription.

Prisoner of the Storm

Dear Sirs:

The article, I RODE THE THUNDER, by Lt. Col. William H. Rankin [Oct. 15] was so vivid, so startling, so terrifying that I felt engulfed in the unforgettable and unparalleled experience. It left me limp.

MADELEINE T. NICE
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Certainly no fictional adventure story can compare to Lt. Col. William H. Rankin's true-to-life encounter with the elements, after ejecting from his jet plane.

MARY F. SHINNICK
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Colonel Rankin refers to his old base as Beaufort, North Carolina. I believe it is Beaufort, South Carolina.

MRS. D. E. CAMPBELL
Austin, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

It is understandable that Colonel Rankin, after his rough ride, might err in at least one aspect of its recounting. A normally operating, barometric-sensing device would have opened his parachute at a lower altitude, instead of a higher altitude (as stated), because of the reduced barometric pressure in the thunderstorm.

HOWARD E. ROBERTS
Santa Ana, Calif.

● *Neither error was made by the colonel. Both occurred during our excerpting of his book.—ED.*

Fish in the Bathtub

Dear Sirs:

In John Bartlow Martin's Oct. 15 article, TO CHICAGO, WITH LOVE, he states, "Me? I live in a suburb. I love Chicago, but I wouldn't live in it if you gave it to me." Well, you may inform Mr. Martin, we can do ever so nicely without him, thank you.

PAUL BOONE JR.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Having lived in Chicago for thirty years, I admit that we do have some political, economic and social problems that need attention. We also have a bunch of jerks that live in their Utopian suburbs and depend upon Chicago for every cent they earn, yet deride Chicago at every opportunity.

J. MORAN
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

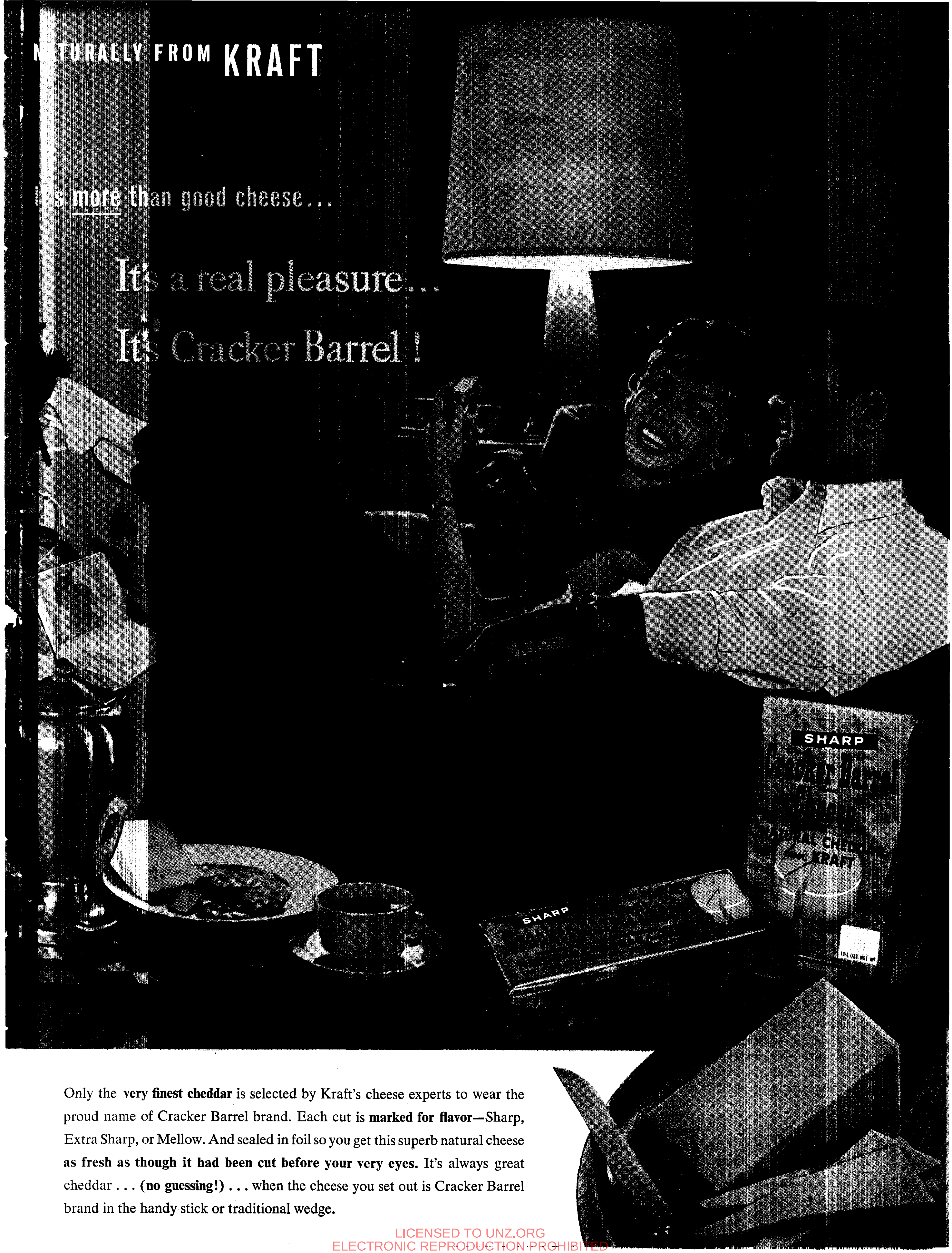
I cannot refrain from expressing to you my utter contempt for Mr. John Bartlow Martin and his article. I also condemn *The Post* for serving as the analyst's couch at a time when the United States and all of its people are being censured throughout the world.

MARGARET L. UTLEY
Evanston, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

To this ex-Chicagoan, John Bartlow Martin's almost poignant article recalled

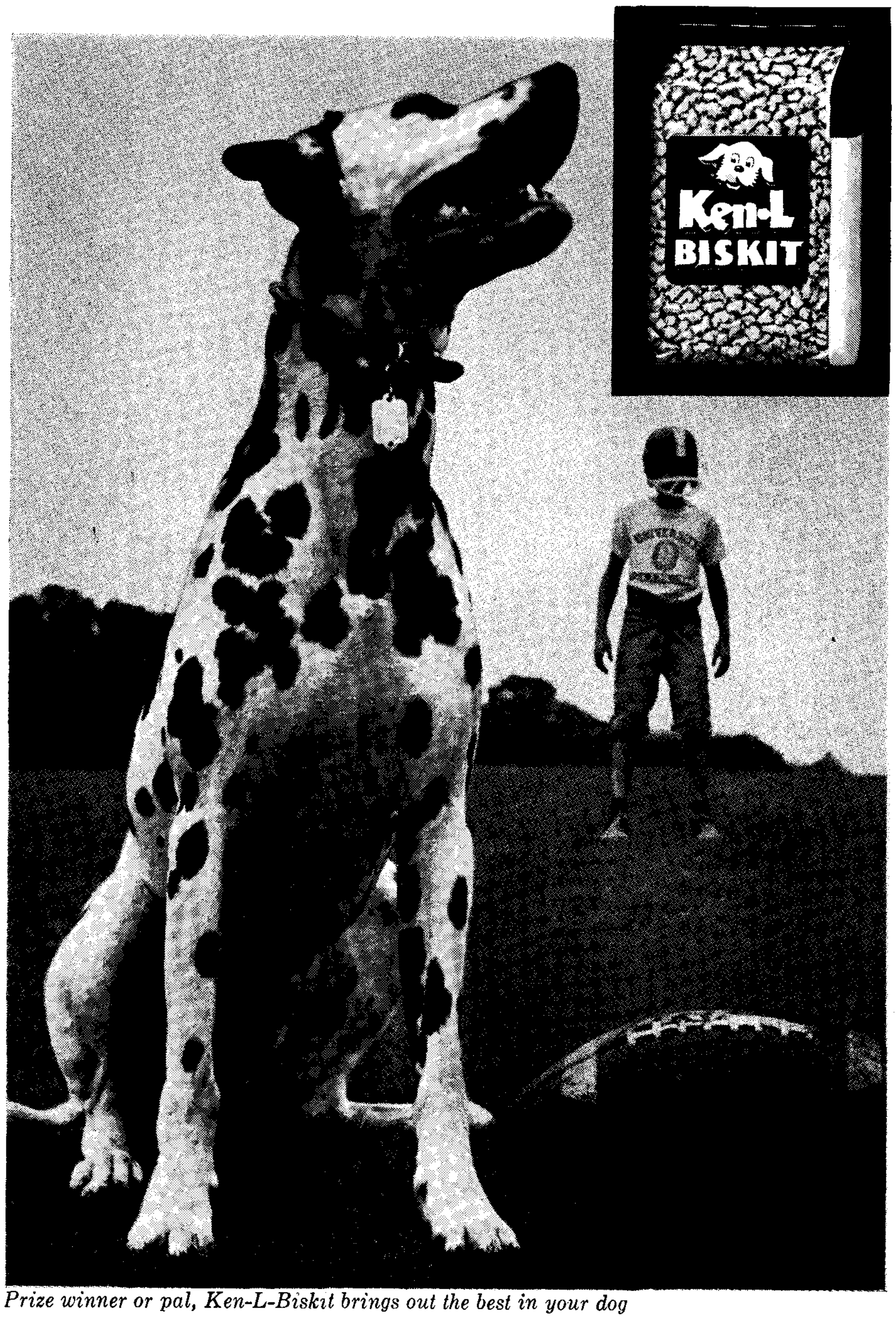
(Continued on Page 6)


NATURALLY FROM KRAFT
It's more than good cheese...
It's a real pleasure...
It's Cracker Barrel!
SHARP
Cracker Barrel Cheese
NATURAL CHEDDAR from KRAFT
SHARP
13¼ OZS. NET WT

Only the **very finest cheddar** is selected by Kraft's cheese experts to wear the proud name of Cracker Barrel brand. Each cut is **marked for flavor**—Sharp, Extra Sharp, or Mellow. And sealed in foil so you get this superb natural cheese **as fresh as though it had been cut before your very eyes.** It's always great cheddar . . . **(no guessing!)** . . . when the cheese you set out is Cracker Barrel brand in the handy stick or traditional wedge.

Every dog is more dog when he's fed the

Diet of Champions



Prize winner or pal, Ken-L-Biskit brings out the best in your dog

Concentrated Ken-L-Biskit provides twice the power of lean beefsteak!*

Today's Ken-L-Biskit is king-sized nourishment in concentrated form. Every bit of every bite works to create the peak condition, the wonderful spirit of a champion.

*Ken-L-Biskit is a *concentrated* kibble. Ounce for ounce, it provides twice the calories (energy-power) of the most flavorful lean beefsteak you can serve your family. And bowl for bowl, it gives high quality protein, vitamins and minerals in carefully balanced amounts.

Since Ken-L-Biskit does so much more, you can feed less of it. Hence a most happy economy. The concentration of goodness also results in a smaller, more easily handled package. Slow oven baking enriches the great flavor of Ken-L-Biskit. And makes for best digestibility.

No wonder Ken-L-Biskit—Diet of Champions—is first in sales to professional breeders! Doesn't your dog deserve some soon? Available in 30-oz., 4-lb. and 20-lb. packages.

KEN-L-BISKIT

Official food at more American Kennel Club Shows than all other dog foods combined

Letters

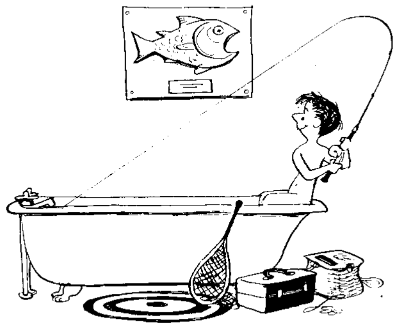
(Continued from Page 4)

pleasant and unpleasant memories. It was more than fair to a metropolis in which the best and the worst are so mixed.

JOSEPH O. BAYLEN, *Professor of History*
Mississippi State University
State College, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

Slums? Twenty-five slum-clearance and conservation programs currently under way. Blight has declined 31 per cent since 1950. Fish from the water faucet? My kids are disappointed. After a bath a night for an accumulated ten years, between the two of them they haven't caught one yet. . . .



With friends like [Martin] who needs enemies?

JOAN COSTELLO
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Dillinger was not the most miserable critter sent to us from Indiana.

ELEANOR W. ABBOTT
Morton Grove, Ill.

● *Reader Abbott refers to the undeniable fact that author Martin grew up in Indiana.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

A very wise old professor at my undergraduate institution told me that if I looked for the finer things in Chicago, I would find them, and if I looked for the worst things, I would find them. . . .

I have found the old professor's advice to apply not only to Chicago but also to New York, New Orleans, Philadelphia and Ruston.

H. L. HENRY JR.
Professor of General Engineering
Louisiana Polytechnic Institute
Ruston, La.

Dear Sirs:

I have long been fascinated by Chicago's "ugly beauty," and yet I describe it apologetically to strangers because I know it took years to acquire these peculiar sentiments. Peculiar indeed, in cold view of dirt, danger and wretchedness.

MIL RIESE
Aurora, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Everyone is talking about the article here, and many of them are quite violent in their denunciation of *The Post*. . . . Some, strangely enough, are so insulted they can scarcely remain coherent in their criticism of your magazine for disclosing the viciousness that every historian has commented upon even way back to Edgar Lee Masters.

DAPHNE E. BELL
Evanston, Ill.

If We Say It's Good, Is It?

Dear Sirs:

After reading the blurb introducing the new serial, SOMETHING LIGHT [by Margery Sharp, Oct. 8–Oct. 29] I plowed through a few thousand words of the yarn. Not a giggle, not a grin; no reaction except a faint revulsion. So I reread the blurb, which said "delightful," "charming" and "lively." It recalled the joke about the husband who grumbled. "This dessert is terrible," and the wife retorted, "It can't be. The recipe says it's delicious."

Anyhow, thanks for running it in four installments and getting it over with.

ARTHUR X. EGAN
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

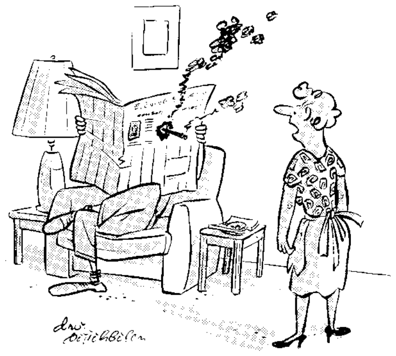
I fully expected another Gardner or Kelland serial to slap me in the face when I hesitantly opened the Oct. 8 issue, so imagine my great surprise and pleasure to be able to feast on SOMETHING LIGHT instead.

VIOLET CALVERT
Goldendale, Wash.

To Err is Youthful

Dear Sirs:

Your cartoonist obviously needs to familiarize himself with optical principles [see Walt Wetterberg's cartoon, below, from the Oct. 8 issue]. In presbyopia—the condition which requires bifocals—the print becomes clearer as it is moved away.



"Well, that settles it! You've got to 'get bifocals."

Had the gentleman in the cartoon needed bifocals, it would have taken a three-foot stogie to burn a hole in the paper.

DR. ARNOLD R. KIESSE, *optometrist*
Bozeman, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

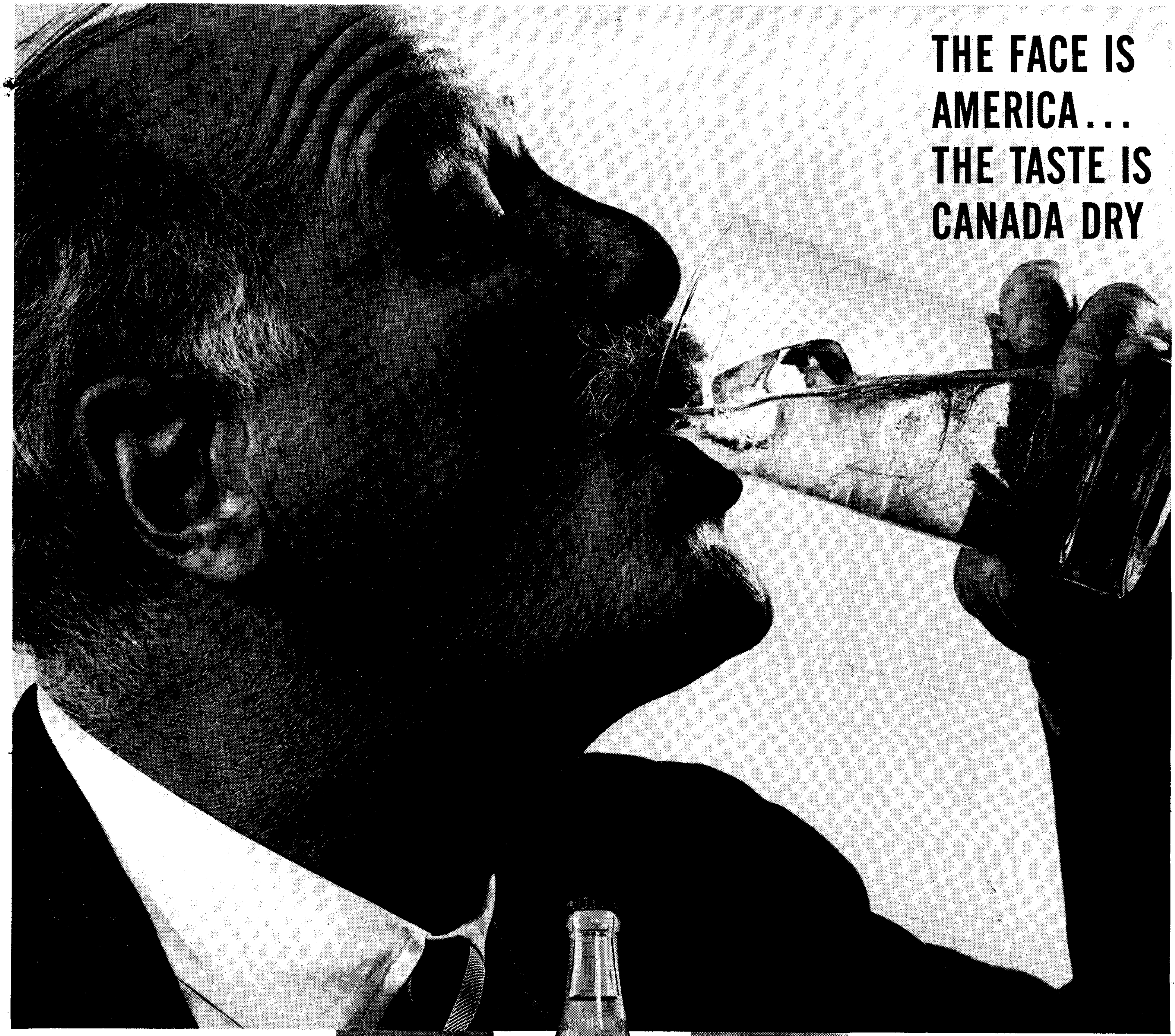
You are to be congratulated on the youth of your organization. Only a very young artist could have drawn this cartoon and only a young editor have accepted it. But it is funny.

SYDNEY H. KALMBACH
Carmel, Calif.

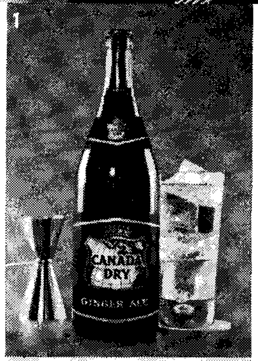
Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–New York Journal-American. • 21–Black Star; Wide World; Ylla from Rapho-Guillumette. • 22–European; London Daily Express from Pictorial Parade; Kenya Information Services. • 23–East African Standard; Birnback; Kenya Information Services. • 24, 25–Fred Ludekens. • 26–Hanson Carroll. • 27–Lemuel B. Line. 28, 29–James R. Bingham. • 30, 31–William M. Stephens. • 32–Robert McGinnis. 33–NBC; Wide World; United Press International. • 34, 35–Mike Shea; all Cartoons Copyright The Chicago Tribune. • 36, 37–Robert McGinnis. • 38–Gus Pasquarella. • 39–Robert Meyers. • 40–Larry Fried. • 41–Map by Zen Yonkovig; Larry Fried. • 42, 43–Larry Fried. • 47–Mac Connor. • 122–Jesse Wegweiser; Kathaleen F. Hempstone; Ferne McGinnis.

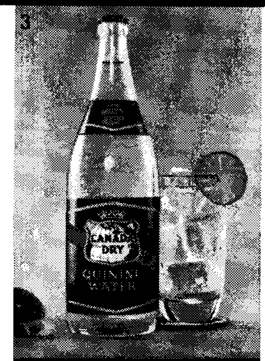

THE FACE IS
AMERICA...
THE TASTE IS
CANADA DRY

sparkling Canada Dry Club Soda


CANADA DRY
GINGER ALE

CANADA DRY
Hi-spot
LEMON

CANADA DRY
CANADA DRY
CLUB SODA


CANADA DRY
QUININE WATER

1. GINGER ALE 2. HI-SPOT LEMON SODA 3. QUININE WATER 4. GRAPEFRUIT

This man is a guest. He could be a guest in your home. He's enjoying the highball you made with Canada Dry Club Soda. That means he'll enjoy the entire evening . . . the next day, too. Important points to remember about Canada Dry Mixers. They make a highball taste better. Blend smoothly with the spirits, never dominate. They help you feel better. Research study proves Canada Dry's exclusive "Pin-Point Carbonation" curbs unhappy mornings-after. Always mix your highballs with Canada Dry Club Soda. Or any other sparkling Canada Dry Mixer. Your guests certainly will appreciate it.

Coast-to-coast — Canada Dry . . .
America's First Family of Beverages

From Argus . . . the color-picture specialists.

BRIGHTEST HOME MOVIES YOU EVER SAW!

There's simply no use trying to be modest about it. Our new ARGUS SHOWMASTER 1000 MOVIE PROJECTOR gives you the brightest 8mm movies yet . . . even brighter than the other 1000-watt projectors. Now, you'll see richer colors on your screen, clean detail even in shadowy scenes. A fast, brilliant new f/1.1 lens pushes more light at your screen than any other projector we tested. Showmaster threads itself, lets you change speed, show stills, reverse the action. Comes with splicer and built-in work light. Nothing modest but the price . . . only about $15 down. The companion ARGUS CINETRONIC MOVIE CAMERA has an electric eye that automatically gets you all the color and sharpness the Showmaster can project. Three lenses spice your film with close-ups and long shots. Separate viewfinders for each lens show you exactly what you're shooting. Precision "works" take jiggle and shiver out of home movies. $12 down at Argus dealers everywhere.

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IMPERIAL

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IMPERIAL OF 1961 is something of an engineer's triumph. Its already enviable status as America's most drivable, maneuverable fine car is improved. Its traditionally unmatched ride is now even easier.

It is a styling triumph, as well. The classic design, the basic rule, is still in force . . . yet its fresh interpretations are brilliant and arresting: a crisply formal new grille . . . surprising, free-standing headlamps . . . rakishly suspended taillights . . . a handsomely upholstered instrument panel . . . and you'll see others.

One thing has not, and will not, change: the careful, deliberately paced manner of Imperial's building and assembly . . . the skill and patience which make it America's most carefully built car.

Your dealer invites you to drive one for an hour or two. It may occur to you that Imperial could be a personal triumph, too.

IMPERIAL DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

AMERICA'S MOST CAREFULLY BUILT CAR

Editorials

Are You Unemployed, or Just Not Working? Statistics Don't Say.

If you want to lambaste the economic system or the party in power, a figure very handy for the purpose is the number of unemployed. It is a favorite indictment with many so-called "liberals." However, when unemployment figures are examined, they prove so complicated that it is a good idea to find out what they mean before crying havoc.

Unemployment means different things to different people. Are you "unemployed" when resting up between jobs or just after graduation from college? There is no "normal" amount of unemployment. It can easily be confused with underemployment and partial employment, and is measured in different ways in different countries.

In the United States, unemployment is determined by replies to the question whether you are out of work and looking for work. This question is asked of some 35,000 sample families once a month by the United States Census Bureau. The resulting figures are criticized both as an understatement and an overstatement of the actual situation, depending on who does the criticizing. To labor spokesmen they are too low because they don't reflect underemployment in part-time work and because they fail to take account of all those who would have looked for work if they thought they could find any. On the other hand, the figures include those whose efforts to find work are feeble, to say the least, as well as students, housewives and retired persons who are not regular, full-time members of the labor force. What, to take a controversial example, is the employment status of a striker?

The statistics on total unemployment make no distinctions among many diverse situations. The sole support of a large family unable to find work counts no more heavily in the figures than a teen-ager looking for a baby-sitting job. It is even possible for four persons to be counted as unemployed when the head of the family loses his job and the housewife and two children in college go looking for work. Among the labor force are many on temporary or seasonal work who have been laid off for a time, are changing jobs or don't really want to work.

The labor force is not even a constant percentage of the total population. It shifts by several millions during the year. In June the labor force is increased by a large part of the several million school and college students who are graduated or turned loose for the summer and want part-time jobs. As a result we may have the paradox of an increase in both employment and unemployment at the same time.

Thus, it does not do to jump to conclusions as to either the iniquity or blessings of our economic system upon the unemployment figures. We know that some joblessness is voluntary and will exist as long as people are free to quit, move and seek other work. But much unemployment is involuntary and brings misery and distress in its train. Unjustified wage demands often add to unemployment, as do the mechanical devices which are introduced when labor costs rise too rapidly.

A good deal of this could be avoided if wiser policies were followed by Government, labor unions and business.

Few "Daily Double" Players Become Economic Royalists

The Internal Revenue Service must have given up the idea of making friends when it took off after the tiny minority which, after years of expensive investment in the improvement of the Thoroughbred horse, finally comes up with a winning "daily double" ticket. The "daily double" is a device by which congenital optimists automatically put their winnings on one race right back "on the nose" of a horse in the next race. The I.R.S. has instructed race-track officials to give it the names and addresses of horse players who win $600 or more on the daily double, or presumably the "pic-six" or any other of various devices by which the tracks tempt people to take leave of their senses.

There must be a civil-rights angle to this somewhere. It is certainly discriminatory. It picks on horse-park gamblers as opposed to poker players, election betters or stock plungers. A horse player has probably lost a bundle every Saturday afternoon for a year and then, picking No. 6 in the first race because it is his daughter's sixth birthday and No. 11 in the second race because he is sitting in the eleventh row, he hits the double for $601. The man, who may be in hock to every small-loan agency in town on account of his gambling, becomes in the eyes of the "revenooers" an economic royalist on account of this one lucky punt. Is that democracy?

To beat this attack on the human right to lose money, the player may decide to keep his losing tickets, which, unless he is a genius at this sort of thing, will far outweigh his $600 success in persuading horses in two successive races to win for him. But the revenue boys are more than likely to take the cynical attitude that the man might not have paid for the tickets at all but picked them up off the floor. Revenue is not distinguished for faith in human nature. So the player stops playing the daily double, or makes his investment through a bookmaker. Thus the state, which taxes race-track incomes, loses money; the track loses money; and the suckers lose that phantom but essential aspect of an afternoon at a race track—hope.

It occurs to us that modern science could provide the response of the racing fraternity—as it is called, despite a paucity of evidence of the fraternal spirit—to this attack on the sport of kings. Why could not every race course set up a credit department which would hand out Punter's Club membership cards which the player could flash every time he purchases a $2 or a $100 ticket? Thus, at the end of the meeting the investor could have cast-iron, certified, attested and notarized evidence of the fact that he put $768 into the mill and received a gross in "come-back money" of $24.60, same representing a ticket on a horse that was placed first after three horses that finished in front of him had been disqualified. Unless all statistics on the subject are phony, such a system would disabuse the Internal Revenue Service of the heresy that the daily double is a "loophole" that needs its attention.

Those United Fund Canvassers Save Us a Lot of "Drives"

For some weeks now an army has been on the march throughout the Union. It is an army made up wholly of volunteers, male and female, and its members draw no pay. And although they are working for the general welfare, and no one seriously denies the cause is worthy, you would never guess it from the reception given them by the public.

The too-frequent reception these canvassers get ranges from a chill civility to door-slamming boorishness. They deserve better than that.

Everybody knows what the United Fund is, knows its purpose and how it works, for these points have been explained and commended untold times in periodicals and newspapers in every corner of the land.

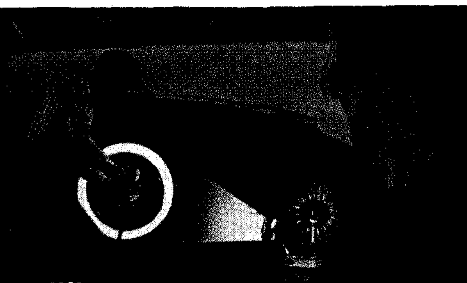
The U.F. is a coast-to-coast combined campaign. It is held once a year. The money it raises in each local community is later distributed largely to health and welfare agencies in that same area. The money is allocated only to agencies selected, after close scrutiny, by local leaders who assume the responsibility of seeing that the money is spent to help the really helpless—orphans, the mentally retarded, the aged poor, families in actual distress. These leaders also see that administrative costs—the controversial flaw in so many fund drives of the past—are kept as low as possible.

But before money can be distributed it has to be collected. And the burden of collecting it is done by the men and women of hundreds of communities who volunteer for this too-often thankless work.

We are urged to give generously to the U.F.—even to give gladly. Not many of us can rise to this noble height. But the least we can do is to receive the canvasser courteously. If this is a drain on politeness, it may help somewhat to recall that the U.F. is just what the name indicates—and that were it not for its many drives rolled into one, we would have to receive scores or perhaps hundreds of canvassers for many individual drives!

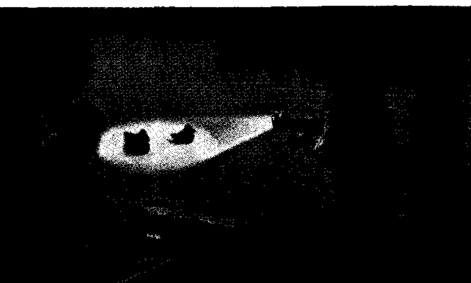
SPRING

STAINLESS STEEL, WEATHERPROOF—Can't rust, tarnish—can't be harmed even by salt water. Precision-engineered!



SUMMER

AUTOMATIC FLASHER goes into action fast when you lift it into position. Gives you an unsurpassed red signal light!



FALL

PACKAGED SUNLIGHT—The "Captain's" new one ampere sealed beam lamp provides over twice the light out-put of other lanterns.

WINTER

SUPER-POWERED for extra brilliance and long life. Revolutionary, alkaline 6-volt battery forms the base of lantern.

STAINLESS STEEL, WEATHERPROOF "EVEREADY"

Gives over twice the light with features no other lantern offers! Every man, any man, actually needs a precision-engineered "Eveready" "Captain" lantern for his car or boat—for hunting, fishing or camping. This amazing lantern is super-powered... with a completely new alkaline 6-volt battery which gives hours and hours of continuous light. It's the best all-purpose, all-weather lantern ever made. So be sure to put this lantern on your Christmas list and take credit for giving the ideal gift!

EVEREADY
Alkaline Battery

$18.95 fully equipped with flasher light and battery. **$16.95** without flasher.

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"Eveready", "Nine Lives" with the Cat Symbol, "Captain", and "Union Carbide" are trade-marks for products of

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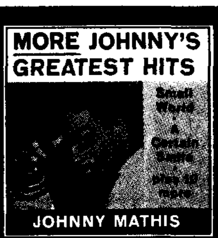
MORE JOHNNY'S GREATEST HITS
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9. Also: Stairway to the Sea; Let It Rain; Flame of Love; You Are Beautiful; Teacher, Teacher; etc.

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THE LORD'S PRAYER—9 MORE

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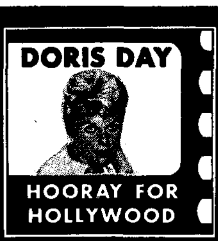
GYPSY
Original Broadway Cast

2. The complete score. "Best musical I've seen in years!"—Walter Kerr, N. Y. Herald-Tribune.


DORIS DAY
HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD

12. Night and Day, Love Is Here To Stay, Easy to Love, I'll Remember April, plus 8 more.

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featuring PERCY FAITH's original
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DORIS DAY—Pillow Talk
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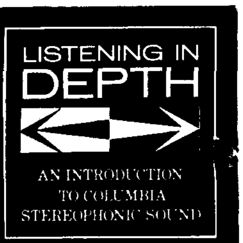
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23. "Sonic blockbuster."—Hi-Fi Review. "Led with fire and dash." — St. Louis Globe Democrat.

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From The Samuel Goldwyn Motion Picture Production

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1. Fifteen familiar tunes: On Top of Old Smoky, Skip to My Lou, Blue Tail Fly, Red River Valley, etc.

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ANDRE KOSTELANETZ

25. Ten lilting waltzes: Tales from the Vienna Woods, Blue Danube, Emperor Waltz, etc.

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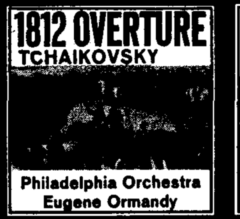
LIONEL HAMPTON

27. "Hamp" plays 12 solos—all pure gold. My Funny Valentine, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, etc.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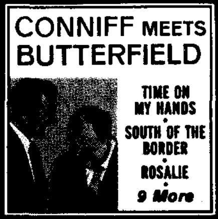
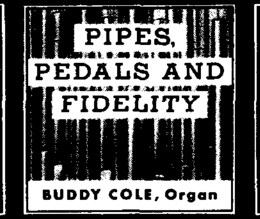
TCHAIKOVSKY
Philadelphia Orchestra
Eugene Ormandy

19. Also includes: In the Steppes of Central Asia, Polovstian Dances, and A Night on Bald Mountain.


CONNIFF MEETS BUTTERFIELD
TIME ON MY HANDS
SOUTH OF THE BORDER
ROSALIE
9 More

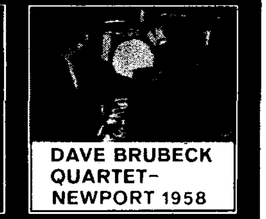
22. Also: Beyond the Blue Horizon, I Found a Million Dollar Baby, All the Things You Are, etc.


PIPES, PEDALS AND FIDELITY
BUDDY COLE, Organ

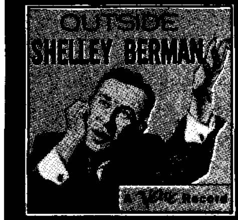
35. The Peanut Vendor, Willow Weep For Me, You Go To My Head, Serenade In Blue, 7 more.

SCHEHERAZADE

14. "Persuasive, sensuous performance . . . immensely attractive orchestral color."—Listen.


DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET—NEWPORT 1958

32. Things Ain't What They Used to Be, Jump for Joy, C Jam Blues, Perdido, Flamingo, etc.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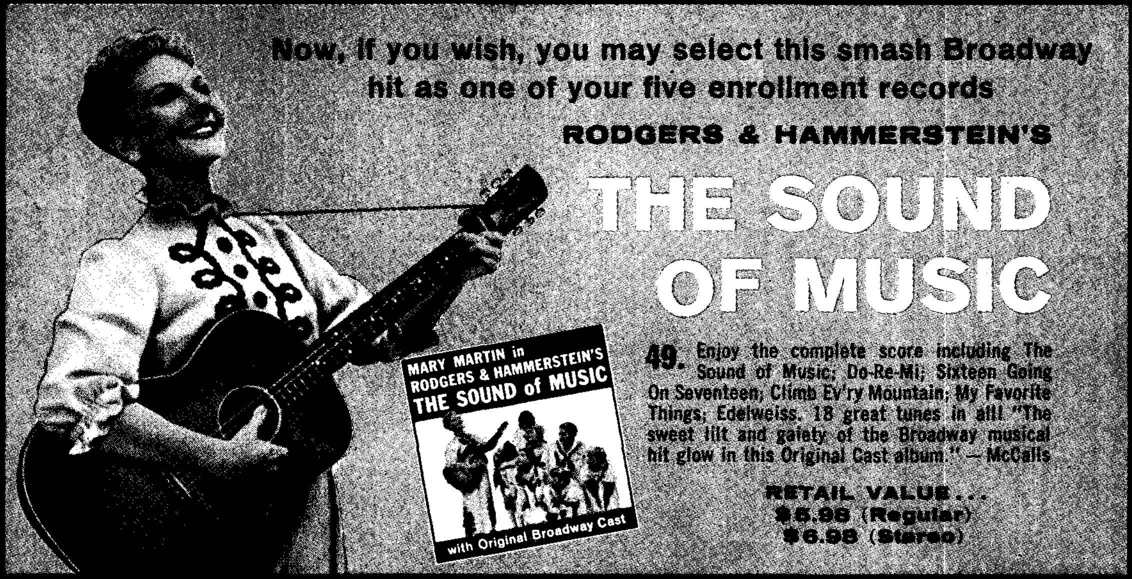
41. "Wildly exciting La Valse, sunny Nutcracker Suite, first rate Bolero."—Washington Post.


MARY MARTIN in RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S THE SOUND of MUSIC
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30. "Sheer magnificence of tone."—Hi-Fi Review. "Virtuoso brilliance." — Boston Sunday Globe.

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17. Twelve of Gershwin's greatest hits: But Not for Me, Man I Love, Fascinatin' Rhythm, etc.

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THE NORMAN LUBOFF CHOIR
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42. I Don't Know Why, Don't Worry 'Bout Me, Moonglow, Blue Moon, Fools Rush In, 7 more.

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28. "Istomin has what it takes for Tchaikovsky in flashing abundance."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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37. Solitude, Where or When, Tenderly, Dancing In the Dark, Autumn Leaves, plus 4 others.

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Columbia Symphony Orchestra

7. Walter displays a "depth of understanding, sure-handed musicianship."—N.Y. Herald-Trib.

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46. Blue Skies, Say It Isn't So, Cheek to Cheek, Alexander's Ragtime Band, 26 in all.

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ISAAC STERN
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Kostelanetz
LURE OF PARADISE
Bali Ha'i
Sweet Leilani
Moon of Manakoora
12 MORE

4. Andre Kostelanetz plays Song of the Islands, On the Beach At Waikiki, and 12 more.

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COUNT BASIE · BILLIE HOLIDAY
JIMMY RUSHING
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47. Wild Man Blues, I Left My Baby, Fine and Mellow, The Train and the River, Nervous, etc.

GRIEG Piano Concerto
RACHMANINOFF Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini
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38. "Sparkling fingerwork, wonderfully evocative tone coloring and phrasing."—Lond. Times.

MAHALIA JACKSON
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44. Walk All Over God's Heaven, He's Got The Whole World In His Hands, 10 more.

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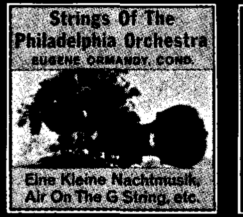
SAMMY KAYE
MIDNIGHT SERENADE
It Had To Be You
I'll Get By
Very Thought of You
9 more

16. Sammy Kaye plays It Had To Be You, I'll Get By, The Very Thought of You, and 9 more.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EUGENE ORMANDY, COND.
Eine Kleine Nachtmusik, Air On The G String, etc.

11. Also: Christmas Concerto by Corelli; Scherzo by Mendelssohn. "Luxurious playing."—Hi-Fi Rev.

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Stars and Stripes Forever
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39. Also: High School Cadets, Crusader March, Gladiator March, Hands Across the Sea, etc.

RACHMANINOFF
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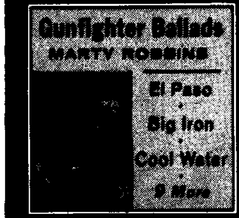
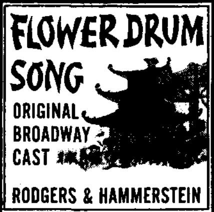
Philadelphia Orch.·Ormandy

3. "Music of singular breadth, scored in a rich and rewarding manner."—Philadelphia Inquirer.


Gunfighter Ballads
MARTY ROBBINS
El Paso
Big Iron
Cool Water
9 More

13. Also: Billy the Kid, A Hundred and Sixty Acres, Running Gun, Strawberry Roan, etc.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ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN

26. The complete score *of this Broadway musical.* "A hit . . . another R&H winner!"—Newsweek.

torchin'
FRANKIE LAINE

29. You've Changed, *Body and Soul, I Got It* Bad, These Foolish Things, and 8 more.

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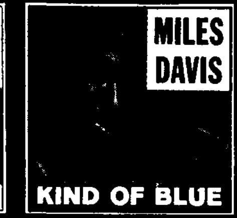
33. "The most virtuosic *performance and the best* sound in the world." — Dallas Morning News.


MILES DAVIS
KIND OF BLUE

40. Freddie Freeloader, So What, Blue in Green, etc. "Extreme beauty and sensitivity."—Down Beat.

BRAHMS:
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34. Come To Me, Swingin' Down The Lane, My Desire, That Old Feeling, plus 8 more.

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43. Tico-Tico, Besame Mucho, Brazil, 9 more. "A Latin-American grand slam."—New Yorker.

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TO CELEBRATE ITS 5th ANNIVERSARY . . . the Columbia Record Club now offers new members the world's finest high-fidelity 12″ long-playing records — either regular or stereo — at truly tremendous savings!

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HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding high-fidelity records — both regular and stereo — from every field of music. These selections are described in the Club's entertaining music Magazine, which you receive free each month.

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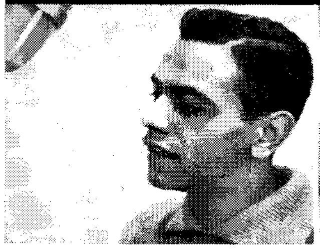

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DORIS DAY

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ELLA FITZGERALD

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SHELLEY BERMAN

Broadway Hits!

Best-Selling Original Cast Recordings

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WEST SIDE STORY

SOUND OF MUSIC

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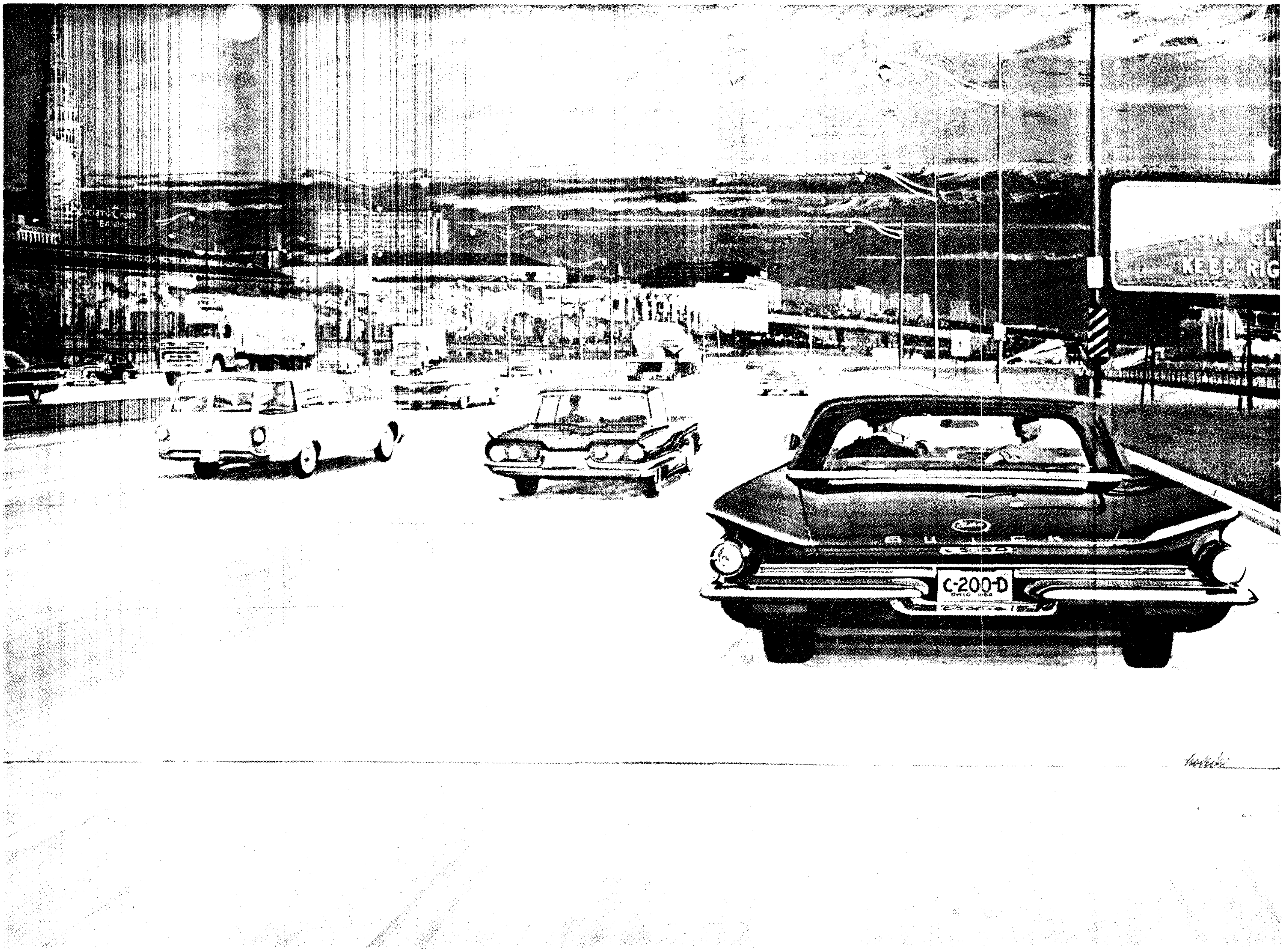

Interstate 90 (Ohio 2), in Cleveland, Ohio. Known locally as the Memorial Shoreway East. Pictured here at 18th Street looking west.

OHIO
90

CLEVELAND'S "SHOREWAY" OF **NEW-TYPE CONCRETE** IS READY TO SERVE ONE MILLION MORE DRIVERS A MONTH!

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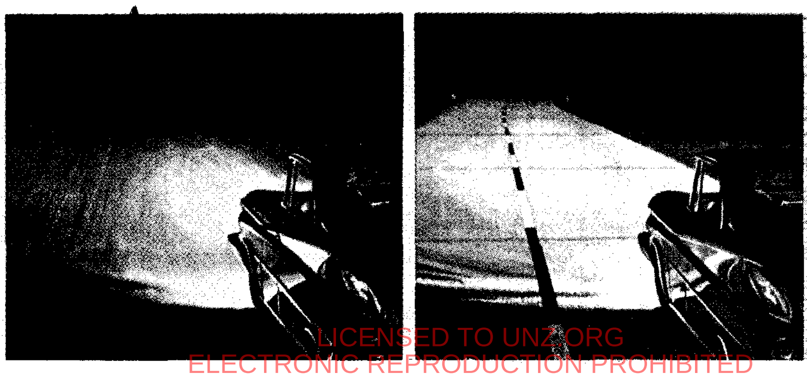

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The ultimate in portable TV: (Above) The slim, trim Zenith Roamer—19″ TV (19″ overall diagonally, 172 sq. in rectangular viewing area) with Space Command 300. This deluxe portable has a handcrafted chassis, sound-out-front speaker, spotlite dial, dipole antenna, top carrying handle. Model F2215, in silver brown or scandia nougat brown color vinyl covered cabinets, $259.95*.

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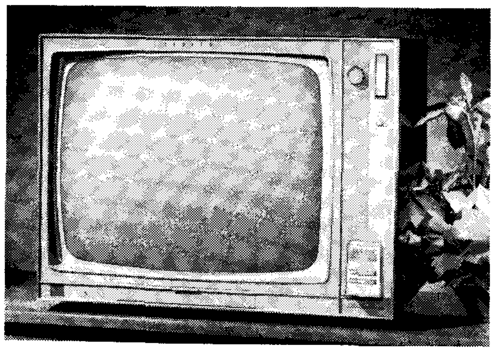

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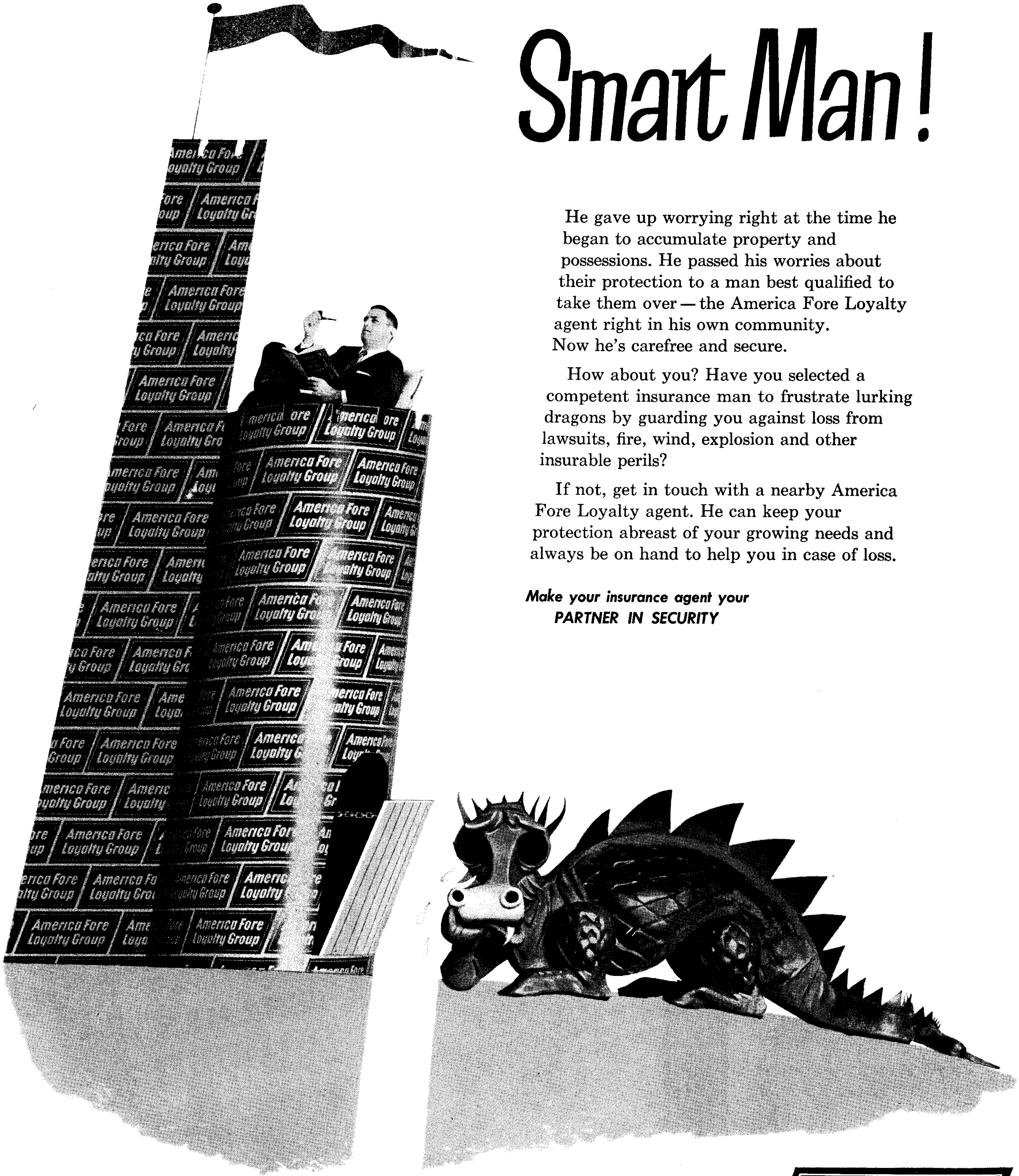
Smart Man!



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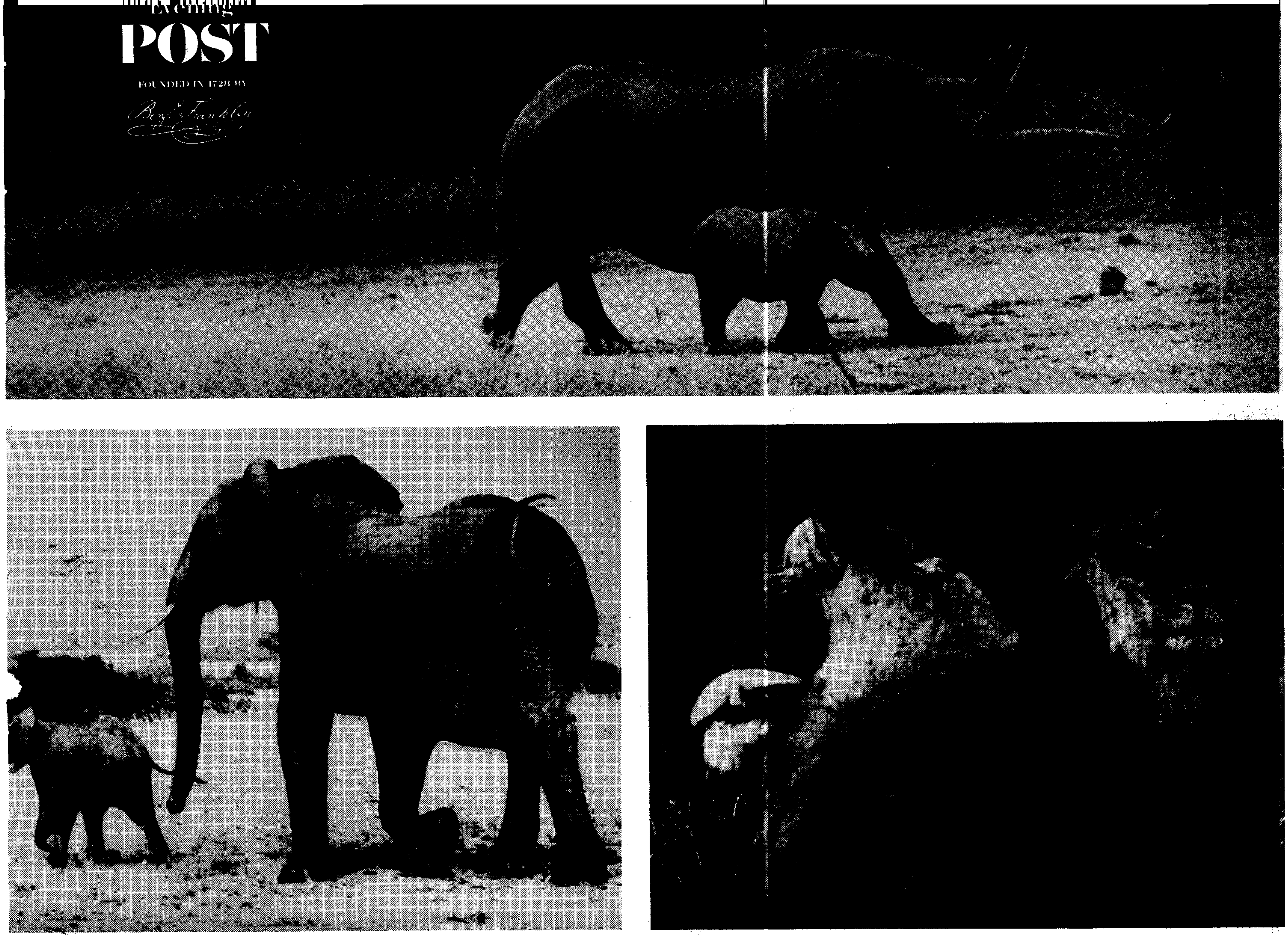


On the edge of extinction: It's possible that all large animals, such as these rhinos (top), elephants and lions, will be eradicated from Africa in the next ten to twenty years.

TWILIGHT of the GREAT BEASTS

By
SMITH
HEMPSTONE

To the average African, his continent's wildlife means only food or danger. Now that he is sovereign, he appears to believe that "progress" means getting rid of the beasts.

It was dawn in Kenya's Mara triangle, the cold, bitter dawn of Africa, and the shivering stars slowly paled as the first streaks of light shot across the plains which stretched beneath us, painting them the color of a lioness pelt.

"Watch now and be grateful," said game warden Denis Zaphiro, "for this is a sight which your children will never be privileged to see." Neither of us spoke as the sun's bloody eye peered tentatively over the rim of the hills, then shot up as if propelled by a spring. The shadows left the plain, which in the earlier, dimmer light had appeared to be empty, to reveal thousands upon thousands of dim shapes moving slowly toward us, tendrils of dust trailing behind them.

I swept the plains with the glasses, and individual animals leaped into focus—zebras plodding along in their steady, mile-consuming gait, their heads hanging low; wildebeests (gnu to crossword-puzzle addicts), the clowns of the animal world, bucking and dashing up and down the flanks of the herd, their goatlike faces and scanty manes making them look like wizened old men draped in shawls; alert kongoni with hatracklike horns; intense, dainty impalas and mincing Grant's and Thomson's gazelles, all imperceptibly moving south, like slowly flowing, living lava, all headed toward the crater called Ngorongoro, in Tanganyika, drawn by some unknown but imperative call.

On the flanks of the great herds stood lonely sentinels, their attention fixed on the unseen predators—lion, leopard, hyena and jackal—which dog the steps of the great migrations. Beyond them, at the foot of the escarpment where the bush thickened, were the quizzical necks of giraffe and round boulderlike shapes among the trees showed that the elephants were breakfasting. Lumbering out of the bush came a solitary rhino which gazed balefully at the passing herds, grunted in annoyance and huffed angrily out of sight, his ridiculous tail at rigid attention.

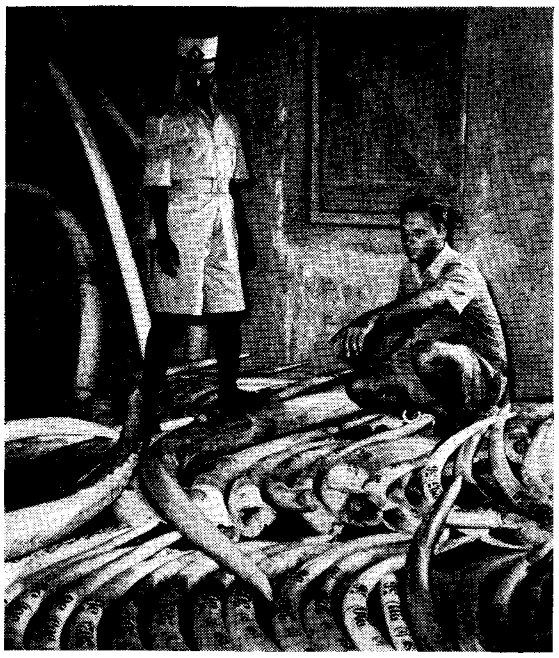
Seventy years ago such sights were commonplace. From the Cape of Good Hope to the middle Nile, Africa's great acacia-rimmed plains and her brooding mountains swarmed with a seemingly inexhaustible multitude of wildlife of every species. The railroads which the British pushed into the interior found their trains halted by the press of the migratory herds, and hunters like Karamoja Bell—East Africa's Buffalo Bill—could shoot twenty elephant in a single day without making a dent in the herds. As recently as eleven years ago, more than 1000 rhino were shot to open up 150,000 acres for native cultivation, and nobody seemed to worry about it very much.

These days are gone, and with them has passed much of the lonely grandeur of Africa. According to virtually every naturalist, conservationist and ecologist who has seen this continent within the past decade, African wildlife, a heritage which belongs not only to the people of Africa but to all the world, is on the verge of extinction.

Naturalist George Treichel, for instance, estimates that more than half of Africa's original wildlife areas have already been destroyed, that 75 per cent of the wildlife population has been eradicated in those areas still habitable

His share of the kill: A bushman of Tanganyika takes a zebra haunch home from the hunt. Zebras are widely sought because of their ever-present layer of yellow fat, which the East African tribesmen consider a delicacy.

A roan antelope in a poacher's snare. Such trapped animals often starve to death or are eaten alive by hyenas.



"Operation Ivory": A crackdown on poachers in Kenya, led by Tsavo National Park Warden David Sheldrick (above), recovered 35,000 pounds of illegal ivory.

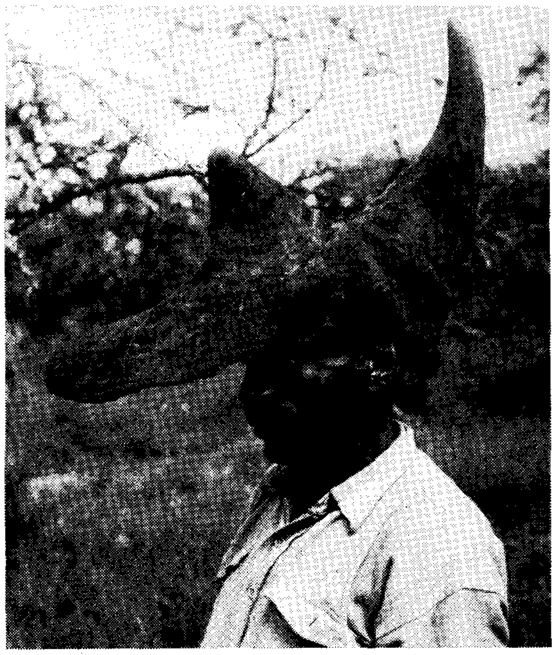
for game, and that all large animals will be eliminated from most of the continent within the next ten to twenty years. West Africa, with the exception of its human population, already is a biological desert. Isolated pockets remain—the Niger "W" park in West Africa, South-West Africa's Etosha Pan, the Union's Kruger and Hluhluwe parks, Wankie Park in Southern Rhodesia, the Serengeti Plains of Tanganyika, the Congo's Albert Park, Queen Elizabeth and Murchison Falls parks in Uganda, the Sudd area of the Sudan, Kenya's Tsavo Park and Amboseli Reserve—but they, at the present rate, will not long survive.

This is the last generation of tourists and, more important, of scientists, which will have the opportunity to study African wildlife in its natural habitat. The scientific value of wild animals is no sentimentalist's rationalization. Example: the antlers of deer act on strontium 90 like a magnet on iron filings; analysis of the content of this element in the antlers of current deer herds, as compared with those taken from animals several years ago, provides an invaluable gauge for determining the degree of atomic fallout.

The African parks, valuable as they are as a means of preserving at least a minute fragment of African wildlife, cannot exist without marginal areas into which animals can wander to fulfill their migratory urges, to breed, to find water and grazing in time of drought and just to get away from people.

The pressure on the animals varies from species to species. For some it may already be too late. The chief game warden of Tanganyika in a recent report states that "the status of three species of game animals—cheetah, rhinoceros and lion—gives cause for concern. Cheetahs, despite immunity from hunting since 1955, are now very rare in Tanganyika and may well become extinct in the next ten years. The rhinoceros too is on the downgrade and will need more rigorous protection if it is to survive. The lion is becoming progressively less common and more in need of protection."

According to the Kenya Wild Life Society, seven important species—lion, rhino, cheetah, roan antelope, serval, lynx and wild dog—are "in a precarious position." Despite this, male lion, rhino, serval and wild dog are legal game.



Rhino horns, which usually weigh about ten pounds, are supposed to have magical power as a love potion. They sell for $70 an ounce throughout most of Asia.

Dr. V. Van Straelen, president of *Institut des Parcs Nationaux du Congo Belge*, asserts that, despite thirty-five years of protective effort, "the sanctuary of the mountain gorillas is threatened with destruction . . . if proper measures are not taken without delay, a population of gorillas, probably unique in the world, is going to disappear."

George B. Schaller of the University of Wisconsin, who has been making a two-year study of the gorilla, states that their most desirable habitat, near the Uganda border, will be ruined "within about three years" by the ever-increasing herds of native cattle.

How has this situation come about? When the white man came to Africa, he brought more than cricket, dark glasses, cotton goods and bicycles. He brought Western medicine, which doubled the natives' life expectancy and cut sharply into an infant-mortality rate which, in most parts of the continent, exceeded 65 per cent. He brought law and order which diminished bloody tribal warfare. He brought scientific methods of farming and ranching which both increased the productivity of land already under cultivation and made it possible to bring new lands under the plow. When, despite all this, there was plague

(Continued on Page 72)

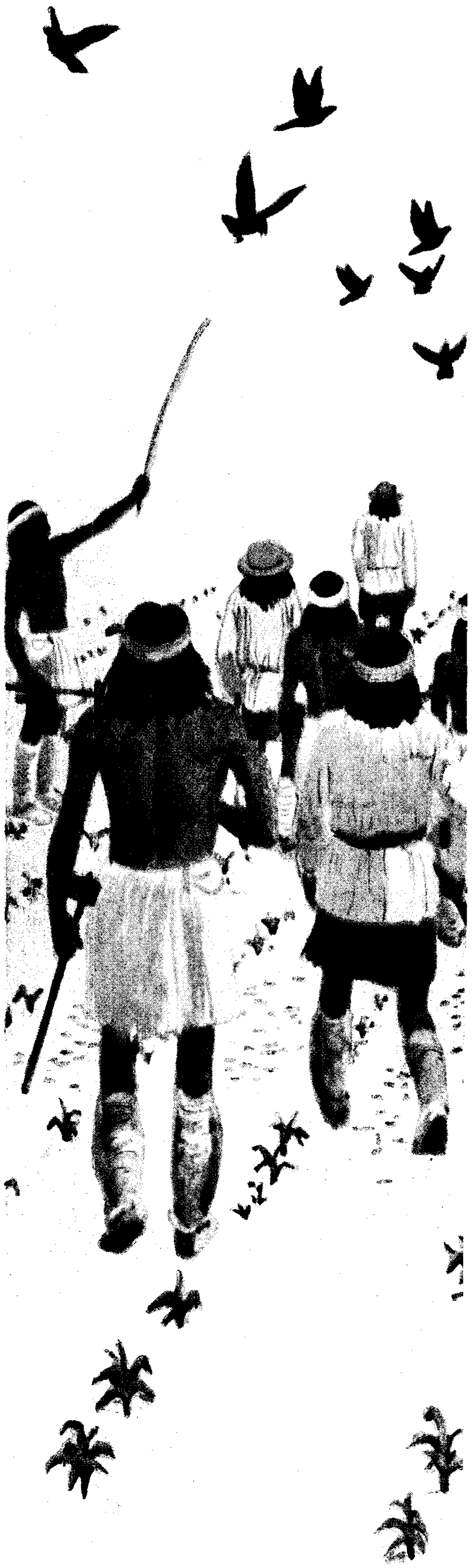
A collision between rhino and auto in Tsavo Park killed the animal, but the driver escaped with minor injuries.

Jubilant Waliangulus: This tribe in British Kenya used to kill 1000 elephants a year illegally. They are now allowed 250 annually under government supervision. When not hunting, they are employed as guards against poachers.

all but one of the Apaches wanted to live in peace.

the last warrior

By PRENTISS COMBS



Inside the canyon the plummet scarps of high and naked rock shut out all that was dry and harsh. Water sprayed down one wall, became a stream that ran sweetly the canyon's length and disappeared into the earth at its mouth. Cottonwoods and willows lined the water run. Crows gleamed like black beads strung thickly upon the cottonwood limbs. Two sentry crows guarded the flock, perched in the tips of the highest trees.

The Apaches entered the canyon so silently that the sentry crow guarding the flock from that side failed to see them. The old silver-spotted leader crow himself had to give the angry two-toned caw of alarm. At the signal the flock rose scattering, and regathered high in the air above, riding the rising columns of hot air, waiting for the intruders to leave the canyon. Only the sentry who had failed to give the alarm did not join the wheeling flock. When he came close the leader crow banked sharply and drove him away.

It was a perfectly executed ambush. Cicatriz, chief of the small band, stood on a high, bare steep of stone and watched the drifting column of dust raised by the pursuing cavalry. He waited, timed it perfectly, showed himself briefly, and permitted the band to be cornered in the canyon. His people rolled themselves in the dust and disappeared into the scars and pocks along the rock walls. No inch of hard flesh could be seen. They waited with a terrible quivering patience while the troopers dismounted at the canyon mouth, left horse holders and advanced as skirmishers into the heavy silence of the place. When Cicatriz rose and fired, the band did the same, shooting stolen rifles and driving war arrows in a cross fire. They shot very well, having had minutes to select targets.

To the circling crows, the sound of firing was so distance-diminished that it was no more than the sound of rotten sticks breaking.

The boy, Kantenne, rose up as the others fired, and his arrow hissed away. He heard the unique drum thump it made as the head entered the trooper's neck. The next breath Kantenne drew was into a changed body. He had killed an enemy in battle and was no longer a boy. He was a Chiricahua warrior.

While the others of the band held the troopers nailed to the canyon floor, Cicatriz and eight of his warriors scaled the sheer rock wall by means of a hidden fissure. Up on the rim they doubled back and directed a deadly fire down upon the prone bluecoats. When the troopers took cover, Cicatriz rolled great boulders down among them and shot them as they dodged the rolling rocks.

When the firing died at dusk, the leader crow descended in a slow and watchful spiral. He did not miss the crouching figures in the rocks as he flew over the canyon and he led the flock higher and out of the canyon to roost uneasily in a clump of mesquite. The outcast sentry crow was driven away. He roosted alone, shifting on his perch, snapping his beak and folding and refolding his wings.

Under cover of the night the dead and wounded troopers were moved back to the horse holders. The troop began a slow withdrawal from the skirmish at the canyon. Just before moonrise Cicatriz gave the coyote kill cry, and those in the band still in the canyon drifted up the fissure like smoke and joined him. He counted quickly. There had been only one Apache killed. Quiet Woman, wife of his brother Cano, had been left behind, buried quickly under rocks. She had been the mother of the boy, Kantenne, who had become a warrior in the fight. Cicatriz counted it a great victory.

By dawn they were well out on the sage flat. Cicatriz kept the band at a trot. His great victory meant more bluecoats and hotter pursuit, and he wanted to be down in Chief Alsate's stronghold in the Chisos, across the border where the bluecoats could not follow. In midmorning they squatted in the sage to chew roasted corn and to drink from canteens made from deer entrails. Cicatriz sat apart, his eyes turned inward,

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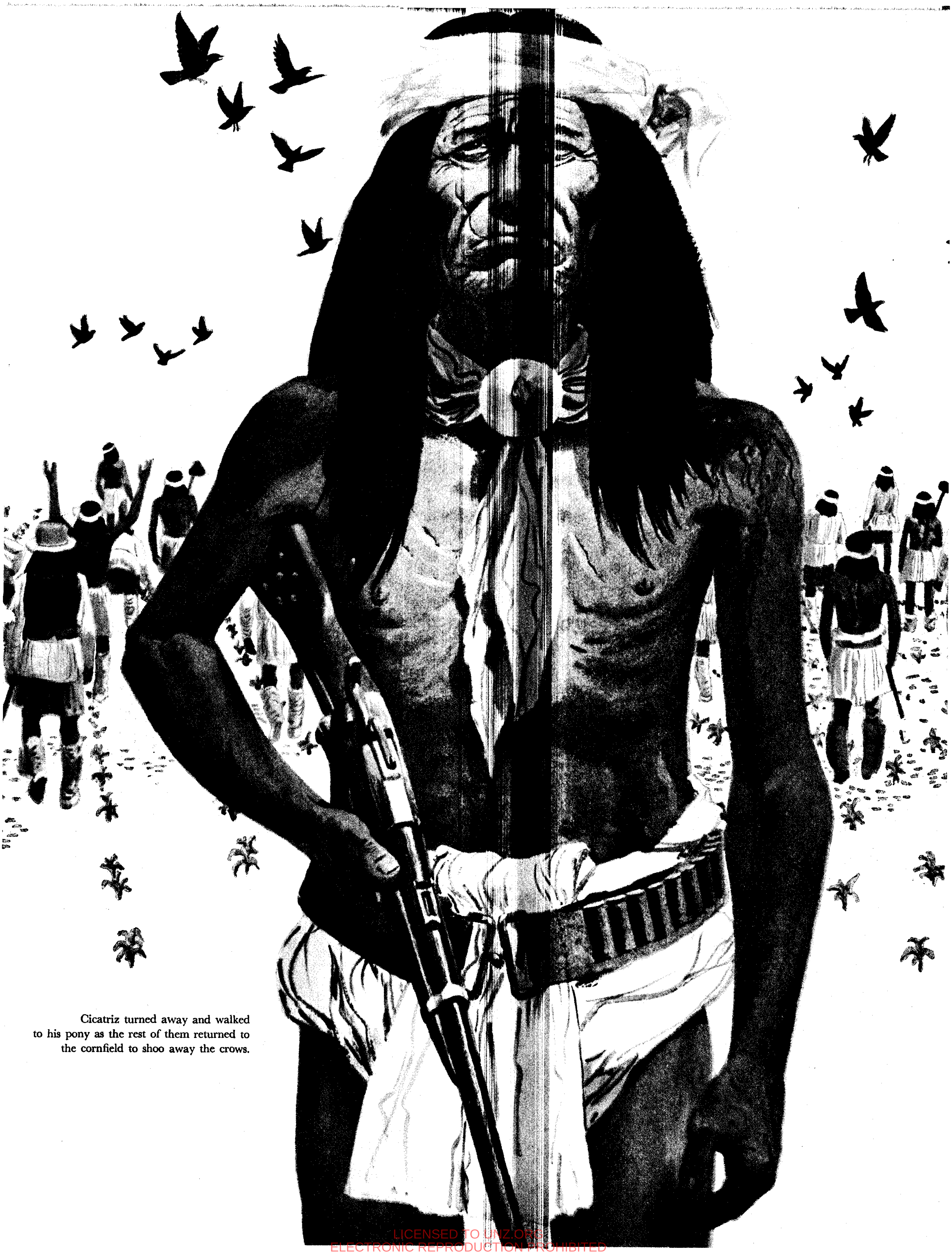
Illustrated by Fred Ludekens



Cicatriz turned away and walked to his pony as the rest of them returned to the cornfield to shoo away the crows.

Photograph by Hanson Carroll

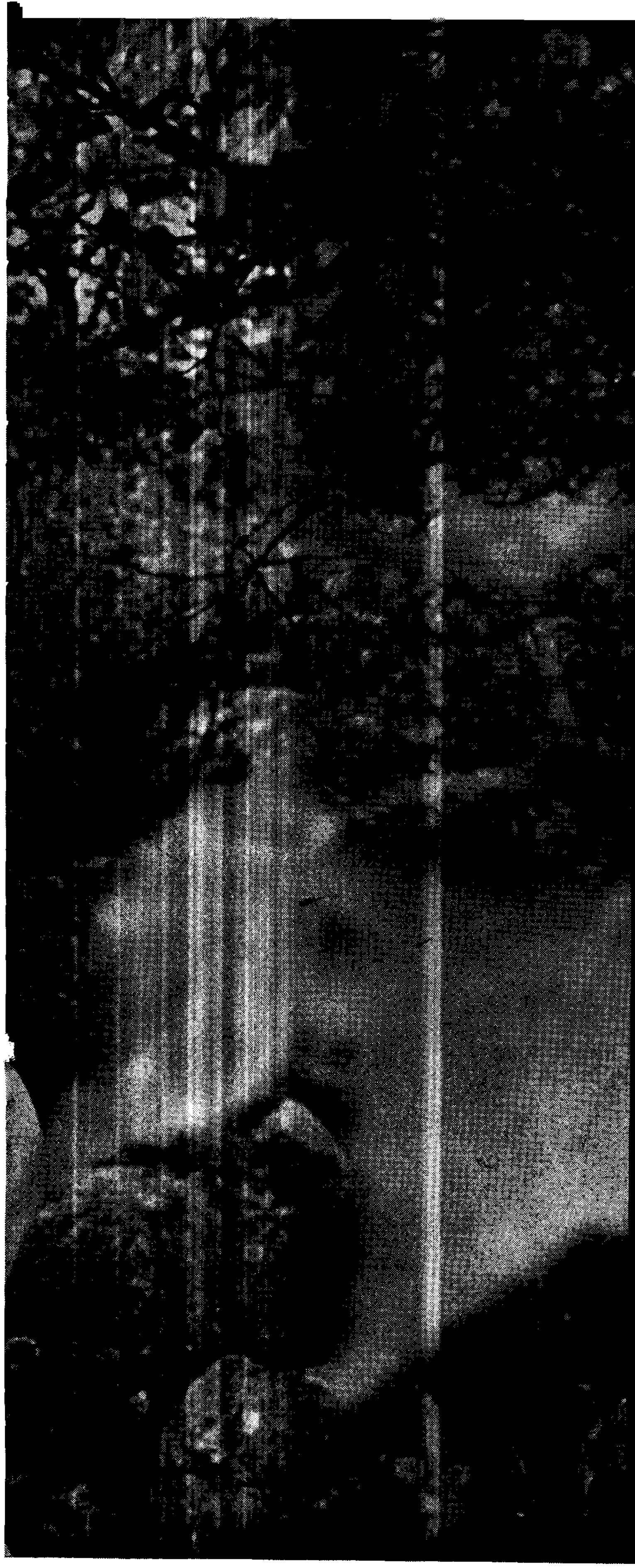
A Visit With ROBERT FROST

At eighty-six the great poet of New England is as perceptive as ever. Here are his astute observations on a variety of subjects, from baseball to beatniks to bombs.

By ROGER KAHN

To find Robert Frost, the great poet who has written so fondly of New Hampshire, one drives deep into the Green Mountains of Vermont. The paradox amuses Mr. Frost. It makes his green eyes twinkle and moves him to soft laughter. Frost is eighty-six years old now, but he wears his years lightly and humor still runs strong and young within him.

If there were an official poet laureate of the United States, he could well be Robert Frost. Frost's poems have won him four Pulitzer prizes, a special Congressional gold medal and, perhaps most important, they have earned him the



STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Poems quoted in this article are from the book *Complete Poems of Robert Frost.* © 1930, 1949, by Henry Holt and Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, Inc., New York.

admiration of millions of Americans who find other modern poets obscure and puzzling.

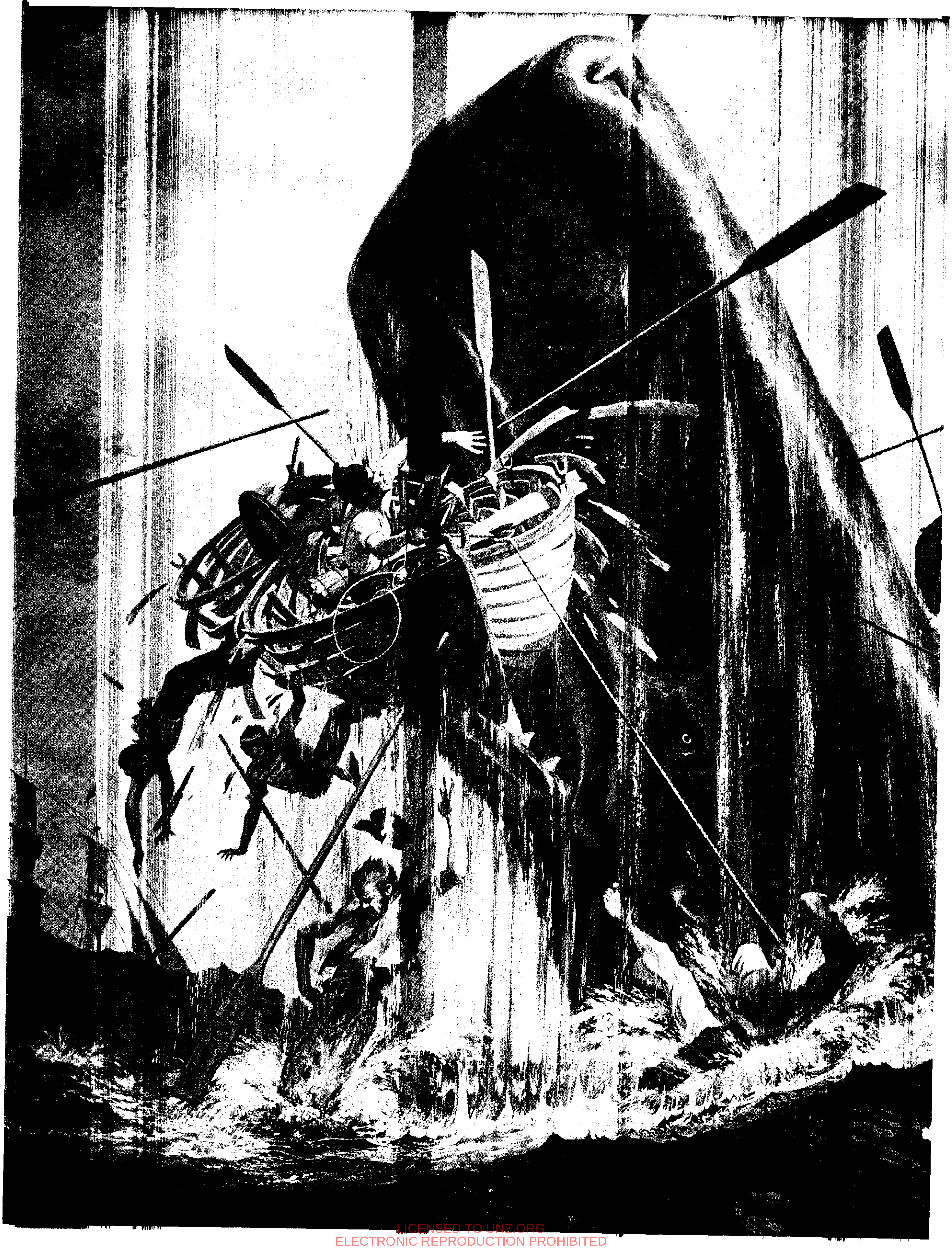
"I never like to read anyone who seems to be saying, 'Let's see you understand this, you damn fool,'" Frost says. "I haven't any of that spirit, and I don't like to be treated with that spirit." The spirit Frost does possess, warm and rich as a good harvest, reaches out to schoolboys, politicians and housewives as strongly as it reaches out to professors of English who have spent years studying his poetry. This independent, questioning, truthful spirit reaches out through all the land.

What sort of talk does one hear on paying a visit to Frost? Talk about poetry, to be sure; good talk that stirs the mind. But more than that, one hears about scores of other things: Fidel Castro's revolution and John Thomas's high jumping; the feel of farming and the sight of beatniks; loneliness and love and religion and Russia, and how important it is for a man to know how to live poor. Somewhat sadly, too, one hears talk about the Boston Red Sox. Frost roots for the Red Sox, but cheerlessly. He feels that they play baseball in the manner of Boston gentlemen and, although Frost appreciates Boston gentlemen in their place, he does not feel that their place is on the ball field. "Spike 'em as you go around the bases," he suggests.

Frost is not a poet by accident, and much of what one hears comes in phrases which, like his poems, are vivid and exciting. It is not surprising to find here such sure command of English, but what may surprise you is the freshness with which Frost looks at the world. He once wrote:

I never dared be radical when young
For fear it would make me conservative when old.

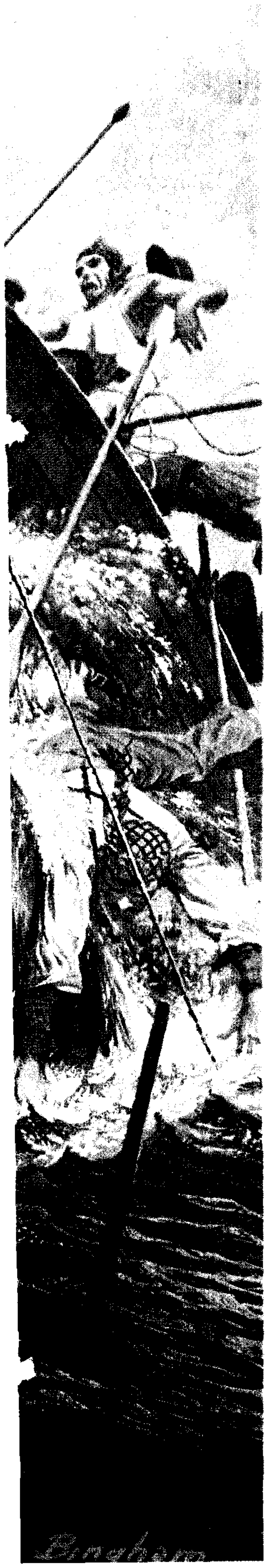
(Continued on Page 93)



By ROBERT EDMOND ALTER

Suddenly, on a blood-red sea, the hunters became the hunted.

THE WHALE KILLERS



The sea was harder then—bigger, more remote. There was no machinery, no electricity, and harpoons were not fired from guns. Men had to look to themselves for help and to the seamen who toiled next to them; and every man—whether twelve or seventy—was logged as a man and depended upon as such. And so when this boy, this Jesse, weakened for one moment, they turned against him. Eighteen years of growing up to that moment, and after it they put their backs to him; they referred to him among themselves as the "Jumping Jack" and pretended he no longer existed. And he was going to live with them in a two-hundred-and-fifty-ton whaler for three years.

The old whaler *Bunyan* raised the Cape Verde Islands on June sixth, and that was the first thing they'd seen beyond the plate of sea and bowl of sky in thirty-two days. The second thing they saw was the pod of right whales.

The mastheads had had their best eyes bribed by the offer of a golden guinea to the first man who cried "Blows!" And to the common whaler, who was breaking his back for three years to receive his two-hundredth lay—which at best could only fetch eighteen pounds—the guinea had the aspect of an Aztec treasure.

When the call came it was high, ecstatic, the masthead cracking his throat to gain the guinea.

"She blows! Right whales to larb'rd! A pod of 'em!"

To Jesse, the new hand, the cry was the accumulation of all his childhood dreams. He dropped his holystone, springing from grime-stained knees to bare feet, and plunged into the infectious aura of apprehension and excitement that emanated from his shipmates.

From the quarterdeck the old man's thin reedy voice piped orders in near hysteria, "Hard up with the helm!" and "Man the braces, Mr. Star! Stand by to wear!" And he went *thunk-thunk-thunk* here, there, everywhere on his whalebone-knobbed cane, his crabbed fingers clutching it like talons around a ball of spun yarn.

The mates and bosun went after the crew with knotted rope ends as the ponderous *Bunyan* began to pay off to leeward, driving them to slack away on the lee sheets and braces and hove taut on the windwards. And the whale spouts began to haul forward along the larboard beam.

They gathered along the bulwark beneath the boats swinging overhead, ready at the command to pile overboard. The first mate, Star, the man referred to as *the* mate, reached for Jesse's shoulder with fingers like marlin spikes.

"You're a husky lad and with a generous reach to your arms. You'll be my stroke oar."

It meant he would break his back more than the others; but he was young and star-eyed and so he was honored. "Aye, sir!" he said.

At the order the helmsman luffed sharply to deaden the headway, and the old whaler sagged up into the wind, topsails flapping.

"All right, damn your eyes!" Star roared indiscriminately. "A dead whale or a stove boat! Lower away!"

All along the larboard the boatfalls ran out. Jesse scrabbled over the rail and into the dropping boat with the mate, the harpooner, Benjy, and three others. The boat struck water, falls slackened, fore and aft were cast loose; out went the sweeps, and the mate shipped his steering oar.

"Give way!" he snarled at them.

Jesse laid all of him back into the long hard haul. At that moment he was willing to tear his arms from their sockets to please the glowering mate.

It was hard work—the hardest ever, dragging back on those twelve-foot ash oars. And at every stroke Star's voice ragged at them, "Pull! Pull like you were pulling yourselves out of the mouth of hell instead of going into it—which you are. Pull till her keel is clear of the water and she walks on the oar blades alone! Pull! Damn your backs!"

At each back drag Jesse's head arched upward, and he saw the pallid sun and the sharp blue sky around it. And his lungs

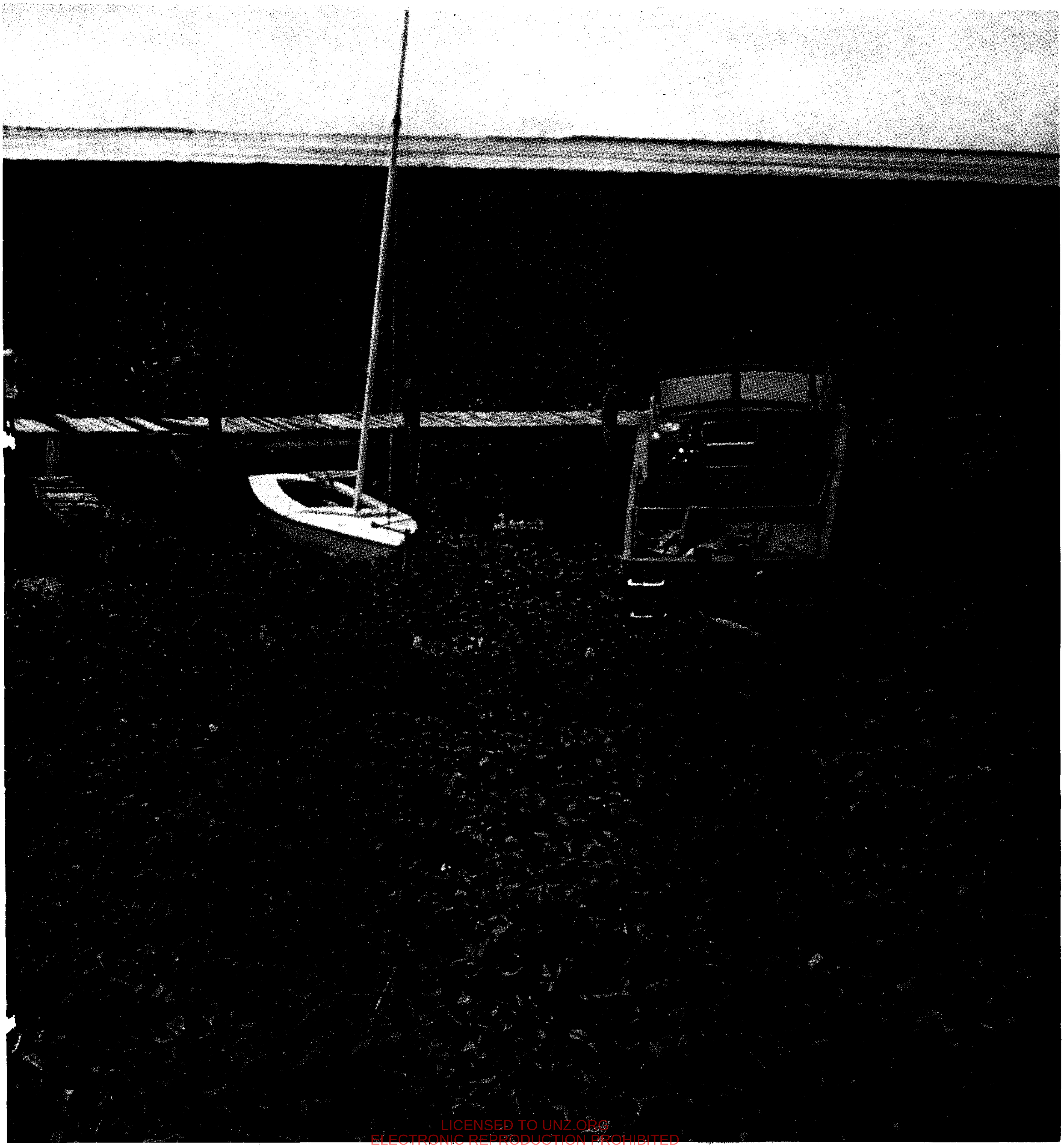
(Continued on Page 105)

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

The
Face
of
AMERICA

Watery Jungle

Trapped like bugs in a giant web, these craft wait for an offshore wind to free them. Their green prison is a floating island of water hyacinths sent downriver by a rainy spell. Besides being a headache to boatmen, the proliferating plants destroy fish spawning grounds, cause flooding and form noisome breeding spots for mosquitoes. Brought from South America for exhibit at the New Orleans Cotton Exposition in 1884, the water hyacinth, with its orchidlike lavender blossom, soon won many admirers—among them, legend has it, a San Mateo, Florida, woman who put the plant in her fish pond. As it rapidly multiplied, she tossed the surplus into the nearby St. Johns River. Within ten years the hyacinths had spread over a water area more than half the size of Manhattan. Today hyacinths clog waterways in all the Gulf Coast states, and efforts to combat the ubiquitous nuisance serve only to control, not eliminate, it. In Florida—where these boats sit all forlorn in the Caloosahatchee River near Fort Myers—cleaning hyacinths out of inland waters is a never-ending job; and the cleaning bill runs to more than $650,000 a year. ● Photograph by William M. Stephens



Up there,
far above
the crowd in
the big top,
a miss meant
sudden death.

The HIGH FLYERS

By LOUIS PAUL

The Flying Minettis—Papa, Mamma, Marie and Rosalie—were trapeze performers. Mamma was very beautiful, and to see her leap into space, only to be caught by the outstretched hands of Papa Minetti, was enough to take your breath away. Marie, who was seventeen, did pretty butterfly somersaults high above the sawdust, and little Rosalie, twelve, charmed everybody with her daring turns.

Though they had been everywhere and seen much, the Flying Minettis thought of little else besides their work. Papa, who was a proud, strict man, never associated with the animal trainers, the acrobats or freaks. His philosophy was brief and to the point. "Be confident in the air, be careful on the ground, and do not associate." It was a simple rule which so far had served the Minettis well.

The train in which they were presently riding clanked over the rough track bed, while through the window could be seen the continuous green blur of endless cornfields. "Do Mr. and Mrs. Barrett live in a regular house?" asked Rosalie.

Mamma nodded. "Of course." And she explained that the Barretts owned a dairy farm where they also raised chickens and corn and hay and vegetables.

"How is it," persisted Rosalie, "we're allowed to associate with these outsiders? Papa always keeps saying ——"

"They're old friends," Marie told her. "Mamma went to school with Mrs. Barrett. Only, of course, she wasn't Mamma then."

"The last time we visited," the mother observed, "Marie was three, and you weren't even born. Maybe the day will come," she added wistfully, "when your father will buy us a farm like the Barretts have."

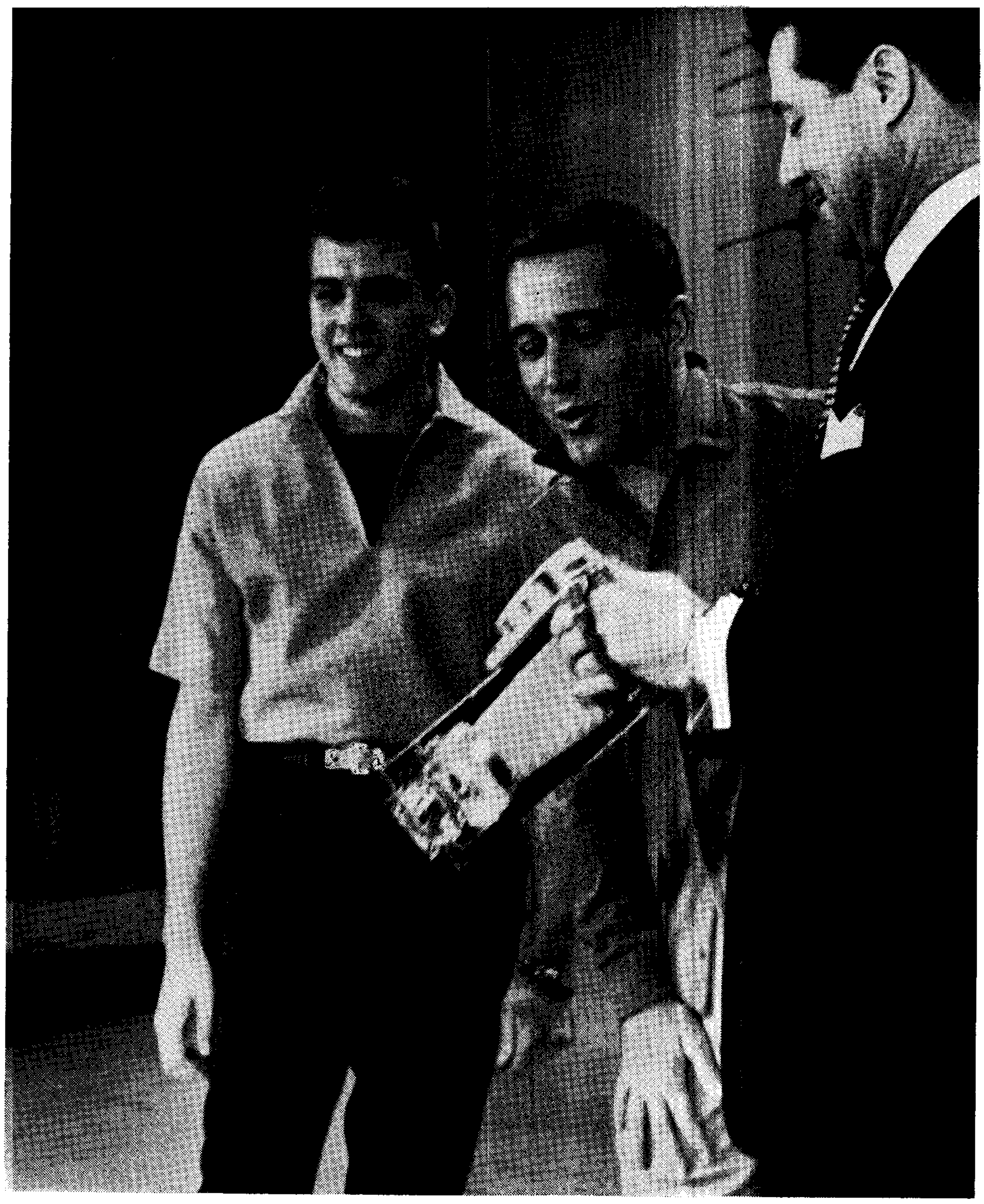
This remark was greeted by Mr. Minetti with eloquent silence.

Turning to her father, Rosalie asked, "When am I going to do a butterfly single, Papa?"

"When we need money," he said curtly, "worse than we do now."

The Flying Minettis seldom stayed in a place more than

(Continued on Page 66)



At left: Fabian, Perry and Don Ameche. Of young recording stars like Fabian, Perry says, "I can't help having the feeling that too much is happening to them too soon."

PART TWO

Here is Perry's candid view of the new generation of singers—and of the songs they sing.

no

MARTIN

"I'm very sad about the recording business," Perry Como said to me. "It has been good to me in my time, and I'm grateful. Records helped to get me established in the entertainment world, and they earned a lot of money for me at a time when I needed it more than I do now. I have made a dozen records which sold over a million copies each. Yet what has happened in this business in the past ten years is frightening.

"Anyone can start a recording company now. Anyone who feels the itch for a fast buck can buy himself a master recording and have it pressed by one of the big companies. There must be three thousand recording companies walking around inside people's hats."

I asked, "How much does it cost?"

Como said, "After picking up a singer who looks nice, I could buy a master for a thousand bucks. I could do a promotion job on him, have one of the old-line recording companies press my record, and I'd be in business."

"All I know," I said, "is that the other night I sat in a hamburger joint with my son, and the names of the singers in those little jukebox coin receptacles on the wall were names I'd never heard before. And they all sounded like graduates of the three-note, rock-and-roll college, only some of them sounded as if they'd flunked."

Como told me, "You're slicing close to the bone when you say that. If you'd take a good look at the charts which list the first hundred records in order of popularity ——" He paused and raised his eyebrows eloquently.

"I know what you mean," I said. "As far as I'm concerned, most of the names I saw there were strictly from nowheresville: The Hollywood Argyles, the

(Continued on Page 116)

White House visit, 1959: Golfers Como and Eisenhower had a good laugh over Ike's use of clubs designed for very weak hitters. Also present: actress Kim Novak.

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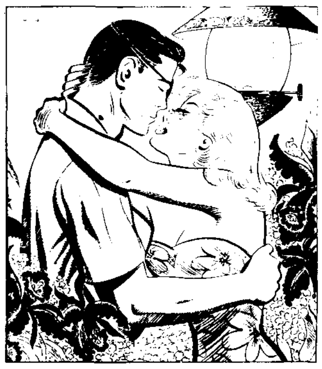


Brenda Starr with her Mystery Man. Cartoonist Dale Messick keeps a "kissing file" for her heroine's clinches.

First Lady of the Funnies

By NORMA LEE BROWNING

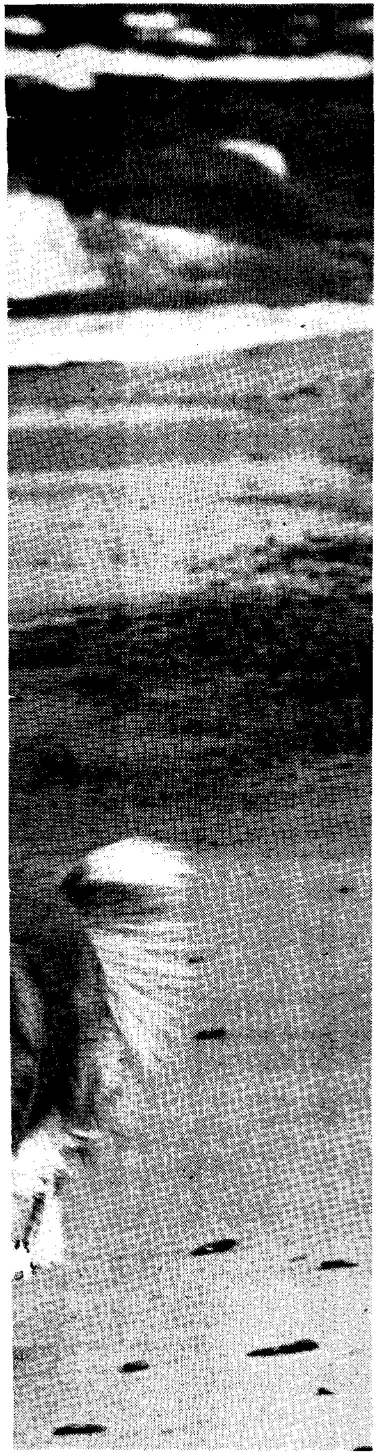
Fifty-four-year-old Dale Messick, who dreams up Brenda's fantastic adventures, lives quietly near the Lake Michigan shore.

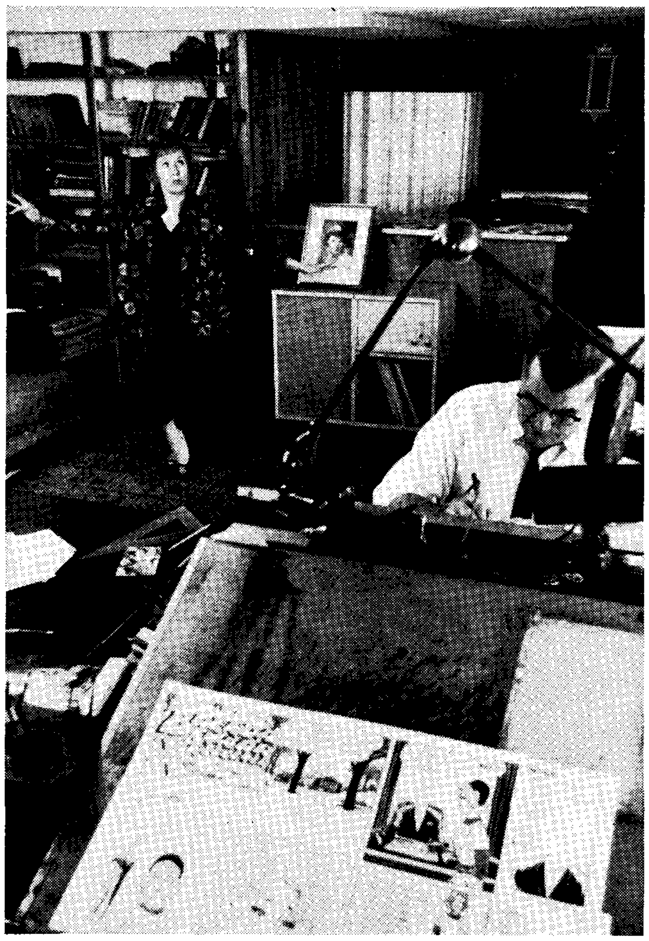
As the "mamma" of Brenda Starr, Dale Messick is the only woman to make good in big-time cartooning. Dale's eccentricities drive editors mad, but readers love her beautiful Brenda.

The world's most fabulous girl reporter is a sexy redhead named Brenda Starr. She lives at the Lovely Arms Apartments—phone number Oh! Oh! Oh! Ohhh!—but is rarely home because *The Flash* keeps sending her to jungles, tropical islands or arctic wastes. Day after day her life is imperiled by bullets, ravenous animals, sinking ships or predatory natives. Once she barely escaped evisceration by a demented scientist.

For the past twenty years the adventures of this glamorous creature have taken form on the drawing board of Dale Messick, of Ogden Dunes, Indiana, a spritelike lady who is the lone female in the major leagues of comic-strip cartooning. Miss Messick likes to introduce herself by saying, "I'm Brenda Starr's mamma." Her strip, *Brenda Starr, Reporter*, appears in more than 100 newspapers in the United States and five foreign countries and earns her more than $50,000 a year. Her audience is estimated to exceed 40,000,000. Readership surveys consistently rate *Brenda* among the ten most popular comics. According to one recent study, her pulling power in big-city papers is exceeded only by *Dick Tracy* and *Blondie*.

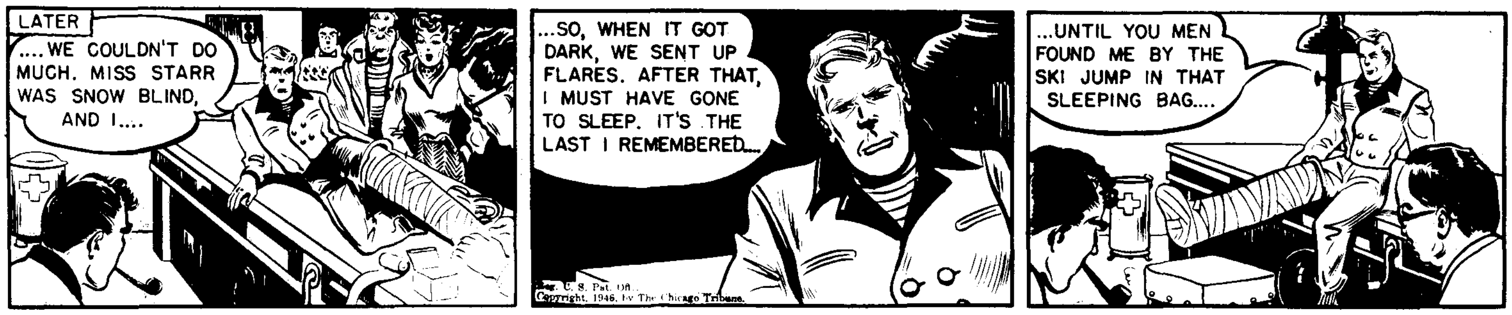
Brenda rules Miss Messick's day, but first she gets her husband, lawyer Oscar Strom, off to work.





Her studio is usually pandemonium. Here, while John Olson draws the comic strip's background, Miss Messick does an impromptu rumba.

Brenda brings her over $50,000 a year, but Miss Messick allows herself few luxuries. The exception is hats, which cost her up to seventy-five dollars.


LATER
....WE COULDN'T DO MUCH. MISS STARR WAS SNOW BLIND, AND I....
...SO, WHEN IT GOT DARK, WE SENT UP FLARES. AFTER THAT, I MUST HAVE GONE TO SLEEP. IT'S THE LAST I REMEMBERED...
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Copyright, 1946, by The Chicago Tribune.
...UNTIL YOU MEN FOUND ME BY THE SKI JUMP IN THAT SLEEPING BAG....

Why editors get gray: Dale Messick's character above started out with a broken left leg; two panels later his right leg was bandaged.

In view of Miss Messick's handicaps, this success is thoroughly improbable. She flunked so many subjects in high school that she did not graduate until she was twenty. Her art training is scanty, and she knows no real-life reporters except me. The other day she asked me, "Do reporters make a lot of money?" I told her the sad truth, at the risk of shattering her assumptions about Brenda's take-home pay.

"I don't know too much about what's going on around me," she says. "Authenticity is something I always try to avoid."

This attitude is deplored by her husband, her daughter and her mother, all of whom find *Brenda* pretty silly. In the newspaper business, feelings run stronger. "She's the dame who put press cards back in reporters' hats after reporters stopped wearing hats," says one newsman. The executive editor of one large daily, who won't run *Brenda*, says flatly, "She does a disservice to the industry."

Editors who publish *Brenda* take a lighter view, but frequently complain of Miss Messick's meandering story line and her heroine's preposterous life. The now-defunct Boston *Post* once had a staff artist draw a high-necked dress over Brenda's scanties. Few, however, have been as resolute as Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, publisher of the Houston *Post*. Back in 1949 Brenda briefly took to smoking a polka-dotted cigar. This was too much for Mrs. Hobby, who ordered the strip removed from her paper. During her subsequent tenure as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, her editor bowed to public demand and reinstated it, but when Mrs. Hobby returned from Washington, the strip was banished for good.

Most newspaper executives value their readers' views enough to put up with a lot from Brenda. So do Miss Messick's bosses at the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate, which distributes her strip. They are charmed by her ingenuous and uninhibited ways, but only up to a point. One syndicate editor, a veteran at coping with the idiosyncrasies of cartoonists, was relieved of responsibility for Brenda on the advice of his physician. He still breaks out in red splotches when Miss Messick's name is mentioned. Maurice T. Reilly, executive vice president of the syndicate, told me, "There's only one word to describe that woman, and that's 'dizzy!'"

Comic-strip cartooning is an exacting art form. Some newspapers will buy a certain strip only for their Sunday papers. Others buy it for six or seven days a week. The artist's story line must make sense to fans who read the strip just weekdays or just Sundays, or both. Since Miss Messick lacks the patience to consider such details, repairmen at the syndicate in New York often have to rewrite portions of her dialogue under deadline pressure.

"We just get out the wrench and jack it up the best we can," says Reilly.

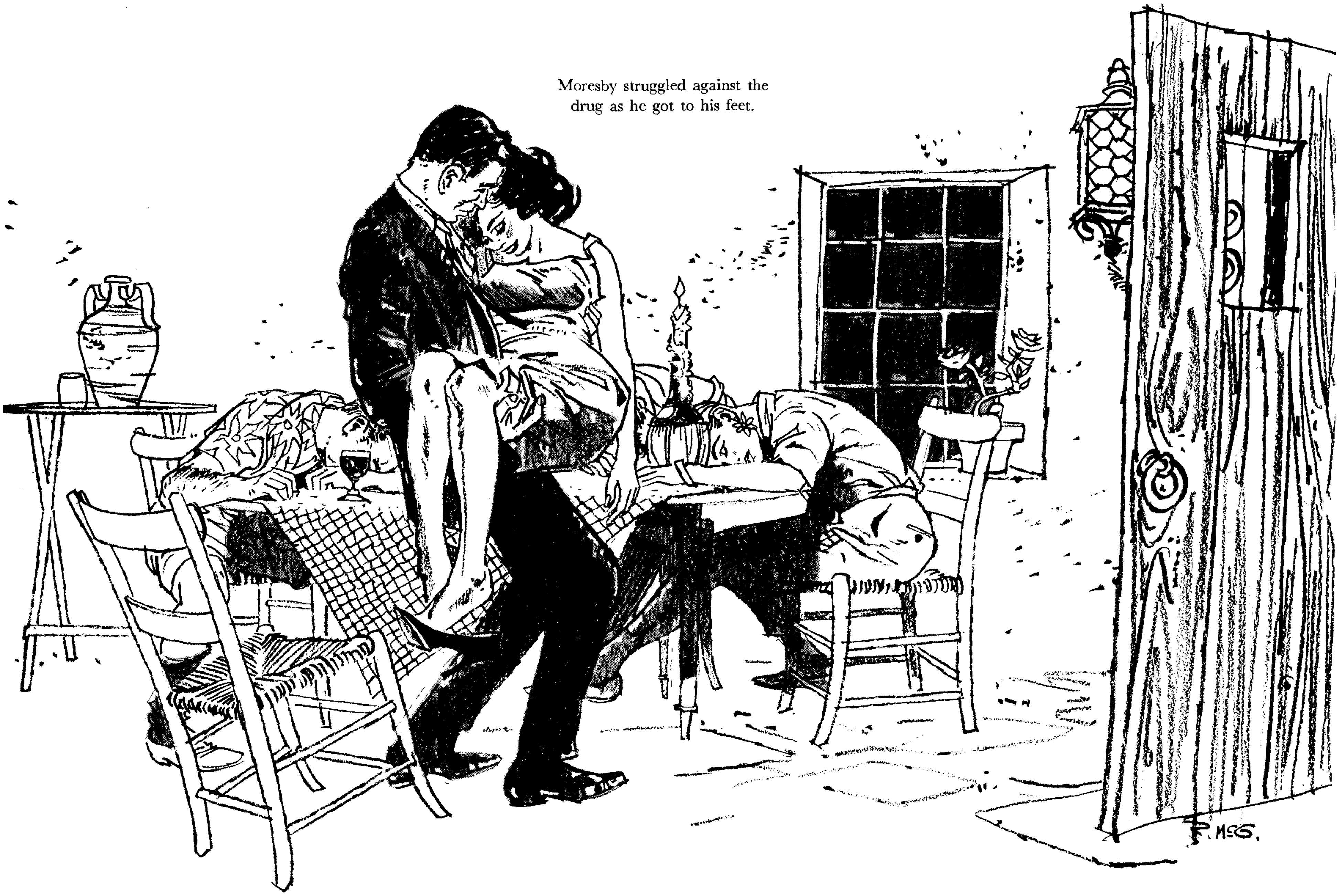
Dale Messick says, "The trouble with Mr. Reilly is, Brenda really isn't his type. Editors never get my stories, but my readers do."

In Reilly's opinion, *Brenda* might gain millions of new readers if Miss Messick would outline plots in advance, as other strip artists do. New customers for comic strips are customarily enticed by salesmen equipped with such previews. To the chagrin of her syndicate, Miss Messick is unable to peer very far into Brenda's future.

(Continued on Page 87)

MORESBY'S GODDESS

SOMEONE WANTED TO KIDNAP THE GLAMOROUS MOVIE IDOL, AND HE WAS PLAYING FOR KEEPS



Moresby struggled against the drug as he got to his feet.

BY ERIC HATCH

Paul Moresby, famous archaeologist, came to the island of Crete, where a Hollywood film company was on location, to find out why the movie version of Homer's *Iliad* was running up such enormous expenses. He did it at the request of a friend at the American Athenian Bank, which had financed the film.

Moresby was treated as an intruder by the movie-production staff—especially by Jerry Milzner, the writer-director. But Moresby discovered the reason for the soaring costs.

Sal Rocco, a Hollywood racketeer, had contracted to hire the thousands of extras for the movie and was taking half of their pay. The resulting work slowdowns by the disgruntled extras made it necessary to shoot many of the scenes more than once.

II

Moresby left the producer's tent. He walked slowly, warily down the camp street, suspicious of shadows because of what they might contain. The night was so clear that the air itself seemed to have disappeared, leaving no barrier at all between the earth and the high sky and the moon and a myriad of stars. He was thinking.

This is almost too easy—tomorrow, when all three thousand of those extras are in the commissary having lunch, I'll let them have the truth. I'll have them pick out a few leaders, and I'll show them how much Wally is really paying for their services. They'll tear this Sal Rocco limb from limb—if he's lucky. Otherwise they'll slaughter him slowly.

In the shadow of a tent he saw something move. He sprang to one side and crouched in a position of defense. A second later light laughter came to him, and then Jerry Milzner's voice. "Take it easy, Tonto, it's only us."

Moresby, blushing under his bronze with embarrassment, thankful the darkness concealed his blush, stepped forward. Milzner and Martha Peak, the script girl, appeared around the corner of a tent. Moresby again found himself being thankful—this time that it was the script girl instead of Marianne, who had seen him make a chump of himself.

"I don't suppose," said Martha Peak, "you'd want to tell us what's happened to make you so jumpy? It just doesn't seem like you, Mr. Moresby. I mean, is it maybe something I ought to be jumpy about too?"

"Just put me down as the nervous type."

Martha Peak looked at him long and fixedly, then she shook her head. "No," she said. "I know the nervous type. In the best circles in Hollywood, in which I don't move, we have nothing else but. You don't fit. You're more the strong, silent stunt-man type."

"Sure, Tonto," said Milzner.

Moresby looked at him hard. "I think we'll drop that gag now, Milzner," he said.

The director shrugged. "Why not?" he said amiably. "I'm bored with it anyway. I'll go on home to my tent and rewrite it. 'Night, Martha."

He strolled on up the street. Martha and Moresby, standing side by side, watched him go; then she said, "If you two got into a slugfest it would be quite something to watch, but I hope it doesn't happen."

"It wouldn't last long," said Moresby, "unless I had to fight fair."

She tilted her head on one side, questioning. "Come again?"

"The only fighting I know how to do," said Moresby, "is the kind you do in a war where the rules are very liberal indeed. I'd be no good at all at cocktail-party fighting."

Martha Peak laughed. "At a guess I'd say you weren't much good at cocktail parties, period," she said.

He smiled at her. "I'm not. The strong silent type never are, are they?"

"Speaking of cocktail parties, let me show you to your tent, and we'll have a nightcap, shall we? I'm supposed to be a hospitality committee of one anyway. Wally told me so." She laughed again. "What he really said was for me to knock myself out making you feel important so you'd leave him alone to wrestle with his movie making, instead of telling him all the things that are technically wrong with the picture." They were walking along together. "Here we are. This is yours."

She turned into a brightly lighted tent, gestured expansively. "See? Same size as the boss's tent. Complete with refrigerator, Scotch, bourbon, rye and gin. What more could you ask? I'll fix drinks. I know where everything is."

Moresby looked around the tent. It was, as tents go, luxurious; the living room had wicker lounging chairs, shaded table lamps and a sofa. In no time at all Martha, who had disappeared in the back of the tent, returned with a tray, a bowl of ice, a bottle of soda, bourbon and two tall glasses. She set the tray on a low table in front of the sofa, sat down and mixed drinks.

Moresby, studying her, saw that now she did not look plain at all and decided his first impression must have come from seeing her sitting at the table with Marianne. Martha was tall and had almost boyishly short chestnut hair and big brown eyes and a golden Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce tan. She wore fitted beige slacks and a blue sport shirt. Neither did her figure any harm. She held out a glass. "There you are, sir!"

He smiled. "The name's Paul," he said. He sat down on the sofa beside her. "And you'd better quit calling me sir before Niles Gregory has a poor spell about it."

"Well, golly," said Martha, "I don't know. You're a Ph.D."

He grinned. "Don't make them hate me for it any more than they do."

"Milzner hates you for it anyway because he wishes he were one himself. On the other hand, if you were an atomic scientist he'd hate you for that too. What he really hates you for is being here as a technical director."

"But why?"

"Why wouldn't he?" said Martha, lapping up bourbon in a deep refreshing draught. "All picture people, and especially directors, always think they know everything. It gets their goat when somebody, like a bank, tells them they don't and sends in a technical expert. After all, would you like to have one of your backers send in a personnel expert, say, to tell you how to handle your laborers?"

Moresby looked at her sharply. He wondered if she had made this comparison on purpose, to draw him out; if she knew the real reason he was there. "If I needed one I'd be tickled to death," he said. "Why did you put it that way? Do they need a personnel expert here?"

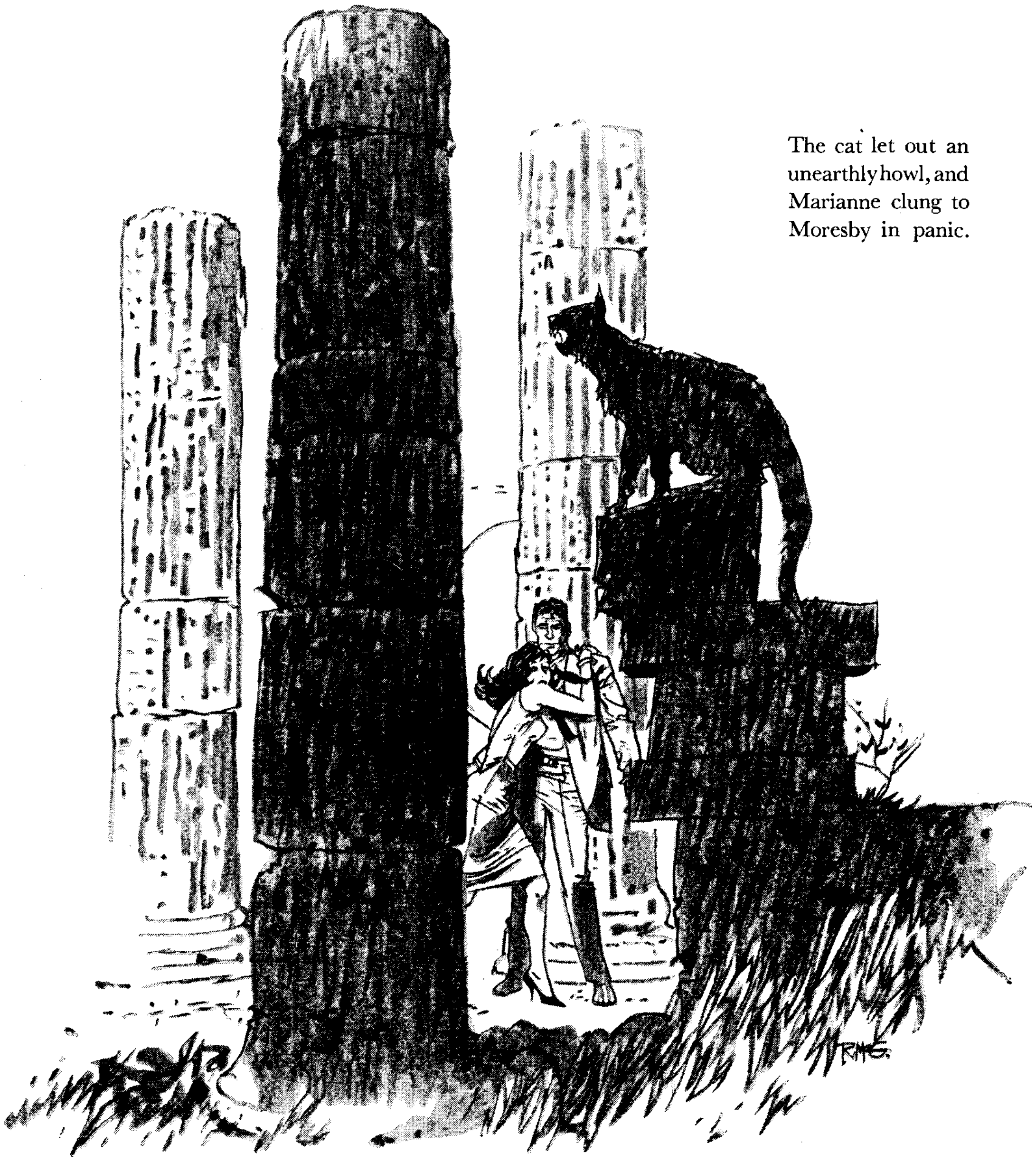
Loyalty to Wally Waltham made her evade the question. She shrugged. "They need something here. Wally's driving himself into a nervous breakdown, I think." She giggled. "Jerry would be too, but he can't because he has a permanent nervous breakdown—the way other people have teeth. It's just a natural part of him and he'd feel lost without it." She sipped her drink. "By the way, how did you make out with Springtime in Paris after we left you alone together?"

"I think she's quite a girl," he said. "I like her very much."

"Please don't fall for her, Paul," she said softly. "Movie stars are hell to be in love with. You see, you—no man—can ever come first with them. They always come first."

"Marianne didn't seem like that somehow."

"Of course she didn't," said Martha. "She's an actress. She'd seem to you whatever she thought you wanted her to seem."



The cat let out an unearthly howl, and Marianne clung to Moresby in panic.

He frowned. He found himself wanting Marianne to stay exactly as she had seemed to him. He changed the subject. "By the way, do you know this Rocco character? Wally was just telling me about him."

She nodded and made a face, wrinkling her nose and pursing pretty lips in distaste. "Uh-huh. Me no like."

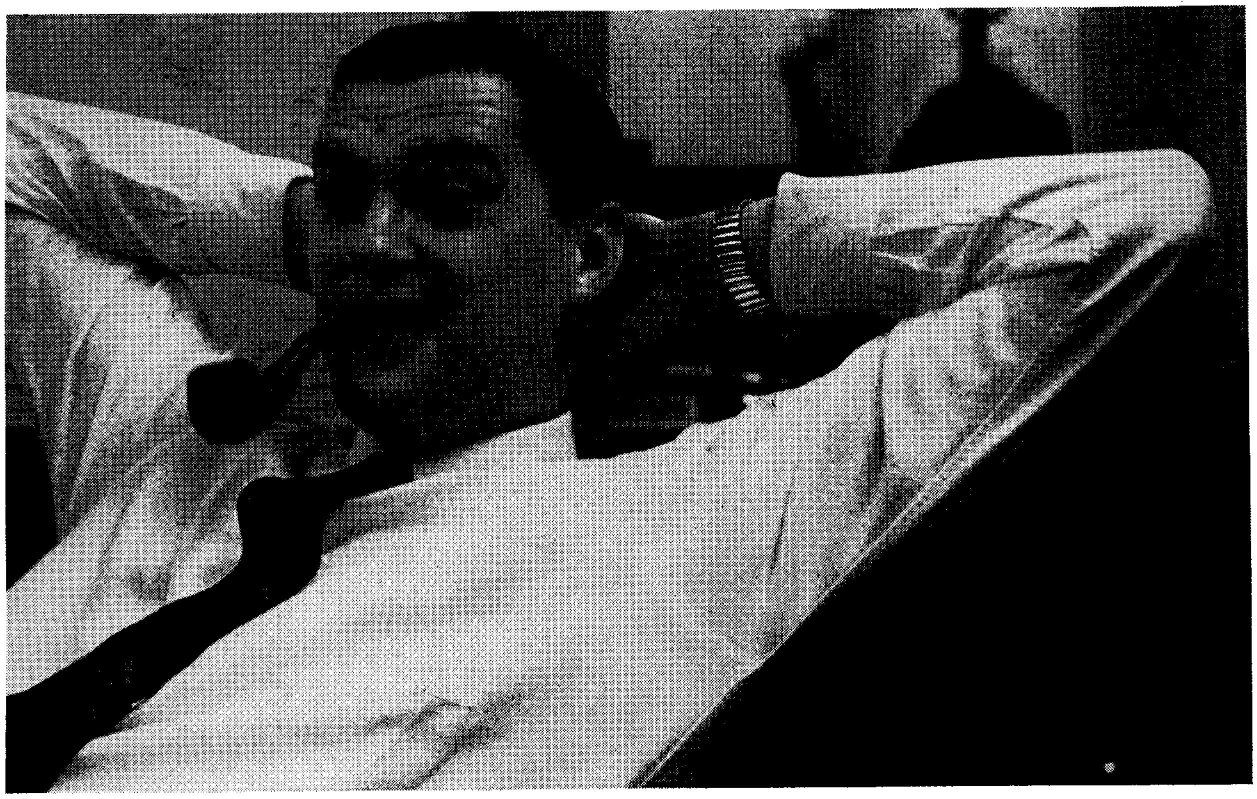
"Why?"

"Slimy. Like a handsome headwaiter who's all set to knife you if he doesn't get a big enough tip and lets you know it. But then I suppose he would look like that. He used to be a headwaiter at a place on The Strip out in Hollywood. And he (Continued on Page 98)

Illustrated by Bob McGinnis

Dreamers on the Payroll

Physicist William Thaler and his small staff are employed by the Navy to "dream freely"—to produce that one idea in fifty which might prove useful to the military or space agencies.



Thaler (above) operates his branch of the Office of Naval Research in a relaxed manner. The 34-year-old scientist, who was appointed to his position six years ago, was a university student when first spotted by the Navy.

Results of missile-detection tests are checked by Thaler and electronics engineers at the Naval Air Test Center, Patuxent River, Md. Thaler is examining test data recorded on film by time-lapse photography.

By Jack Alexander

Within the span of a single week last summer William J. Thaler, a brilliant young civilian physicist in the Office of Naval Research in Washington, received two job offers from the outside. One was for $40,000 a year; it came from a firm in private industry. The other was a professorship in physics at Georgetown University at about $10,000 a year. As Thaler is married and the father of four children, simple mathematics seemed to dictate acceptance of the $40,000 offer, or at least sticking to his Office of Naval Research job which was paying him $15,030. Thaler, using his own private brand of mathematics, chose the professorship. Since the beginning of the fall semester the university and the Navy have been sharing Thaler's lush talents equally, an arrangement that is expected to last for about two years. It will take at least that long for Thaler to disengage himself from the Office of Naval Research, for his roots there go deep.

At thirty-four Thaler is, and has been for almost seven years, the head of its Field Projects Branch. His is the ultimate responsibility for planning and executing full-scale testing of concepts in pure science dreamed up by himself and his staff or adapted from the postulates of scientific thinkers the world over. Thaler's field tests have involved the use of equipment as elementary as a hairpin and as awesome as an atomic bomb. He finds pure science fascinating, and he chose his professorship at a financial loss partly because he has long wanted to teach and partly because, once squared away, he will have plenty of time, using pure science, to dig into a lot of mysteries of the "why is grass green?" category.

Thaler celebrated his prospective drop in income in a characteristically off-beat way. In a burst of materialism he sold his Isetta, a one-cylinder bug of a car in which he looked like an encapsulated spaceman (appropriately, as much of his work is concerned with the conquest of space) and bought a Volkswagen with a roll-back top.

"I don't want to make money," Thaler remarked recently; "I mean what people call 'big' money. I want a chance to apply my mind to the secrets of Nature and the Universe. It is ironic that if a scientist wants the freedom to satisfy his intellectual hunger and to open the doors now closed to him, his best bet is to go to work for the Government. Some of the big industrial firms sponsor a certain amount of basic research but, on the whole, their research is aimed at producing a new article to sell or improving an old one so it will sell faster. But that's only technology.

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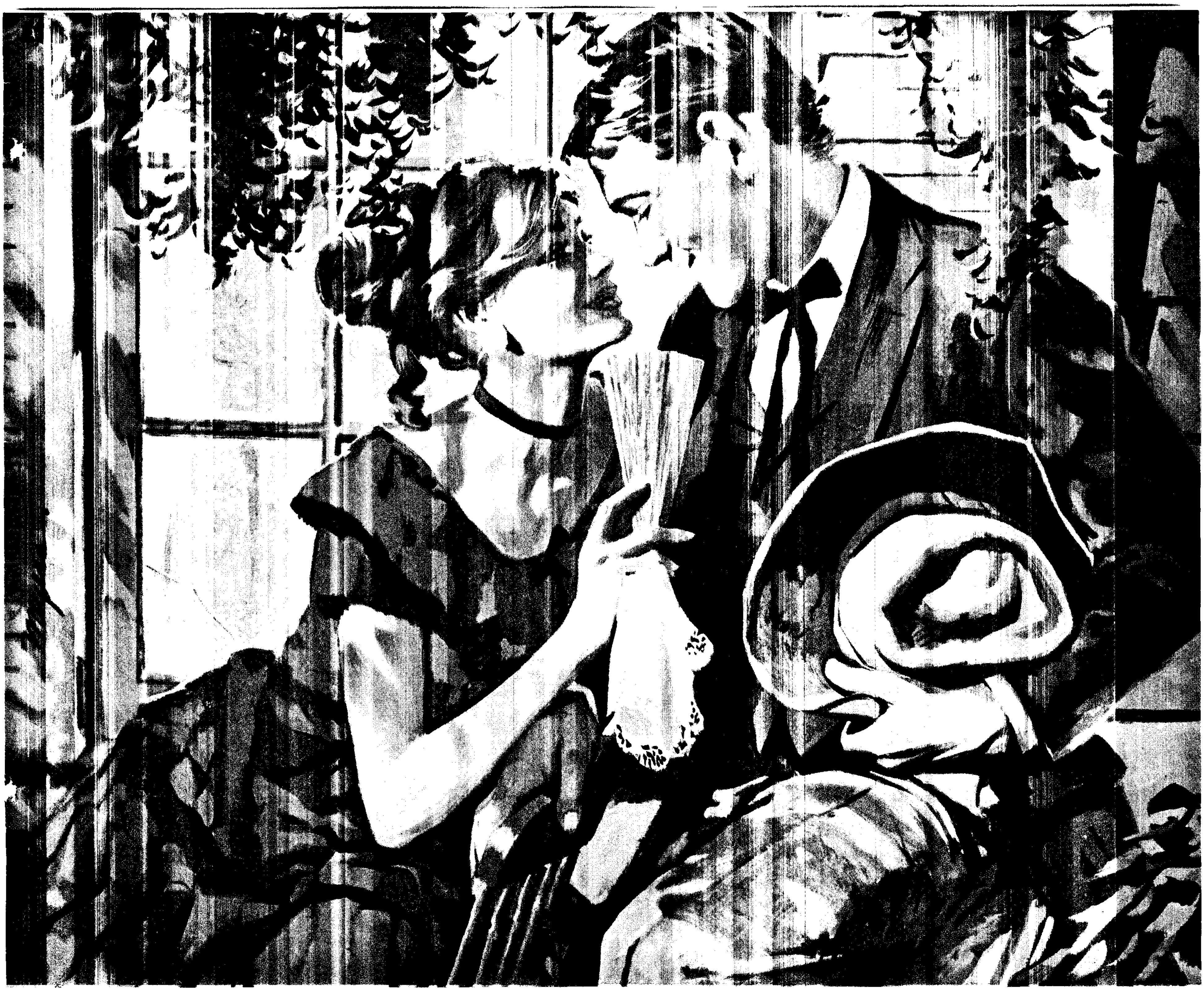

"Did you like that steak you had for supper?" she asked.

A Delightful Deception

By
MERLE
CONSTINER

If he was being taken in, at least the deceiver was beautiful.

One summer day in 1859 David Pembroke drove his ramshackle peddler's wagon into Harpsburg, Ohio, a sleepy little hamlet in a pocket of hills on the great National Road. Wearily he located a vacant lot on Main Street and unhitched. After a short rest, he decided it was time to set up shop. He was a cadaverous young man of twenty-two, with a mane of mussy hair to the nape of his neck, and was in a state of near collapse from weeks of incredible hunger. In a daze, he hung up the big banner.

LITTLE HERCULES BUG POISON.
Destroys the Insectus Horriblus in Every Shape and Form—Roaches, Ants, Crickets, Beetles, Fleas, Fleas, Fleas, Cat, Rat, Hog or Dog.

Next he set up his table and put out the Bugarium. The Bugarium had come with everything else. It was a small glass box covered with cheesecloth, stuffed with twigs and grass and crawling with repulsive beetles and worms. It was supposed to shock people into buying.

Finally he laid out the little amber jars, marked twenty-five cents each. These were the jars that were supposed to feed him and had failed so miserably.

At midafternoon he was grooming his mare, just passing the time, when the girl came across the grass and said, "You're Mr. David Pembroke, aren't you? From New York City?"

He almost dropped his currycomb. He knew no one in Harpsburg—or in the whole of Ohio, for that matter. He gave her a hard stare. She was about his age,

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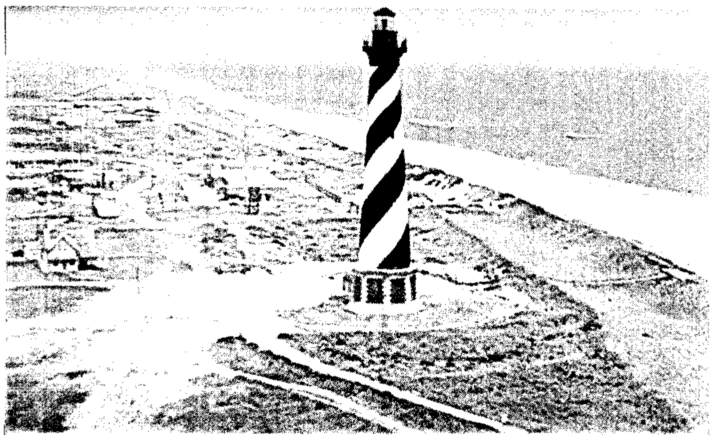
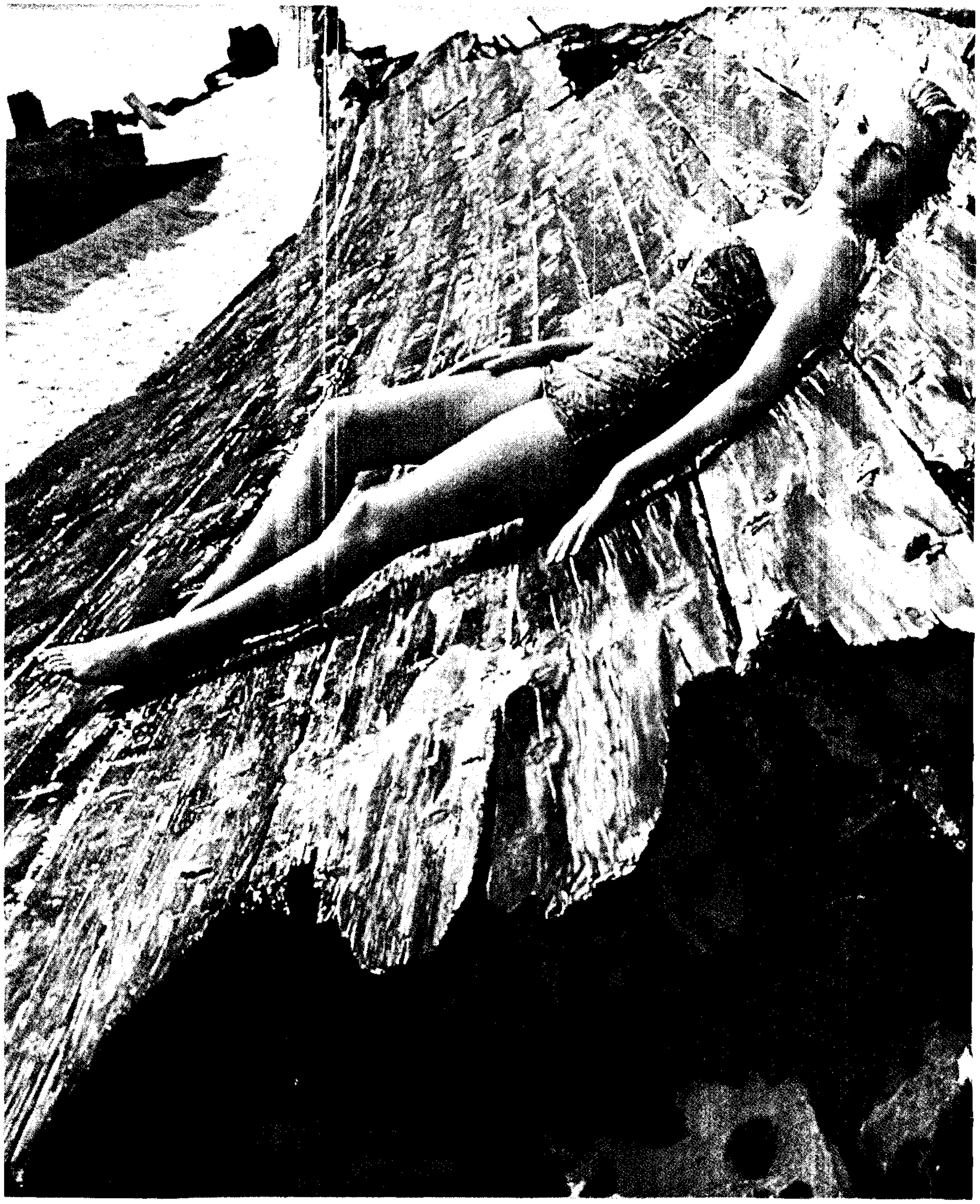


Comeback symbol of the Outer Banks: Cape Hatteras lighthouse. In 1935, before reclamation, the ocean lapped at its base.

Sea-shell hunt on Pea Island. Note the special planting, which is designed to lash down the sands with roots and prevent erosion.

Storm over Oregon Inlet. In September, Hurricane Donna killed three men and caused $1,000,000 damage on the Banks.

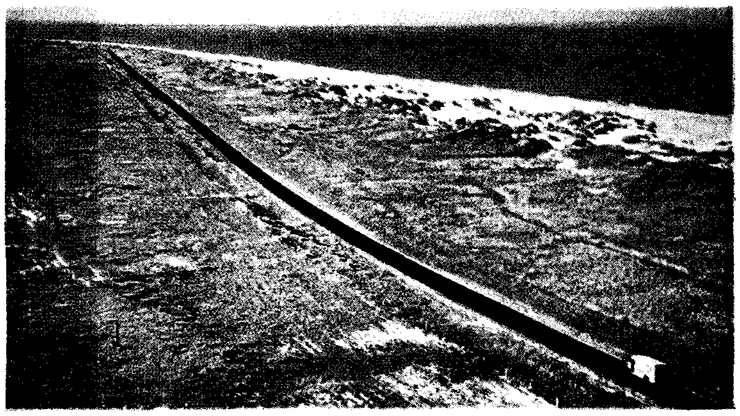


A mermaid rests on the 1924 wreck of the *Laura Barnes*, one of some 650 ships that have foundered on the Banks.

The Wondrous Outer Banks

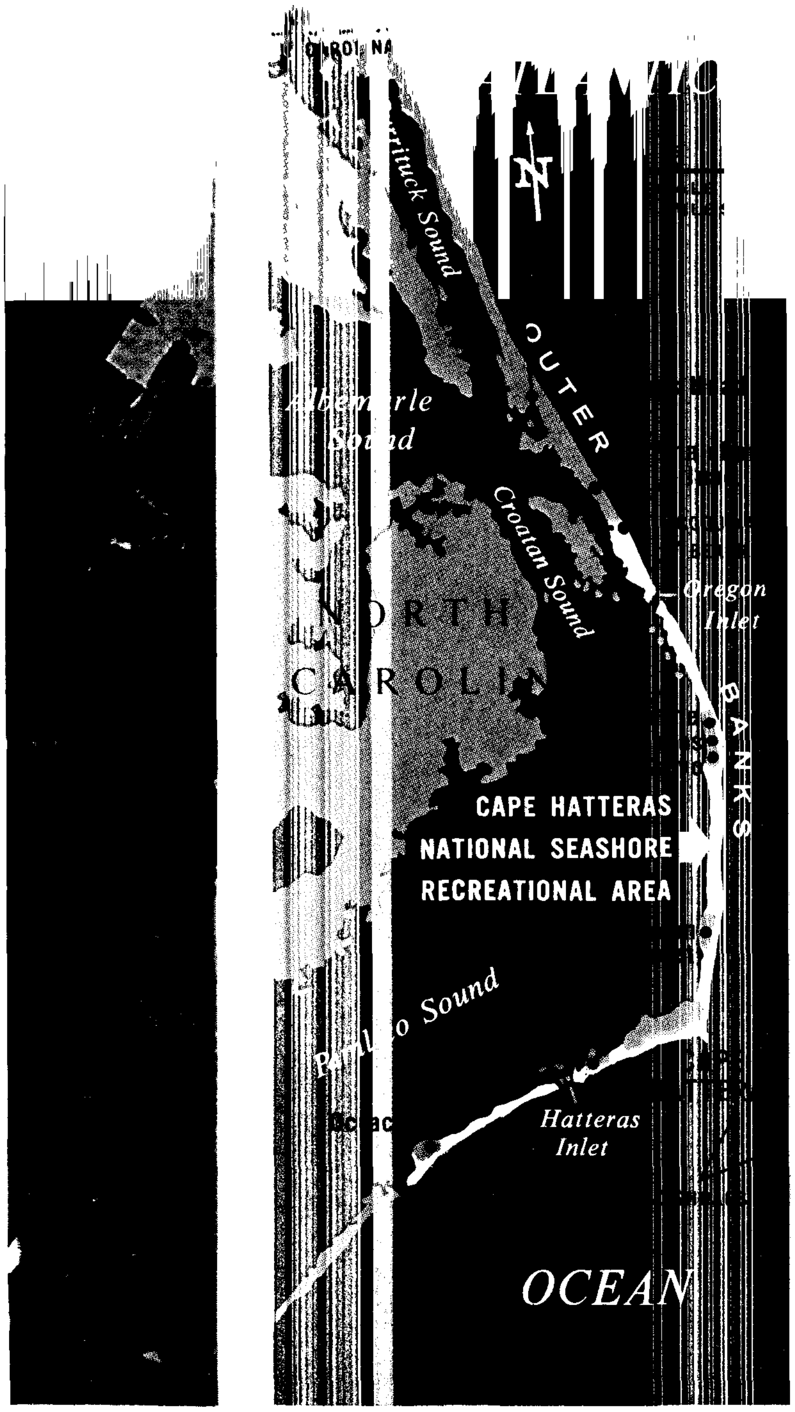
The broad beaches of North Carolina's Outer Banks are a welcome sight for campers, swimmers and fishermen tired of cluttered shorelines.

By John Bird

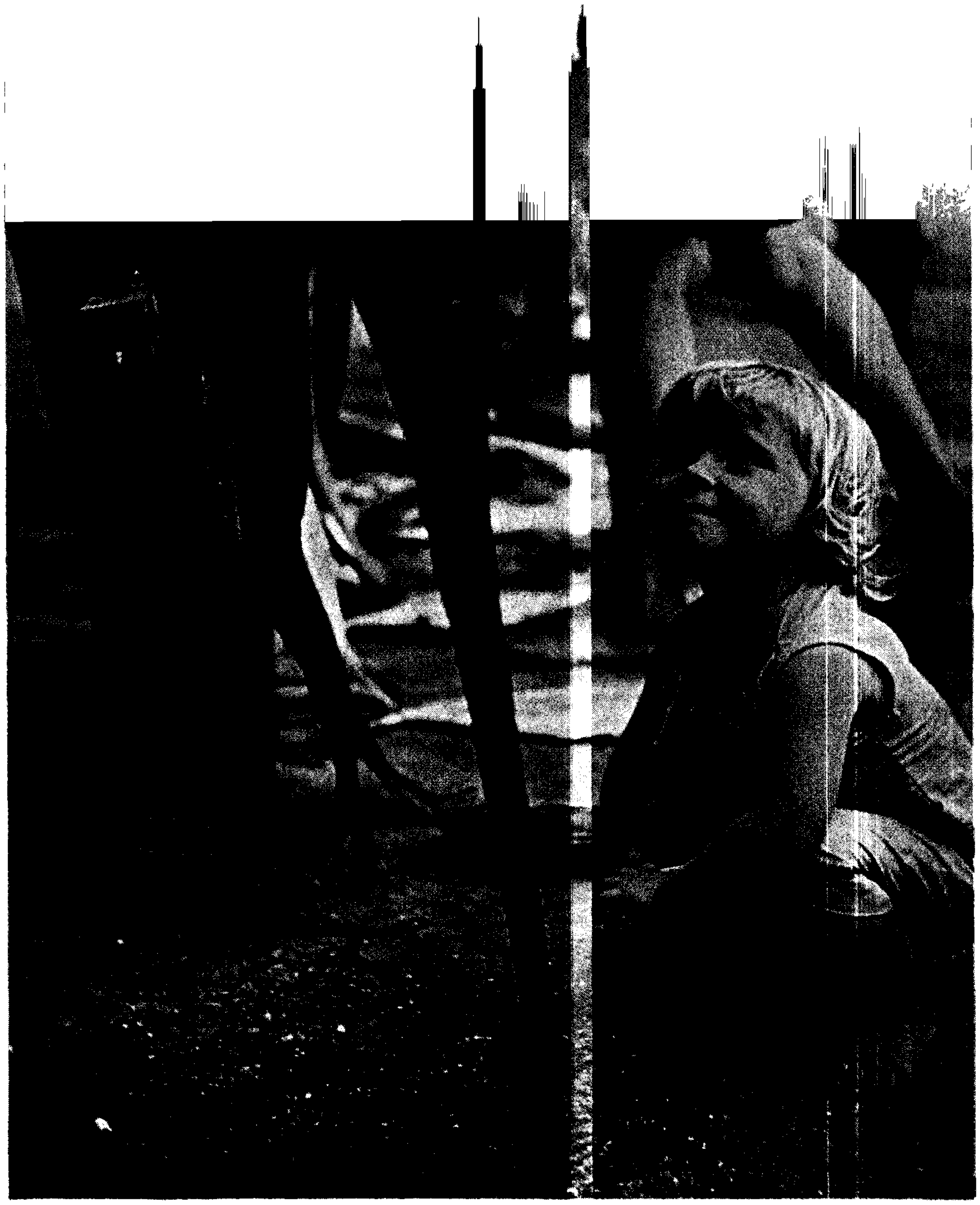


The Outer Banks highway (above, near Avon), plus two free ferry hops, connects Whalebone Junction with Ocracoke.

Left: Sally Pullen and Jane Rush, here swimming at Nags Head, are members of *The Lost Colony* pageant, the summer spectacle on nearby Roanoke Island.



The National Seashore (white area) has 80 miles of beach stretching south from Whalebone Junction.



The year-round inhabitants claim everything from bluefish to amberjack and sailfish can be found in the teeming waters off the Outer Banks. The little girl above is admiring a 366-pound marlin.

A problem in trying to capture the character of the Outer Banks of North Carolina—perhaps best known for such flavorsome place names as Nags Head, Kitty Hawk and Cape Hatteras—is that almost no feature in that strange land remains as it seems at first glance. In fact, through their long, sometimes melodramatic history, the Banks have been about as contrary and changeable as any area in the United States—well, they aren't exactly *in* the country, but extend out into the Atlantic Ocean, a chain of skinny sandbanks that vary from a few miles to a few hundred feet in width. Lengthwise they stretch for 170 miles along North Carolina's coast, separated from the mainland by various sounds—Currituck, Albemarle, Croatan and Pamlico. Midway in their course the Banks jab a sharp elbow, Cape Hatteras, into the ribs of the ocean with spectacular results, as we shall see.

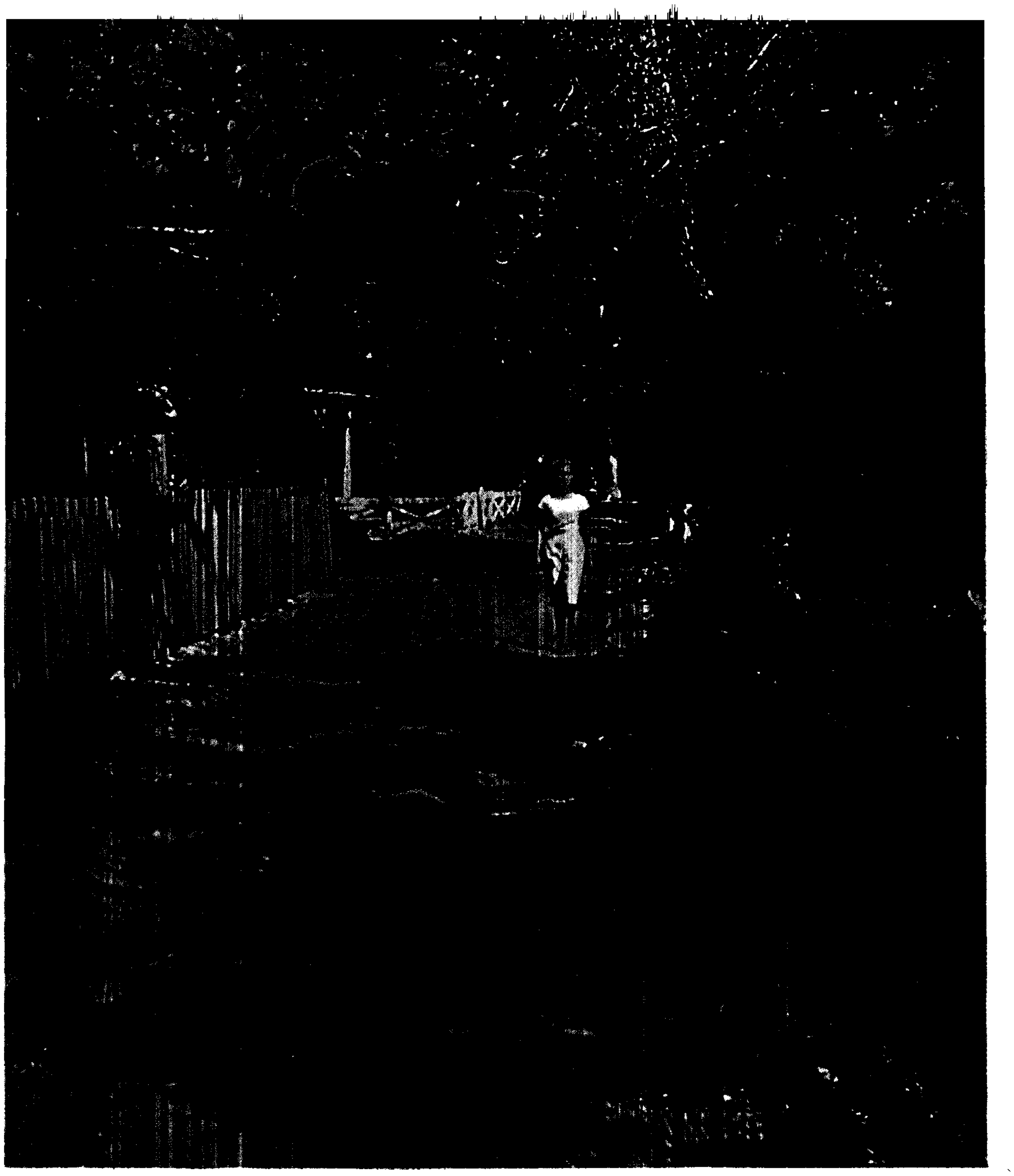
For the past few years a fair sample of the Banks has been set aside as the Cape Hatteras National Seashore Recreational Area, the only thing of its kind. First-time visitors to the Banks have been known to ask, wonderingly, just why the Federal Government should go to the expense and trouble of putting such sandy wastes into a park. Yet almost invariably these attenuated islands soon work their peculiar magic on such doubters. On a fair day no land could be more serene—a soul-resting mixture of hot sun, vast blue sky and greenish waves foaming along a clean, uncluttered shore. Great dunes, smoothed and twisted in curving patterns by the ever-blowing winds, seem to repeat the billowing motion of the ocean waves. As a contrast, there is unusual greenery around the handful of villages where live the several thousand native Outer Bankers, a closely knit breed who share a few dozen family names, have their own manner of speech and are fiercely loyal to their islands. It's customary for visitors to develop their own loyalty to the Banks and to return again and again.

Sand, sea and winds make the Banks—and perhaps the winds are the most contrary of all. The wind was the reason that Orville and Wilbur Wright found the dunes near Kitty Hawk an ideal place for testing their gliders; and here, on December 17, 1903, Orville took off on man's first powered flight in a heavier-than-air machine, starting something of a trend. The Bankers, who believe in minding their own business, didn't pay particular attention to the Wrights, no more than they do today to an elderly financier from New York who comes to Cape Hatteras every summer to fly the huge kites he designs as a hobby.

The Banks are well known, of course, for air currents even stronger than those needed to hoist a kite. When tropical hurricanes swirl up from the Caribbean and lash this low shore, no land could be more brutally inhospitable. Nobody is quite sure how strongly gales may have blown here; the files of the Cape Hatteras weather station register an all-time high wind velocity of 110 miles per hour on September 14, 1944, but there is an asterisk after this entry in the official log and a notation: "Estimated. All wind instruments carried away at 8:55 A.M." Even Hurricane Donna, which came rampaging along the Banks last September twelfth, didn't set a new record—her highest velocity was ninety-four mph.

The Bankers themselves believe that the frequency and perils of their hurricanes have been exaggerated. When you ask them what they do during a hurricane they reply, "Why,

Photographs by Larry Fried



Ocracoke village, population 800: Despite many changes on the Banks, this town retains its original quiet charm.

we go indoors until she blows herself out." They do explain that their houses have been "staggered around a bit" by high wind and flooding waters. That's one reason the village streets are somewhat erratic. Describing an involuntary house-moving, Cap'n Frank Meekins, an eighty-one-year-old resident of Rodanthe, said, "My wife, Lavinia, and I was upstairs during this blow, and she looked out the window and says, 'Frank, you know what? That water tank is movin'—it's goin' west!'

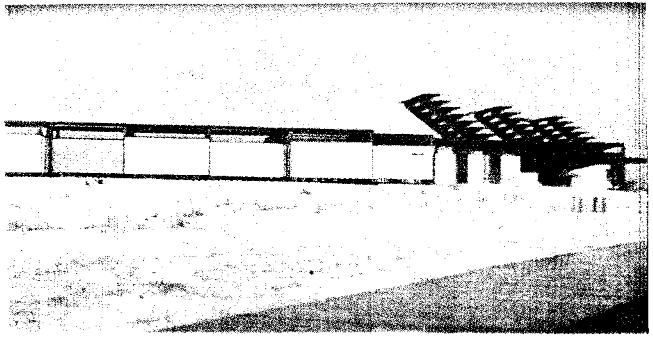
"So I went over and took a look and I told her, 'No, Vinny. That water tank is standin' still—it happens our house is movin' east.' We washed about fifty yards closer to the ocean in that storm."

The history of the Outer Banks also is somewhat contradictory. The citizens are amiable, openhanded and reputed to be remarkably law-abiding. But at every turn one meets legends of bloody deeds and awful mysteries—piracy, wrecking and ghost ships, all charmingly told as though they happened but yesterday. A surprising amount of local lore involves mistakes, bloopers on a magnificent scale, which the alchemy of time has transmuted into rich benefits.

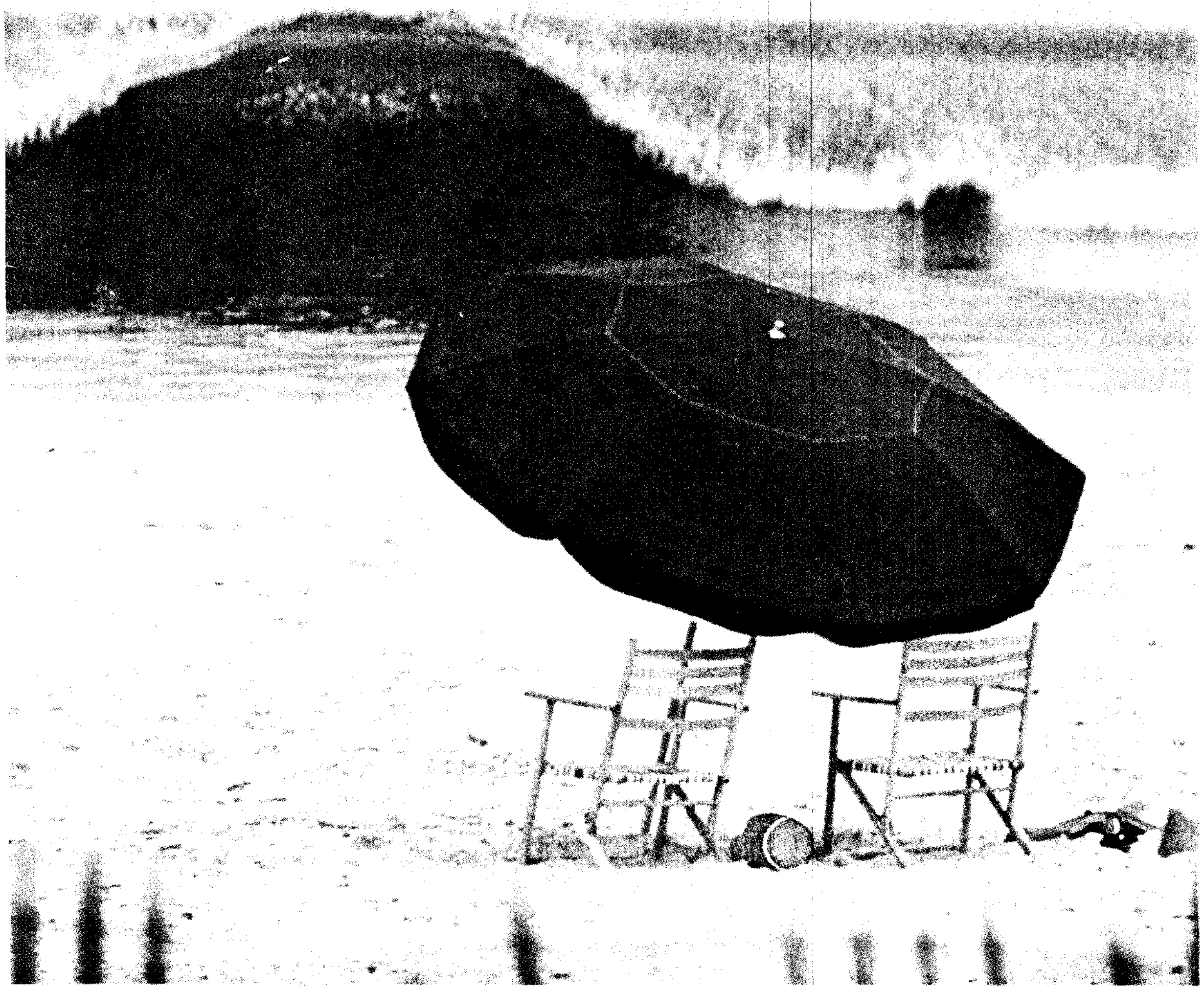
Take, for example, the faulty judgment shown by Sir Walter Raleigh when he selected Roanoke Island in the Outer Banks as the site for the first English settlement in America, in 1585. Now, Roanoke was about as unpromising a place as Raleigh could have hit upon; it was hard to defend and had virtually no natural resources. But apparently it had charm. It still does. The first crop of colonists gave up and went back to England; then the mistake was repeated by putting another batch on the island in 1587—and this group vanished without a trace. Today two important attractions on the Outer Banks are a reconstruction of Fort Raleigh—from which those settlers evaporated—and a large-scale pageant drama, *The Lost Colony*, staged during the summer season on the shores of Roanoke Island.

Then there was the fateful error made by Edward Teach, better known as Blackbeard because of his fierce beard, presumably black, which he gussied up with hair ribbons. Teach was a reasonably competent pirate who had acquired considerable loot and a number of wives by the time he set up headquarters at the south end of Ocracoke Island. However, Blackbeard's hide-out proved to be a trap in 1718 when Lt. Robert Maynard of the British Royal Navy came after him. The pirate literally lost his head in the battle. But his memory provides Ocracoke a tourist-luring aura, probably worth more than all the doubloons and pieces of eight Blackbeard may or may not have buried there.

Also in the accounting are the collective misfortunes of hundreds of ships off the Banks. For this is one of the most treacherous coastlines in the world, truly the "Graveyard of the Atlantic." Along these shores the great, cold, grayish Atlantic Currents flow down from the north and the warm, clear, blue Gulf Stream surges up from the south. These massive tides collide southeast of Cape Hatteras with resulting turbulence, fogs, upheavals and the deadly, constantly shifting shoals known as the Diamonds. The legend is that 2200 vessels have come to grief here, but the actual records show 650 major shipwrecks—still an impressive number. The Bankers have salvaged many a valuable cargo. An old tale, as unproved as it is persistent, says that the village of Nags Head got its name from a wreckers' trick of tying lanterns to the necks of ponies which roamed the beaches and dunes at night; vessels

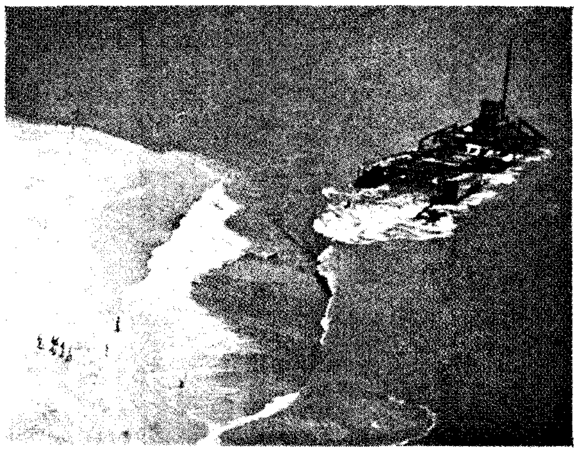


Along the National Seashore area the Park Service provides free facilities such as these colorful beach *cabañas*.

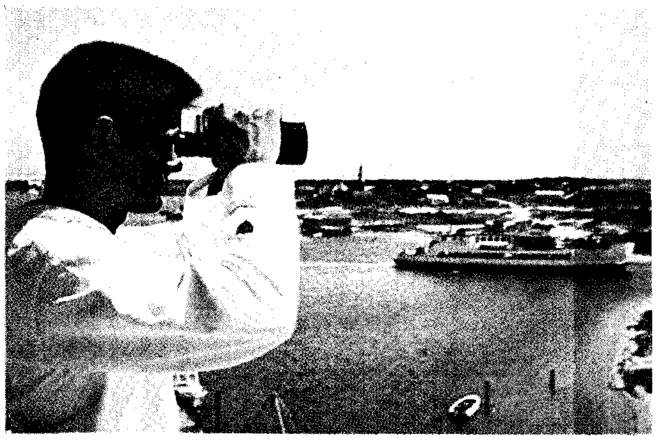


The beach at Nags Head, with theatrical visitors from *The Lost Colony* company.

Frank and Lavinia Meekins of Rodanthe. Their house (in background) was once washed fifty yards away by a storm.



Graveyard of the Atlantic: A half-submerged skeleton of a Navy LST sunk in a 1947 storm off the Hatteras coast.



Four U. S. Coast Guard stations in the National Seashore area keep watch for storms and ships in distress. This sailor is standing on the observation tower at Ocracoke.

mistaking these for the running lights of other ships were lured onto the shoals.

The known truth is that many generations of Bankers have been exceptionally devoted to saving passengers and ships. Coast Guard stations long have dotted the Banks, and this service still is considered an honored career for the sea-wise men of these islands. The development of radio compasses, radar and other navigational aids, as well as the modernization of rescue methods, have cut down the number of stations; today there are only four left in what is now the National Seashore. Still there is some business for them. When I half-jokingly asked Aycock Brown, Dare County's publicity man—they have them here, too—"When did you have your last shipwreck here?" he immediately pulled out some news releases and said, "Well, two came ashore just last month—a $35,000 sports fishing cruiser out of New York and a $125,000 sailing yacht out of Easton, Maryland."

The worst mistake—one which came close to wiping the Banks right off the map—was that of stripping these sandy islands of their trees and grass, leaving them in condition "to blow right overboard," as a native put it. When the first permanent settlers arrived in the late 1600's, some of them drifting in from shipwrecks, much of the landscape looked like a jungle. There were heavy stands of live oak, holly, dogwood, pine, persimmon, yaupon and mulberry, all laced with wild vines. Along the shore the sands were stabilized with tough beach grasses and salt-resistant shrubs.

The settlers cut trees to build houses and boats. Their horses, cattle, sheep and goats had free run of the islands and eventually polished off most of the grass and shrubs. They were followed by hogs which dug up the roots. As the vegetation disappeared, the sandy soil began to blow and wash away. "Sand waves" moved across parts of the islands, covering everything in their path.

By modern times most of the trees had perished. Some settlements had been swallowed up by marching dunes. Large areas had been stripped bald and lay only a few feet, or inches, above sea level. Storm tides began to wash completely across the now-barren islands. The great Cape Hatteras lighthouse, tallest on the Atlantic Coast, had stood 1500 feet back from the sea when completed in 1870; by 1935 the

(Continued on Page 59)

Roanoke Island: The cast of *The Lost Colony* pageant on stage, with Croatan Sound in the background.

Post Scripts

(Scientists say if animals, birds and insects could talk we'd be amazed at the human characteristics they'd display—News Item)

The Penguin Who Stuttered

I found Mr. Penguin in the antarctic.

"Is it true that penguins love cold weather?" I asked, getting out my pad and pencil.

"W-W-W-W-What's that?" he said.

"Why, you're shivering!" I said.

"I'm not doing the conga," he retorted, shaking so hard he almost slipped on the ice and fell. I steadied him.

"Maybe you should live in a warmer climate," I said.

"That's what I keep telling my wife," he replied. "I want to move to Florida. But she says all penguins love the cold, so it must be in my mind. Actually, it's in my feet. I've got ch-ch-ch-ch-chilblains."

Mrs. Penguin waddled up. "Is Horace telling you about his chilblains?" she said. "It's psychosomatic!"

Horace rolled his eyes heavenward.

To change the subject, I said quickly, "Is it true that penguins have a strange courtship custom?"

"You must mean the pebble bit," Mrs. P. said.

"Yes," I said. "The male brings his prospective mate a pebble as a present and lays it at her feet. If she accepts it, they get married."

"Horace had a terrible time proposing," she said. "He'd pick up a pebble and start for me. But he'd get so nervous and shaky that halfway there he'd drop it."

"How did he win you?" I asked, writing rapidly.

"One day a pebble rolled to my feet ——" she started.

"I dropped the pebble by mistake," Horace muttered. "It was really meant for a cute little ——"

"Horace!" his spouse cried.

To prevent a domestic squabble, I said, "Could Horace's stutter be due to the cold?"

"Nonsense!" Mrs. P. said. "All Horace needs to do to stop stuttering is to speak slowly and distinctly. . . . Come along, Horace."

"Yes, dear."

As they waddled away I heard Mrs. P. say, "Now repeat after me. 'The rain in Spain falls mainly in the plain.' That's it. Slowly and distinctly."

JACK BROWNELL

Some Song Hits Back in Historical Times

I'll Remember June in Waterloo

Madame Curie Taught Me Physics in a Hurry

The Little Bighorn Blues

Stompin' at the Bastille

Mamma Don't Allow No Guillotine Buildin' 'Round Here

We're Gonna Rock, Rock, Rock 'Round Plymouth Rock Tonight!

We'll Build Our Little Nest Way Out in West Pompeii

Hey, Visigoth Baby!

VERNON H. KURTZ

Distaff Double

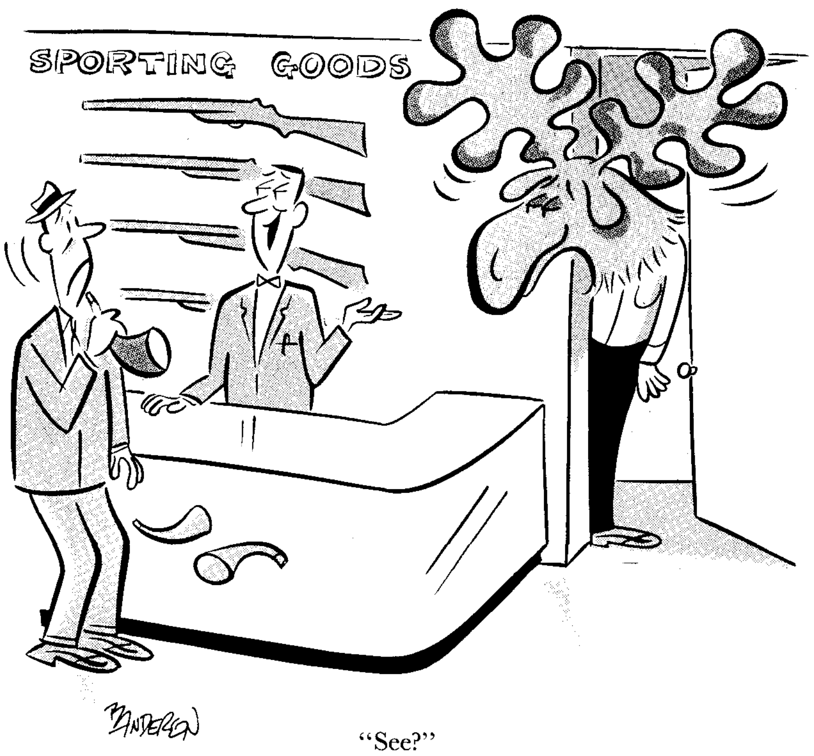
A man must ponder upon this pair
  Of problems a woman has to face:
She has absolutely nothing to wear,
  And she hasn't an inch of closet space!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Why Cry Tomorrow?

Lay bare your secrets;
  Sordid deeds.
The world *does* care,
  That's what it reads!

SUZANNE DOUGLASS



"See?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Enfeebled English

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Tell me a story, Grandfather.

Aw ride. Howwa bowed Lil Red Rine Hood?

No, thank you.

Wellen, wuhja lyega hear Jagginna Bean Stawg?

You told me that one last night.

Yeah. Add I did. I know! Rummel Still Zgin!

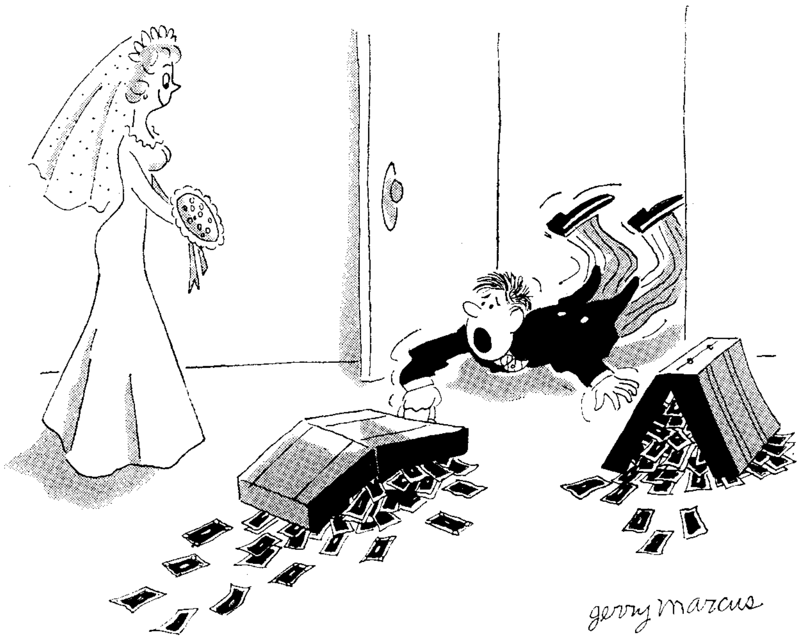
I'd rather hear something else.

H'm'm'm. Yirr mydee puhtiguler. Lemme zee. Whaddayuh zay doo Snow Wide Anna Sem Drarves?

I'd like that, Grandfather.

O.K. Wunze uh pahnnah dime air wuz a byewfull lil girl called Snow Wide. Nowden, she. . . .

HERB GOCHROS



"Why you ever married a clumsy oaf like me, I'll never know."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

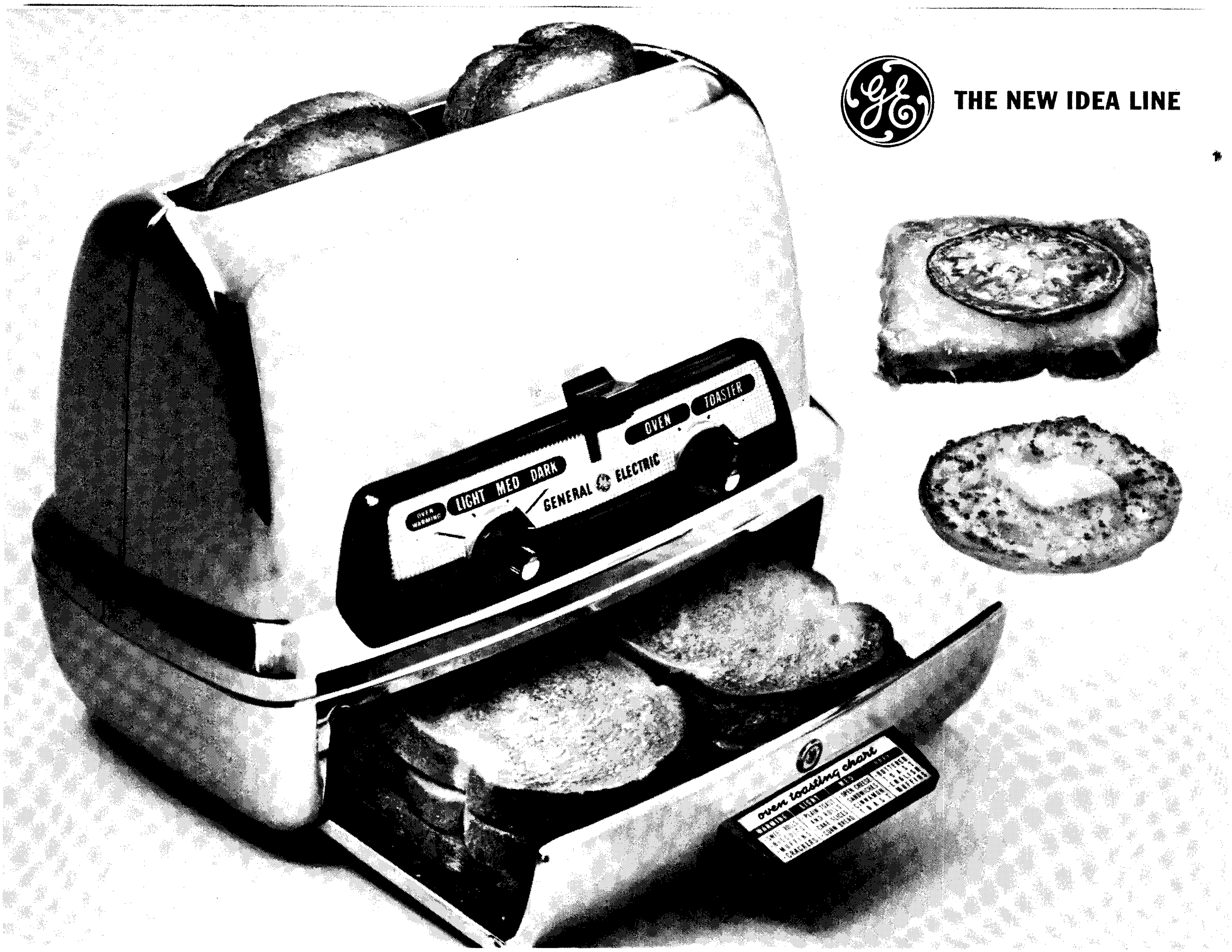
17th century brocade from Detroit Institute of Arts

Jeweled "V" and Crest created by Black, Starr and Gorham

In beauty and in performance, the 1961 Cadillac represents a new standard by which the world's motor cars will be judged.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

THE NEW IDEA LINE



Oven drawer keeps 6 slices of buttered toast crisp and warm.

It's a toaster and "oven" in one.

Toast made just the way you like it, pops up extra *high* from the General Electric Toast-R-Oven*. Pop it into the handy oven drawer—as many as six pieces at once—and it stays warm and crisp, ready for those breakfast latecomers.

Oven drawer also toasts buttered bread, heats rolls . . . grills cheese sandwiches . . . tangy garlic bread. There's plenty of room to do English Muffins easily. See the Toast-R-Oven at your General Electric dealer's. General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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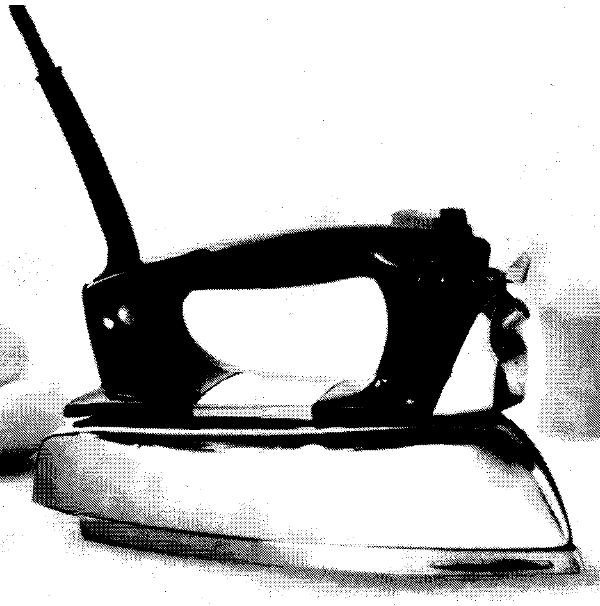
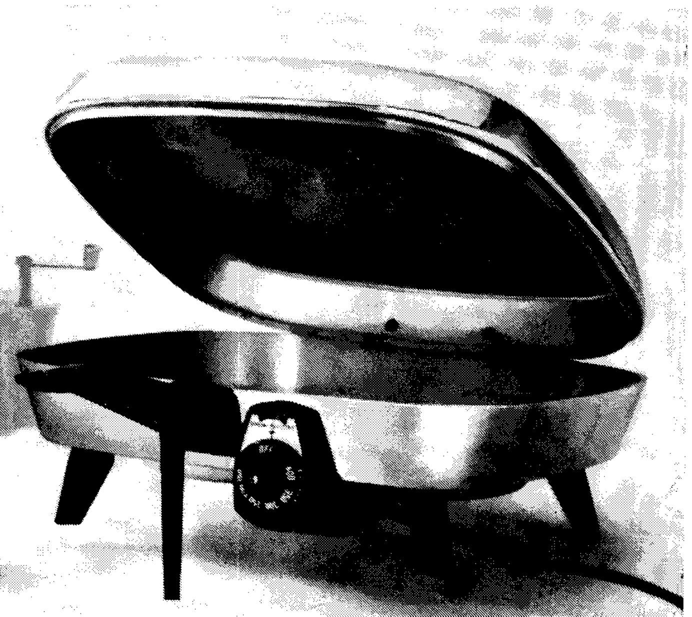
*Trademark of General Electric Co.

Powerful stand mixer and portable in one! General Electric All-Purpose Mixer available in three decorator colors. 12 mixing speeds.



Sprinkles as you iron—New General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron has three wash and wear settings—eliminates guesswork.



Drains fat away from fried foods! Retractable leg tips General Electric Automatic Tip-Top Skillet. Cover helps control spatter.

The Soldier

Without reinforcements they couldn't possibly hold the island.

By RICHARD POWELL

Lt. Col. William Farralon, who had fouled up his Army career, wasn't happy when he was sent to Port Solo in 1942. It was the headquarters of the Lower Pacific Command, a "dead end" for officers considered unfit for important assignments.

The second day Farralon was on the island he went hunting for Japs with Major General McGuire. McGuire didn't like Farralon and told him so. But when they were ambushed by a Japanese machine-gun nest, Farralon saved McGuire's life by blowing up the Japs with a hand grenade.

Farralon, who could read Japanese, was happy to find that the dead enemy soldiers carried papers. He gathered up all the documents he could find, with the hope of discovering something useful.

© 1960 by Richard Powell

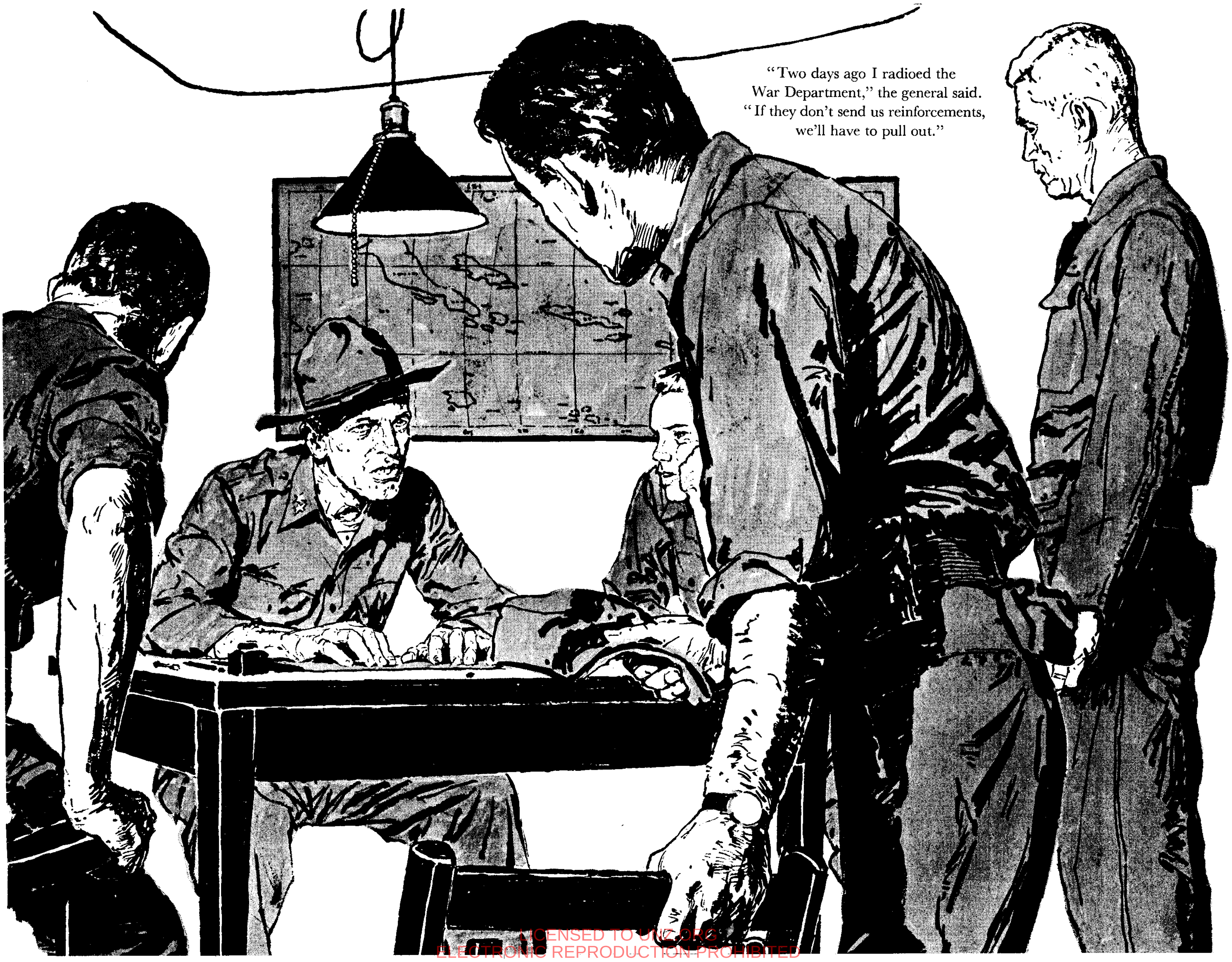
III

Farralon sat in the G-2 office and tried not to let the papers on his desk get soggy from the sweat that ran down his face and neck and arms. The corrugated-iron roof of the warehouse held in the heat of the day like the lid of a pressure cooker. Now that it was evening, the air in the office seemed like a limp wet thing that needed to be hung outside in a breeze to dry.

It had been early afternoon when he returned from his trip with General McGuire and, except for a short break for evening mess, he had been working on the Japanese documents ever since. He pushed back his chair and looked at the papers with distaste. There was no more to be learned from them, and there hadn't been much to learn in the first place. What good was it to learn that Superior Private Kijura Okuma had received a letter from a girl named Hana-ko and that he missed the way his mother fixed rice with baby oysters?

Translating the Kanji and hiragana symbols had been hard work, and the results were small reward for the unnumbered hours he had spent studying the language. He recalled evening after evening that he had spent studying while Fran dealt

(Continued on Page 50)



"Two days ago I radioed the War Department," the general said. "If they don't send us reinforcements, we'll have to pull out."

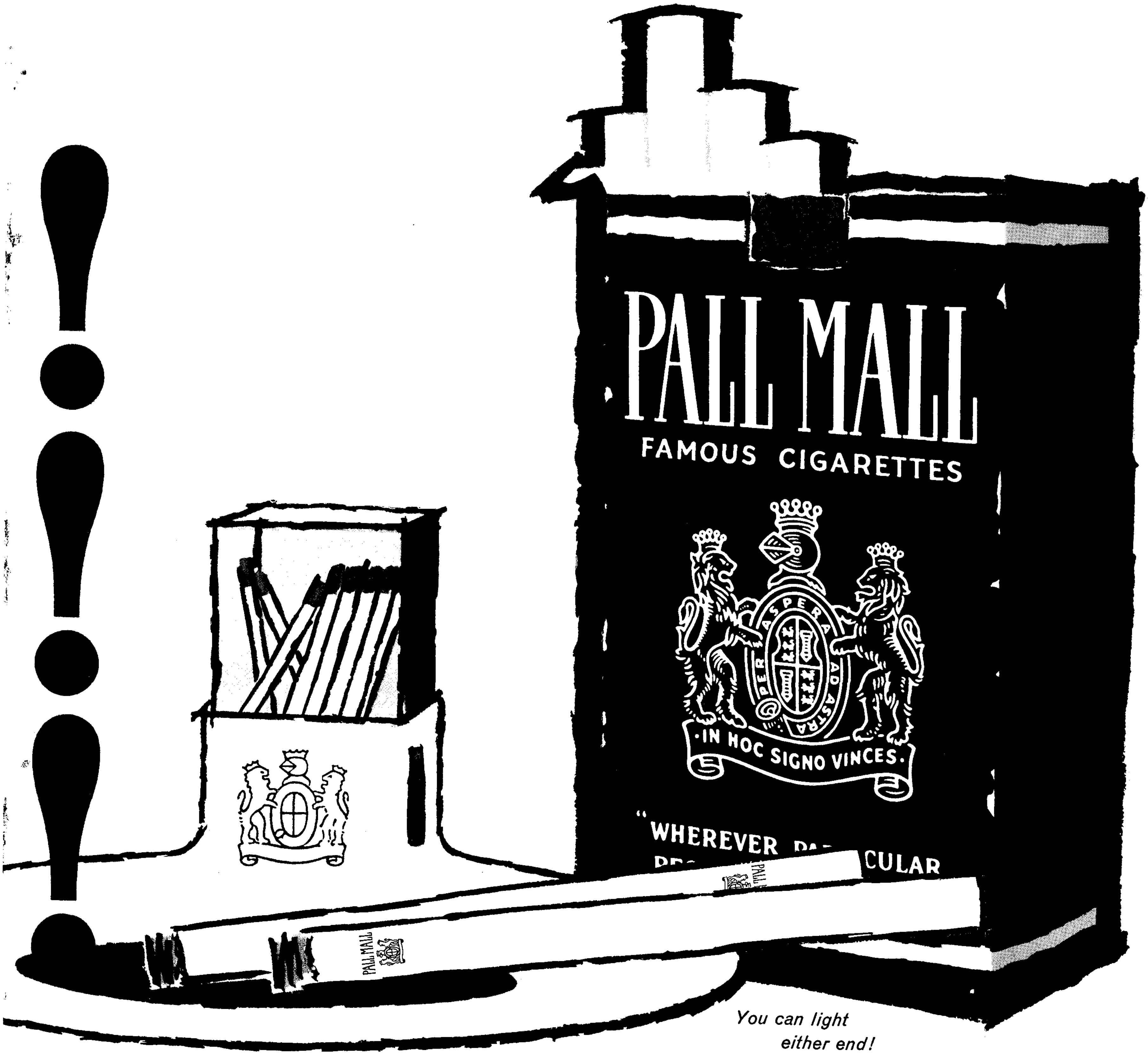
Taste PALL MALL...sc

GOOD
GOOD
GOOD

Good-Looking, Good-Tasting

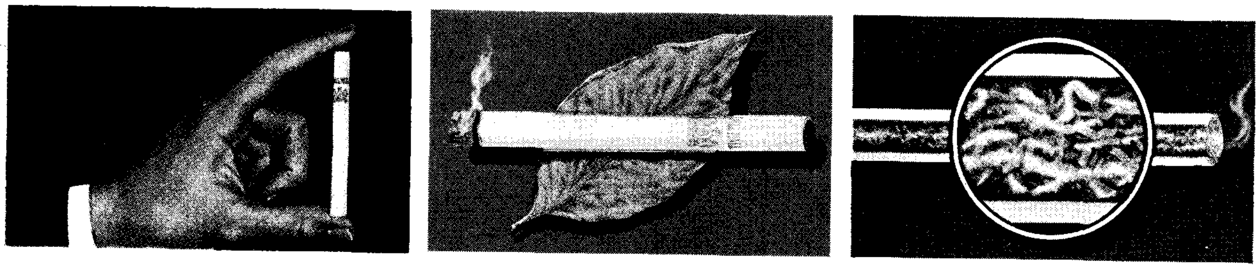
Why does Pall Mall taste so good, good, good? Because Pall Mall's famous length of fine, rich-tasting tobacco travels and gentles the smoke naturally—makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor. That's why Pall Mall tastes so good! good! good! Never too strong. Never too weak. Always just right!

Enjoy satisfying flavor...so friendly to your tast


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PA... CULAR
PALL MALL

You can light either end!

Good-Smoking PALL MALL!



HERE'S WHY SMOKE "TRAVELED" THROUGH FINE TOBACCO TASTES BEST

1 You get Pall Mall's famous length of the finest tobaccos money can buy.

2 Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally...

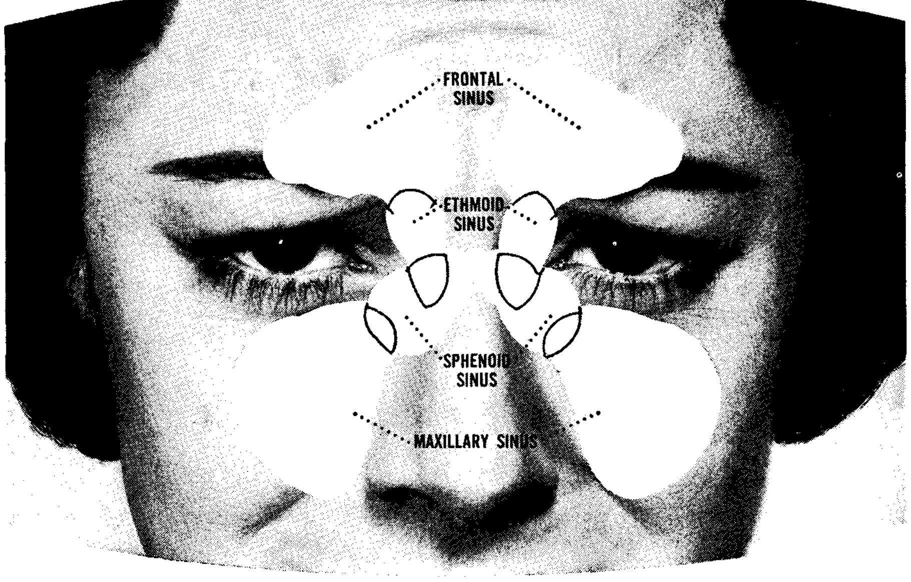
3 Travels it over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine tobaccos—and makes it mild!

Outstanding ...and they are Mild!

© A. T. Co. *Product of The American Tobacco Company—"Tobacco is our middle name"*

Revolutionary 3-layer tablet to relieve

COLDS MISERIES, SINUS CONGESTION *and its* PAINFUL PRESSURE

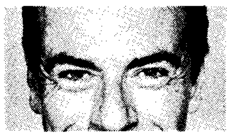


HELPS DRAIN ALL SINUS CAVITIES

EVEN DEEP IN HEAD (critical areas of colds infection)

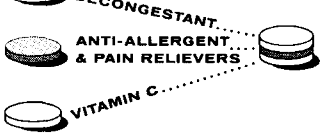
DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets, working through the bloodstream, bring dramatic relief from colds miseries, pollen allergies and from sinus congestion with its tenderness, pressure and pain. DRISTAN, amazing medical achievement, contains: (1) The scientific *decongestant* most prescribed by doctors. In minutes—it reaches all congested areas—even deep in the head . . . quickly shrinks swollen nasal-sinus membranes . . . promotes drainage . . . restores free breathing. (2) An exclusive *anti-allergent* to block allergic reactions often associated with colds plus a highly effective combination of pain relievers. DRISTAN reduces fever better than aspirin and promptly relieves body aches due to colds. (3) *Vitamin C* to help build up body resistance to colds infection. For quick relief, get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. Note: DRISTAN is being widely imitated. But the fact is . . . the exclusive DRISTAN Tablet formula *cannot* be duplicated. Accept no substitutes!

WHEN COLDS STRIKE, nasal-sinus passages become clogged with germ-laden mucus . . . responsible for so much colds suffering and misery.



TAKE DRISTAN. Working through the bloodstream, DRISTAN shrinks all swollen membranes, promotes drainage, restores free breathing.

This Exclusive DRISTAN Tablet Formula Cannot Be Duplicated!



DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proven ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet. Accept no substitutes.

DRISTAN
DRISTAN
DECONGESTANT TABLETS
SYMPTOMATIC RELIEF OF
SINUS CONGESTION
COLDS & HAY FEVER

There's Nothing Like **DRISTAN**®

Decongestant Tablets

The Soldier

(Continued from Page 47)

herself solitaire hands, playing the cards with slaps that told him she was bored and restless.

He remembered her saying one night, "Bill, how about bridge with the Stelwagons tomorrow? Being a closer friend of the Stelwagons might do you some good one day."

"Fran, it'll do me more good to know how to read Japanese. Why, it's shocking how few people in this country can speak or read Japanese! Suppose we got into a war with them? Their language would be an almost unbreakable code."

"Oh, fiddlesticks, Bill."

Stelwagon was in the European Theater now, with two stars or maybe even a third. Fran was in Washington, no doubt advancing the career of somebody else. She had given up on him. So perhaps he had helped pay for his lessons in Japanese with a hunk of his marriage.

He put the Japanese documents in one pile and his pages of translation in another and looked across the room to see how Reb Baylor and Sergeant Johnson were coming with the Nambu machine gun. They had spread a blanket on the floor and taken the gun completely apart and had diagramed it and estimated the firing rate. Now they were talking about writing a little manual on how to operate the Nambu, with Baylor doing the text and Johnson the diagrams.

Perhaps it was silly, but Farralon felt like a boy having a birthday party who is forced to watch the guests play with all his presents.

"Want a little help?" he asked. "I've finished the translating."

"Then why don't you call it an evening?" Baylor said. "Johnson and I will be all right."

"I thought maybe you'd like to look at my translation while I work on the Nambu."

"Anything in the translation that can't wait till tomorrow?"

"No, but you might find some interesting stuff. It ——" He let his voice trail off, because Baylor wasn't listening.

Well, he thought, at least it was nice that Baylor and Johnson were having so much fun. He leaned back in his chair and lighted a cigarette, feeling drained and useless.

A knock sounded on the door, and Johnson scrambled to his feet and opened the door a few inches and peered out. Then he turned and said, "Sir, it's a lady to see—I mean, it's a WAC lieutenant to see Colonel Farralon."

"Well, let her in," Baylor said, jumping up.

Everybody else in Port Solo might be melting in the heat, but the WAC lieutenant looked as if she had just stepped off a recruiting poster. There wasn't a wrinkle or sweat stain on her chino skirt or blouse. Her hair swept back from her temples and curled up at the nape of her neck with drilled precision. Her skin and eyes were clear, and her ankles and legs looked good even in the coarse regulation stockings.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't realize I was breaking into a conference. I wanted to see Colonel Farralon, and at his quarters they said try here."

"That's all right," Farralon said. "Glad you came. This is Colonel Baylor and Sergeant Johnson. And your name is—um, Peters or Packer, but I'm afraid I don't know which."

"It's Patrick, Claire B., sir. How do you do, colonel? . . . How do you do, sergeant?"

Johnson beamed at her as if she had brought him a Stateside ticket. Baylor gave her his old-time pirate grin. "Delighted to meet you, lieutenant," he said. "Let me kick some stuff off a chair so you can sit down." He grabbed a chair with the air of a man offering a throne to a princess.

Farralon scowled—first the Nambu and now Lieutenant Patrick. He had let the Nambu get away from him, but this was his WAC. No broken-down armored-forces colonel was going to blitz him aside. The girl's arrival had dissolved his mood of drained futility; now he felt alive and eager and he did not intend to step aside in Baylor's favor.

"Mighty nice of you to drop around to see me," he said, deliberately picking a pronoun that shut out Baylor. "What can I do for you?"

"It's just a personal matter," she said. "Perhaps I could see you sometime when you aren't busy."

"Oh, I'm through for the evening," Farralon said. "I'll walk you back to your quarters, and we can talk on the way."

"Are you sure I'm not interrupting, sir?"

Farralon said quickly, "Why, just a moment ago Colonel Baylor asked me why I didn't call it an evening and said that he and

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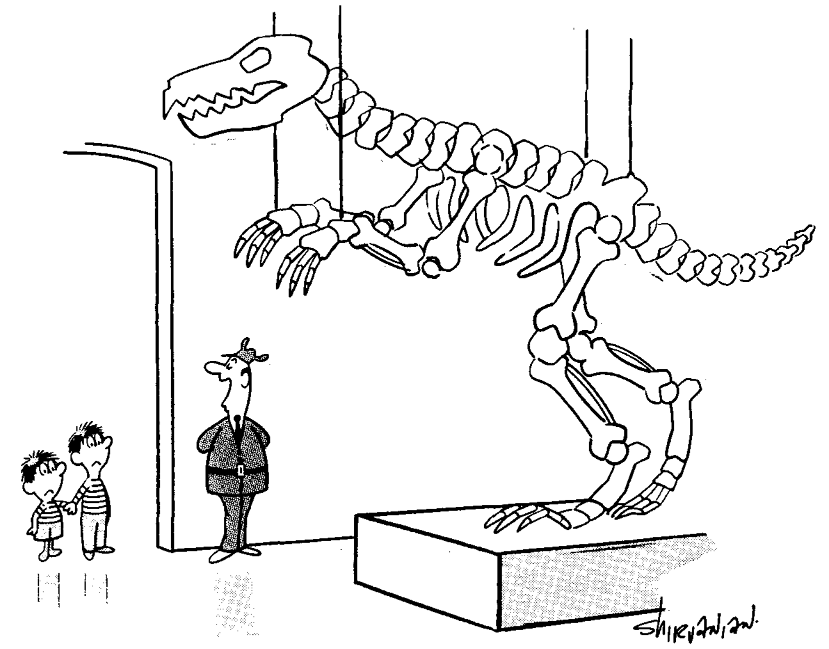

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It was delicious."

DOUGLAS DC-8
DC-8

By DC-8, you can cross the U. S. in 4¾ hours, the Atlantic in 6½, or the Pacific in 8½!

Everyone can rest assured it will be a wonderful flight

...ANOTHER REASON WHY
MORE AIRLINES CHOOSE
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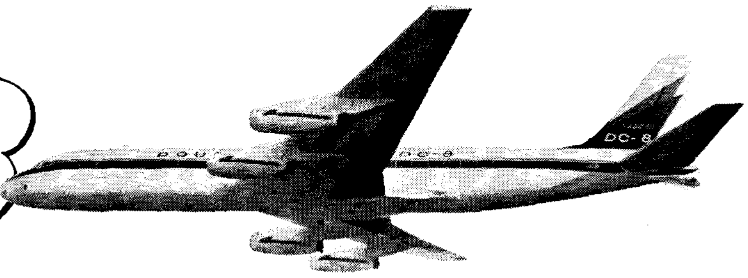

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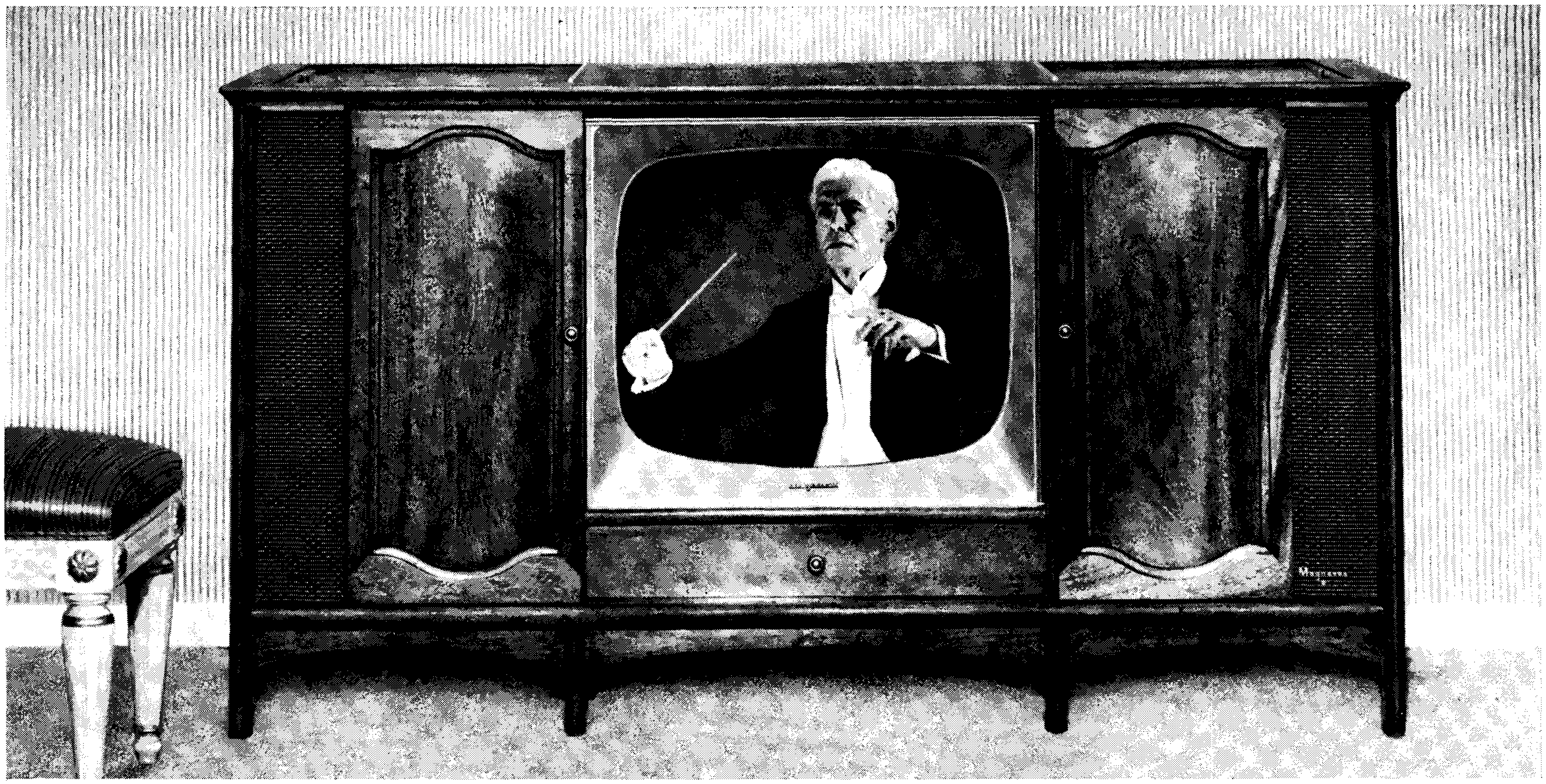

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(Continued from Page 50)

Sergeant Johnson would be all right. . . . Isn't that what you said, colonel?"

You didn't have to be a trained lip reader to see what Baylor was silently calling him. Baylor said aloud, "Well, yes, I did; but of course ——"

"Then we might as well leave right now," Farralon said cheerily, taking the girl's arm and steering her toward the door.

He was amazed at himself. To the best of his knowledge, he had never acted like this with a girl. Of course, he had never had such a strong claim on one. This was his WAC. He piloted her successfully through the doorway, but as he stepped through, Baylor caught his arm.

"If you'll excuse us a moment," Baylor said to the girl, "I want to check on one little thing with Colonel Farralon." The girl nodded and moved a few steps down the hall, and Baylor muttered, "I didn't know your tactics were so sharp."

"I didn't want to tear you away from what used to be my machine gun."

"On top of all my other feelings about you," Baylor said in a musing tone, "now I find you're also an easy guy to dislike."

"You couldn't have told me a nicer thing, colonel."

"I'm afraid this kind of talk could be called prejudicial to good order and military discipline. That's the hell of having women around. Well, have fun."

Farralon joined the girl and walked her out of the warehouse. "It's no more than a couple hundred yards to your quarters," he said. "I could use a little exercise. Why don't we walk down to the harbor and back?"

"Somebody told me you were out on patrol today, colonel, and ran across some Japs. Didn't that rate as exercise?"

"Oh, that was this morning. I haven't done anything but sit around since."

"All right. Let's walk to the harbor."

The only sidewalks in Port Solo stretched from the warehouse to the harbor. The girl started walking briskly—too briskly, Farralon thought. He was in a mood to saunter, but the lieutenant marched along with the regulation thirty-inch step. They crossed the street to the opposite sidewalk, and he cut around in back of her to walk on her left side, next to the street.

……

Mourning at Seven

It's not so much the waking up
That summons up my frown—
It's working up to getting up
That really gets me down.

Margaret McKeever Ellert

……

"I wish you wouldn't do that," she said.

"Do what?"

"Walk on the outside, on my left. The higher ranking officer is supposed to stay on the right."

"I was brought up to walk on the outside when I'm with a girl."

"That's just what I mean," she said earnestly. "The fact that I'm in the Army ought to take precedence over the fact that I happen to be female."

"You won't find many soldiers agreeing with you."

"Everybody seems to think it's so strange for women to be with an army," she said. "Why, through most of history it was the custom for women to accompany armies. You can go back as far as the Trojan War and find them. I don't suppose you've ever heard of Penthesilea, but ——"

"Queen of the Amazons," he said. "Slain in battle by Achilles."

She stared at him and said, "I'm surprised you know that. You're Regular Army, aren't you? The level of culture among Regular Army officers is not of the very highest."

"Oh, I'm not cultured. I just happen to know all the famous wars and battles. Frankly, I've never believed there really was a tribe of warrior women called Amazons."

"You can't deny there were many women with the Greeks at the siege of Troy."

"Well, let's see now," he said. "I recall that Achilles sulked in his tent when a girl named Briseis was snatched away from him by Agamemnon. Then later he was killed while arranging to marry another girl, named Polyxena."

"Are you trying to prove something, colonel?"

"The point I'm making is that Briseis and Polyxena were not soldiering. They were just busy at the job of being women. I suspect that was the case with most of the women who have followed armies."

"Then you're against the idea of women being with armies, unless they limit themselves to being women?"

"Not at all. But I don't want them to pretend they're not women. As I say, I don't really believe in Amazons."

"Colonel," she said, "aren't you wondering why I came to see you tonight?"

He chuckled. "Yes, but the sooner you tell me, the sooner you'll leave. So I'm not in a rush to learn."

"I wanted to thank you for being so helpful, to apologize for turning down your offer of help rudely yesterday afternoon and to ask why you went out of your way to help."

"How do you know I did anything?"

"Oh, things changed so quickly it was unbelievable. One moment nobody wanted us. The next, nobody could do too much for us. So I began asking questions. One of the natives who fixed up our quarters put me on the right track."

"I hope you hung onto a few of the natives."

"Hung onto them? Four of the native women simply moved in on us. They cook lovely meals and insist on doing all the cleaning, and we found them sleeping across the doorways last night so that nobody could sneak in without falling over them. When we try to object, they refuse to understand what we're saying. I don't know how to handle a situation like that. It's wonderful, but it doesn't seem like the proper Army way to do things."

"In wartime, the proper Army way to do things is to grab any comfort you can."

"Well, perhaps. As I was saying, the natives admitted you sent them to repair the place. Then last night a young captain came around and introduced himself as the general's aide. He wanted to know if everything was all right. He's a naïve young man, and it wasn't hard to get some of the story out of him. I don't have the exact details, but apparently you were responsible. Why did you go to so much trouble for us?"

"I suppose it was because you were being pushed around. It annoyed me."

"Colonel, I'm going to say something you may not like."

"Go ahead."

"I wonder if it was your way of hitting back at the Army for pushing you around."

He stiffened. So she had heard the stories. It wasn't surprising in a headquarters as small as Port Solo. "Perhaps it was," he said coldly. "Shall we head back now?"

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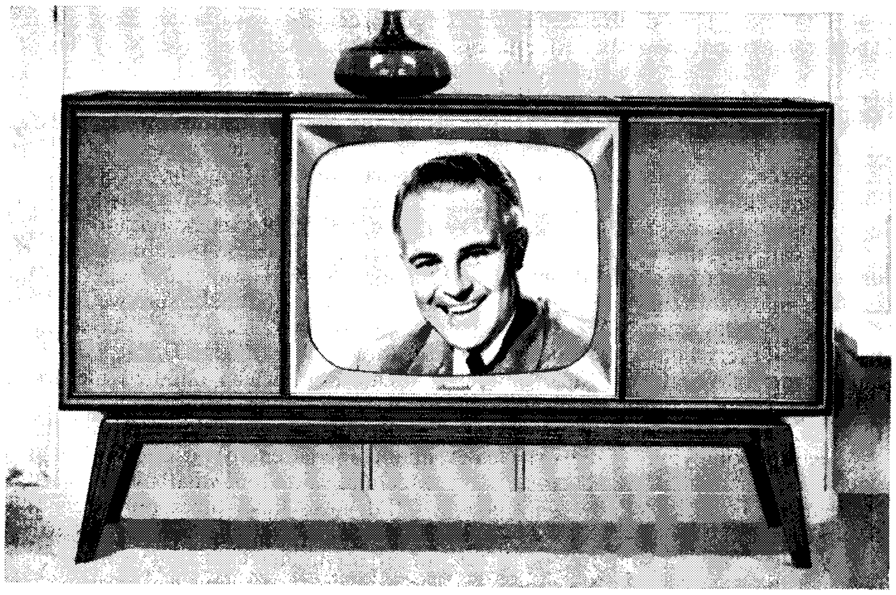

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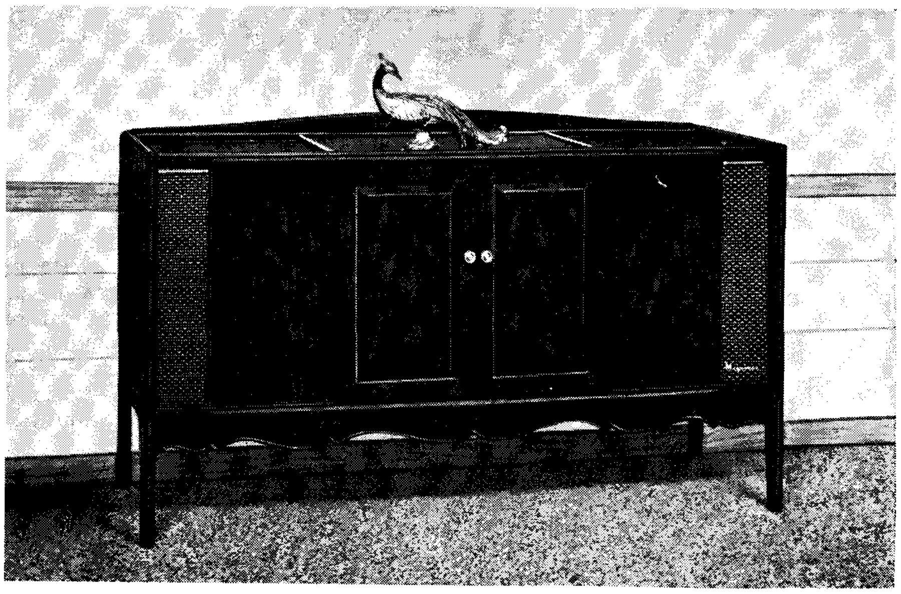

The CUSTOM STEREO THEATRE Model 389—$595

"You're angry with me, aren't you?"

"Probably I'm just angry with myself and things in general."

She placed a hand on his arm and said, "I don't want to go back now. I want to say something else you may not like."

"This time I don't know about telling you to go ahead."

"I've heard the story other people tell about you and Anchor Island. Now I'd like to hear your story."

"Why should you?"

"Oh, look," she said. "You can't go around wiping our little noses for us and picking us up when we fall and not expect to stir up our interest. I have a right to more than just the rumors about you."

They had reached the shoreline of the harbor. It was a clear night, with a diamond mine of stars out in the black ore of space. The rising tide had sopped up the smell of the mud flats, and darkness hid the litter of rusting metal and decaying wood. He stared out at the blurred line where sky met sea. Were stains of light flickering against that distant horizon? He blinked. No, of course not. That was an afterimage his mind was carrying, like the afterimage your retina held for a while when you had been staring at something bright. There were no warships lurking under the curve of the horizon, blotching the night with muzzle flashes. There was no witches' noise of salvos riding in across the dark sky. This was not Anchor Island, not 8 December 1941.

"What the hell," he said. "It isn't much of a story."

"I'd still like to hear it."

"I was in the War Department last September, in the office of the chief of field artillery. This was before they organized Ground Forces and Air Forces and Service Forces. They needed a C.O. for Anchor Island, a little atoll between Luzon and Guam. Mainly it was just a cable station, but it also has a lagoon that small ships and flying boats can use. We had a battery of three-inch AA on the island and an understrength rifle company and a few engineers. I went out there as C.O. and tried to get things in shape to delay the Japs when they came."

"You knew they were coming?"

"The way things had shaped up, there wasn't much doubt about it. Then, on November twenty-seventh, the Far East Command relayed us a War Department report that the Japs seemed to be preparing an amphibious assault against either the Philippines, the coast of Thailand or Borneo. Oh, we knew, all right. About 0500 on December eighth we got word of the Pearl Harbor strike. The International Date Line put our time almost a day later than the time at Pearl Harbor. A little before midnight on December eighth we started taking a pasting from Jap warships. I reported it to the Far East Command. At 0400 the next day I got a message." He paused and rubbed his forehead and muttered, "At least I think I got a message. Sometimes I begin to doubt it."

"Can you remember the exact words?"

"Yes, but that doesn't prove anything. It said: You will turn over Anchor Island command to next ranking officer and proceed by first available transportation to San Francisco, reporting to commanding general, Ninth Corps Area. Well, a Pan Am Clipper had landed in the lagoon for minor repairs, so I turned over command to my exec and hopped the Clipper and made it to the West Coast. That's the whole story."

"Except," she said, with a catch in her voice, "that some people don't believe you received such a message."

"Yes. Except that."

"It seems impossible that nobody can trace it! When I think of the five and six and seven copies of everything we have to make, how can every copy vanish? How can everybody forget?"

"Well," he said, "it came out of headquarters in Manila. Maybe the copies were lost when a bomb hit. Maybe whoever sent it was killed. Things get scrambled when a war busts loose. And, of course, I was the only member of the garrison who got off Anchor Island, so nobody can back up my story about receiving it. It was weird, getting to the Presidio in Frisco and finding nobody expecting me and watching the eyebrows start to lift."

"There must have been some good reason for sending the message, if . . . if ——"

"Go ahead. If it was sent."

She said angrily, "I know it was sent."

"I figured out three possible reasons. First, it might have been a routine transfer that was planned before Pearl Harbor but got delayed and should have been torn up when war started. Next, some idiot might have remembered I was only three months out of the War Department and figured I knew too much to risk letting me be captured. Or finally, somebody might have known I was one of the few officers who can read Japanese and decided I ought to be salvaged. Take your pick. None of them is worth anything."

"How can you say that? They sound like very good reasons."

There was a heavy throbbing noise somewhere, like the exhaust of a boat, but he couldn't see the white scar of a wake anywhere in the harbor. He shut his eyes and traced the throbbing to the inside of his head. "The real trouble," he said, "It's not whether there was such a message. The real trouble is that I should have torn the thing up, and a lot of people know I should have."

"Tear up an order! But you couldn't ——"

"I could and should. But I didn't realize it at the time."

"Then you'd have been killed or captured! What good would that have done?"

"Look," he said. "I'm a career officer in what was a small professional army. Our job was to take it on the chin if war broke out and hold up the enemy as long as possible. The marines on Wake Island did their job. They held out sixteen days. Anchor Island didn't. It held out three days. If I had been there, maybe we could have held out a week or more. It didn't do the morale of the soldiers on Anchor Island any good to see me go kiting off. The defense of Wake Island helped morale at home, just like the defense of Bataan and Corregidor. Anchor Island was a kick in the teeth. No, whether I got the message or not, I was wrong."

"So now you've given up."

"It's not a matter of giving up or not. It's a matter of nobody trusting me now with anything important."

"You went out of your way to help us," she said. "Maybe it's time you tried helping yourself."

"There's a difference," he said. "You represent a new idea that ought to be given a real chance by the Army. I don't represent anything in particular."

"You've given up. You could tell yourself that destiny must have saved you for something big and important. But no—you've given up."

He grabbed her shoulders. She was throwing sharp darts, and the last one had gone deep. "Shut up!" he snapped.

She stood straight and slim between his hands. "Is that an order, sir? Is that one I obey? Or is it the kind that ought to be torn up, like the one you got on Anchor Island?"

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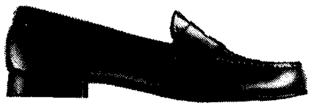

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He shook her once and then caught himself, shocked at the violence that had burned through his muscles and into his hands. For some reason it was harder to take scorn when it came from her than when other people showed it. He stepped back and said in a tightly controlled voice, "Sorry."

She rubbed her shoulders. "I'm going back to my quarters now. You needn't come."

"I understand your feelings," he said, "but you'll have to stand my company for a few more minutes. I want to see you back safely."

The girl shrugged, and they turned back and walked silently to her quarters. He expected her to march into the place without another word, but she paused and looked at him thoughtfully.

"Are you waiting for a better apology?" he asked. "Very well. I regret that I lost my temper."

"No," she said. "I was thinking of making one myself. What I did was unfair, wasn't it? First I coaxed the Anchor Island story out of you and then slapped you in the face with it."

"That's all right," he said. "Maybe it will do some good." He swung around and walked away.

During the next week things settled into a more normal routine. He met General McGuire several times in hallways at G.H.Q., but the Old Man merely grunted at him and clumped on by. Now and then he saw Claire Patrick. Probably she would have grunted at him, too, if she hadn't felt that was an unmilitary greeting.

She and her girls were apparently doing well in the message center. One day when he was in the chief of staff's office, Colonel Clement saw the WAC lieutenant passing his window and said, "Nice-looking kid, isn't she? Making out fine at the message center. I'm glad I stepped in and straightened out that little problem for her. With a girl like her around, a man almost hates to go home."

Farralon said, "Are you heading Stateside, sir?"

"Oh, yes," Clement said, sighing. "The medico insists on it. It's that malaria. I'm just sticking around now until I get a replacement."

In G-2 the excitement over the Nambu machine gun had faded. No useful intelligence reports came in except for stuff on Rotai, and those were merely information copies; the action copies went to Samoa, where the task force to invade Rotai was being organized under Navy command. Nothing but word of patrol clashes filtered back from the perimeter north of Port Solo. On Moon Island almost every day the LPC battalions lost another outpost or two and pulled back to straighten their lines.

One evening toward the end of that quiet week Farralon was sitting in his quarters. A Zoangese brought him an iced limeade, and Farralon noticed that one of the man's feet was making a slapping noise on the floor. Usually the Zoangese went barefoot, but this one had apparently cut his foot, because he was limping and wore a split-toed canvas shoe on the foot he was favoring. It was odd about the split-toed canvas shoe. That was what Japanese soldiers wore.

Farralon rummaged in his mind for pidgin phrases and said, pointing to the shoe, "You walkabout shoe belong im Jap fella?"

"Belong im Jap fella four time sun leave im na make im too dark."

A Jap owned the shoe four days ago. "Where stop dis Jap?"

"One fella cross too muss long Jap fella na kill im he die."

Very interesting. He went to work to dig out the story. Somewhere north of the mountains a Jap soldier grabbed the wife of a village elder—"Dis Mary belong im luluway"—and dragged her into the bushes. The luluway became very angry and let the Jap have a knife in the back. Any of the Jap's stuff that was too dangerous to keep around the village had been traded with natives around Port Solo. Very interesting.

The next morning in G-2 he said, "Colonel, have you ever thought of setting up a network of agents and coast watchers in northern Zoanga?"

"Oh, sure," Baylor said. "I've also thought of knocking holes in the mountains so we can peek through."

"I'm serious. All we need are the right people and a way to get messages back here."

"Makes everything nice and simple, doesn't it?"

"The right people are the natives," Farralon said. "They don't like the Japs. Their young men are grabbed for labor units. Some of their women get raped. Their rice and fish are taken and paid for in occupation currency that the natives can't use. As far as getting messages back is concerned, the natives visit across the mountains all the time."

"H'm-m," Baylor said.

"We can pay them with rations. We don't have to act on any of their reports until we make sure they can be trusted."

"H'm," Baylor said.

"Then, if everything works out, we can land a few of our own people on the north coast and set up collecting stations for news and get reports back by radio."

"Been thinking yourself dizzy, haven't you?"

"It might be nice to know what goes on up north."

Baylor growled, "I suppose you'd feel you had the right to work this up yourself if I said give it a try. I recall that you were very stuffy about my touching that Nambu machine gun."

"We could work on it together—if you can stand working with me."

Baylor nodded slowly. His phone rang, and he picked it up and said, "G-2, Baylor. . . . Yes, sir, right away." He hung up and said, "The Old Man wants to see both of us about something. Maybe this'll be a good chance to get his O.K. on this idea about the natives."

When they entered McGuire's office, they found the chief of staff, G-3 and the C.O. of the squadron of P-40's already there. General McGuire was hunched forward in his chair as if it were a saddle, galloping his fingers on the desk.

"All right, sit down," McGuire snapped. "We already wasted enough time. The poop is this: Two days ago I radioed the War Department we had to have reinforcements to keep our hold on Moon Island. If not, we had to pull out. And if we didn't reinforce or pull out, in two weeks there wouldn't be anything to reinforce or pull out. So do you think we're getting reinforcements? Hell, no. An hour ago I got a message saying no reinforcements available. But they're gonna be good to us. The Navy has offered an old interisland steamer and a destroyer for the evacuation. We have to take the offer or turn it down right now. The steamer and destroyer can sail from Samoa two days from now. They'll only give us a week. Two days plus to Moon Island, a day for evacuation, a day's sail to here, a couple or three days back to Samoa. Now, I want to make a last-minute check and make sure we have no other choice. . . . Jack what's our strength on Moon Island?"

"Out of nineteen hundred men, less than seven hundred effective," G-3 said.

"Reb, I know you don't know a thing about Jap strength on Moon Island," McGuire said, "but what's your guess?"

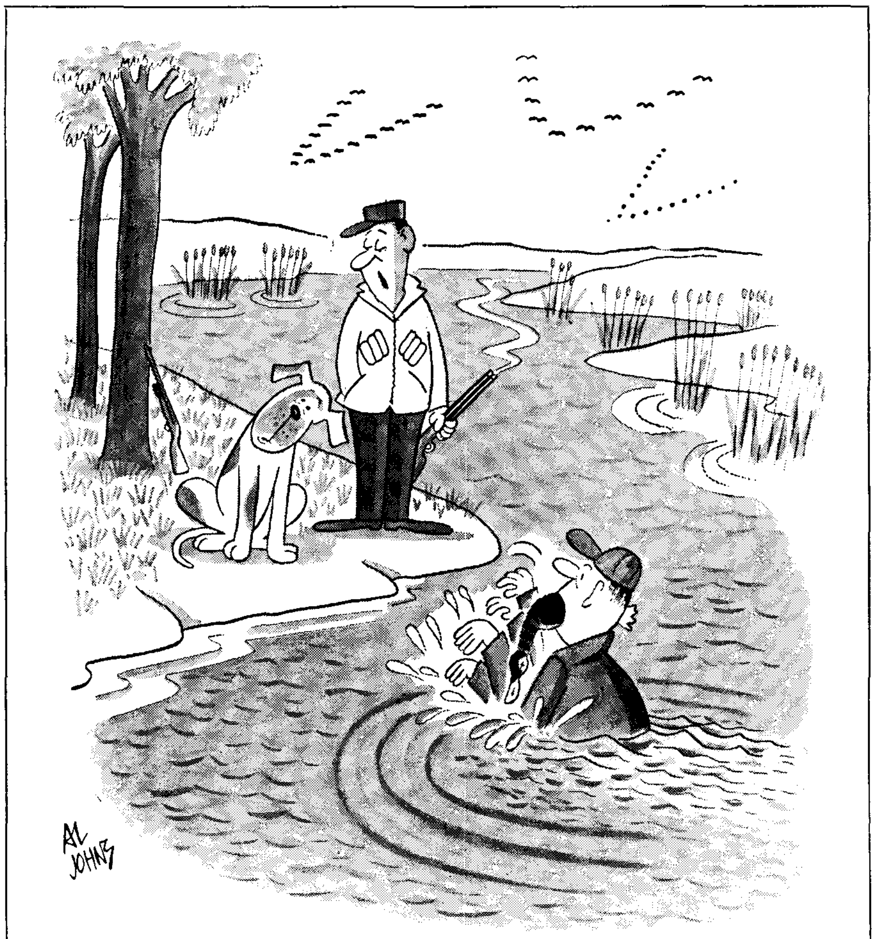
"I'd guess three times our strength," Baylor said. "And the Japs have a battery of seventy-millimeter infantry guns against no artillery for us. Our last thirty-seven-millimeter was knocked out last week."

"Howie," McGuire said to his chief of staff, "there's nothing here we can send, is there?"

"Not a thing, general."

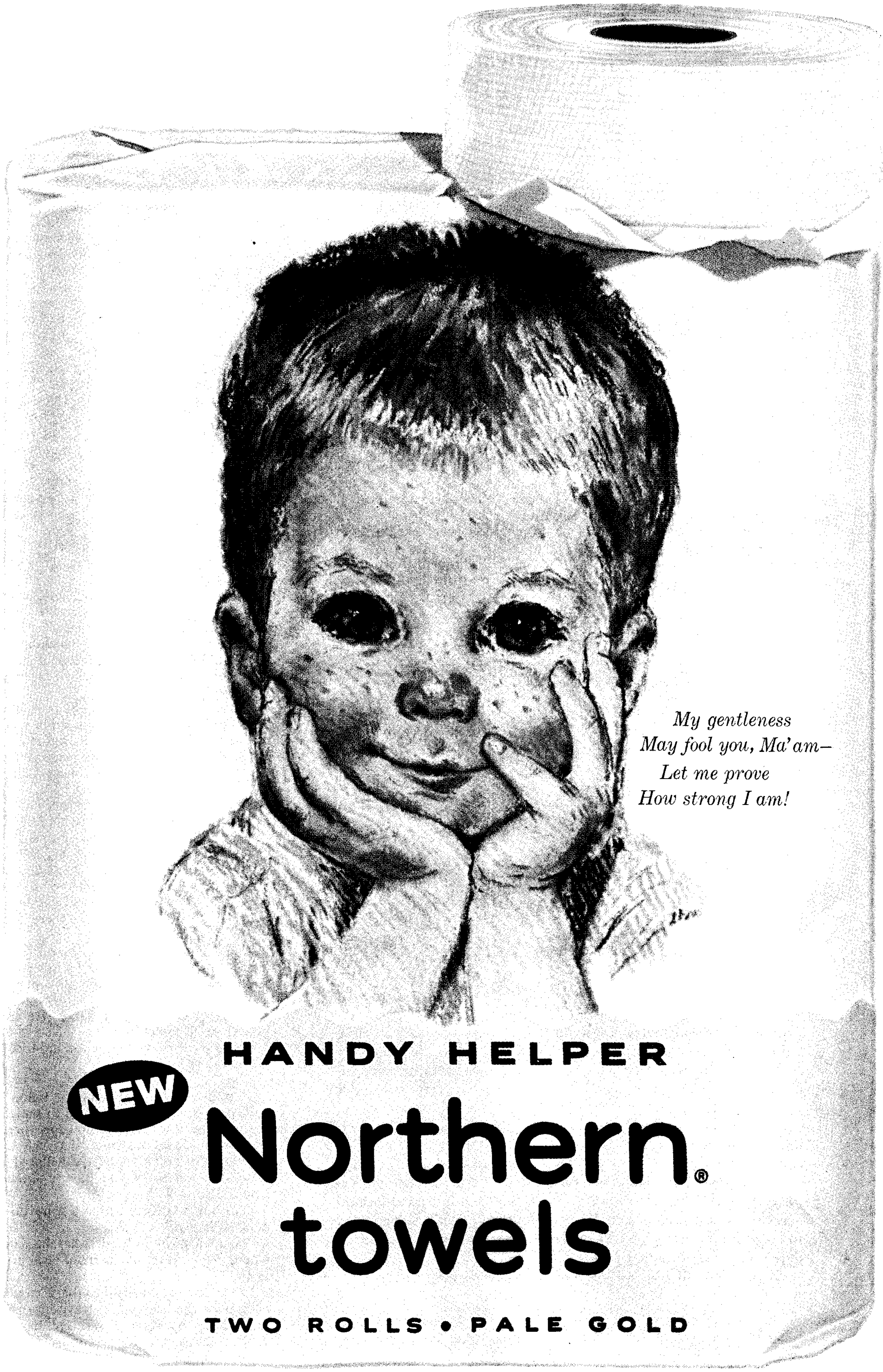
McGuire turned to the C.O. of the P-40's. "Can

(*Continued on Page 56*)



"I think he's getting the idea now."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST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(*Continued from Page 54*) we provide any more air support, Winnie?"

"Not unless we cut down here on our intercepting missions, general. And if we do, a Jap strike might clobber our airfield, and we end up worse off than ever."

McGuire reined in his galloping fingers. "All right," he said, "then we pull out."

G-3 said, "It'll be a very ticklish operation, general."

"You're telling me."

"We'll need some very tight liaison work," G-3 said. "Somebody has to act as beachmaster and as liaison officer and just generally run the whole show. Otherwise we'll have a real foulup."

"We may have one anyway," McGuire said. "Can any of our officers on Moon Island handle it?"

"I doubt it, general," G-3 said. "They'll be busy embarking their men and trying to hold off the Japs. Besides, it would be a good idea for our liaison officer to check in with the Navy-task-force commander ahead of time and work out a plan and get all the signals straight."

McGuire said, "Then we pick a guy here and fly him to Samoa tomorrow and fly him from there to Moon Island so he'll be all set when the ships arrive. Any suggestions who we pick?"

Baylor cleared his throat. "Yes, sir. I recommend Colonel Farralon."

The room became so quiet that you could hear the squeak-squeak as McGuire rocked in his chair. "Very interesting," McGuire said. "Yes, now that I recall it, Colonel Farralon had combat experience on some small island or other."

Farralon felt the words as if they were slaps in the face. There didn't seem to be anything he could say.

"And I can spare him," Baylor said.

"Can we all spare him?" McGuire murmured, looking around the room. "Yes, I believe we can. We are fortunate in having at hand a real expert in the evacuation of an island. . . . Colonel Farralon, any comments?"

He had a lot of comments, such as that they were stinking idiots, but he had to keep that to himself. "No, sir," he said.

"All right," McGuire said. "Get a full briefing on Moon Island. Howie will put through your orders and notify Samoa to expect you. . . . Winnie, fly him down the first thing tomorrow. . . .That's all." He swiveled around in his chair, facing away from them. Farralon suspected that the Old Man did it to hide the triumphant glint in his eyes. What had McGuire said a week ago? "I want to keep you around, Farralon. I want to give you chances to foul up."

As Farralon left the room, Baylor caught up to him and said, "Farralon, you don't have much luck."

"I didn't think you'd do a thing like that to me on purpose."

"No?" Baylor said. "Well, let me tell you something. I never kick a guy in the tail by accident." He chuckled and turned into the G-2 office.

Farralon walked slowly down the hall. He didn't feel as if he had been kicked in the tail. It felt more like being kicked in the stomach. The Moon Island job was the sort of thing where foulups were sure to happen. There wasn't a tougher problem in military tactics than trying to evacuate troops from a beach under the fire of superior enemy forces. Offhand he couldn't think of any times when the problem had been solved neatly. Dunkirk? Broken dikes and flooding had held back the German Army. Only the *Luftwaffe* had been able to strike at the Dunkirk beaches.

He went into G-3 and started his briefing. He knew the general layout of Moon Island, but now he needed to study every rock and coral head.

Moon Island was four miles in diameter and almost round. It had a coral reef, but it wasn't an atoll. It was a flat-topped mountain peak that soared up from great depths and only poked a few hundred feet above water. There were a small lagoon and poor beach on the southern shore, held by LPC forces. There were a much better lagoon and beach on the northern shore, held by the Japs. Also on the north shore was a flat area several thousand feet long where the Japs were building a fighter strip. Between north and south shores the mountain lifted to a height of three hundred seven feet.

Vegetation consisted of coconut palms and a few other types of trees around the beaches, and scrubby hardwoods and bushes on the flanks of the mountain. The flat top was mainly a jumble of bare rocks. Except for the north and south beaches, the shore line reared up sharply, and the only way to get from one beach to the other was by trails over the top of the mountain. The lagoon off the southern beach was shallow and hid nasty coral heads. The pass into its lagoon was narrow, twisting, and at mean low tide had only ten feet of water.

According to the latest reports, the Japs held two thirds of Moon Island, including the top of the mountain. At first thought it was hard to see why they hadn't taken the whole island weeks ago. They had the only good harbor—a deep lagoon with a good pass through the reef.

But things weren't as simple for the enemy as it might seem. The direct hundred-mile flight from Balikovo to Moon Island involved a course over the wildest part of Zoanga and its worst mountains. The Japs preferred to fly along the northern coast and swing around the tail of Zoanga, which put Moon Island about as far in flying time from Balikovo as from Port Solo. The job of supplying and reinforcing their troops on Moon Island was no cinch for the Japs either. A SoWesPac submarine was usually stationed in the waters off Balikovo, and three supply ships heading from Balikovo toward Moon Island had been torpedoed.

Still and all, it was obvious that the Japs could have taken Moon Island long ago by making a sizable effort. Farralon could guess why they hadn't. The Japs had reached far out across the Pacific and far down the coast of Asia. They were overextended. Places like Moon Island hung tantalizingly at the end of their finger tips, just outside their grasp. The same thing, of course, could be said about the Lower Pacific Command. Moon Island was at McGuire's finger tips too. Unfortunately the finger tips of the Japs had managed to push a few more counters onto the board of Moon Island, and so they were going to win the game.

He spent all day and part of the evening in G-3, pausing only to gulp a sandwich, and it was nearly 2200 when he left the place. He was tired and depressed and he went down the steps without noticing a figure in the shadows.

"Colonel," a voice said softly.

He turned, blinking. It was Claire Patrick. "Hello," he mumbled. "You're on duty late."

"I'm not on duty," she said. "I've been waiting to see you."

"Me?" His thoughts were as loose and sloppy as mush. "Why me?"

"I wanted to wish you good luck. About your—your trip."

"How did you hear of that? It—oh, yes, I forgot. You're in the code room at the message center."

"Well," she said, "good night."

"Wait a minute," he said. His thoughts were starting to firm up, and the full weight of depression was lifting. "Don't go yet. I didn't mean to sound curt. It was just that I was in a fog."

"I wouldn't blame you for being curt with me—not after the way I talked to you the other night."

"Forget it. You're entitled to have a low opinion of me. Lots of people do."

"But I don't!" she said. "I have a very high opinion of you—a lot higher than you have of yourself."

She seemed to mean it; in fact, she looked almost ridiculously earnest and solemn. He grinned suddenly and said, "I thought I was in a fog, but I see you're in a worse one. I'd like to hear more about this high opinion of yours. Are you game for another walk to the harbor? I promise not to try shaking you to bits this time."

She had a nice bubbling laugh, like a brook tumbling down a hillside. "It's a deal," she said. "And besides, I deserved the shaking." They began walking toward the harbor, and she said, "You mentioned being in a fog. Are you worried about the Moon Island job?"

"Oh, it's a mean, unpredictable business. I'd rather not think of it any more now. Let's talk about you. May I call you Claire?"

"Please do."

"Where are you from, Claire? Why did you join the WAC's?"

"I'm from a place nobody else ever seems to be from—Staten Island. I went to Vassar, class of 1935. Majored in history. Until last winter I was teaching at a private school outside Philadelphia. I joined the WAC's to see a little history in the making."

"Vassar, h'm? We were neighbors, except that I was eleven years ahead of you. I went to Saratoga Military Institute."

"Somehow I figured you were West Point. I'm sorry. From what I hear, that's an insult to anybody from S.M.I."

"I have nothing against the Point. Matter of fact, I wanted to go there."

"Couldn't you get an appointment?"

"Oh, I could have had one. My father was a major general then—he has three stars now—and he knew all the strings to pull. But he's an S.M.I. grad. Nothing would do but that I had to go there."

"And you didn't like it?"

"I liked it well enough. But I'd have liked it better if my father hadn't gone and been football and baseball captain, cadet colonel, Number One in his class and winner of the Silver Saber. He expected me to match that."

She said earnestly, "I bet you did too."

"You just lost a bet."

"Oh."

"However," he said lightly, "I don't have quite such a tough record to match in the Army. All I have to do is get three stars and a Medal of Honor."

"Bill—I'm going to call you that if I may—are you sorry you have a father who did so well?"

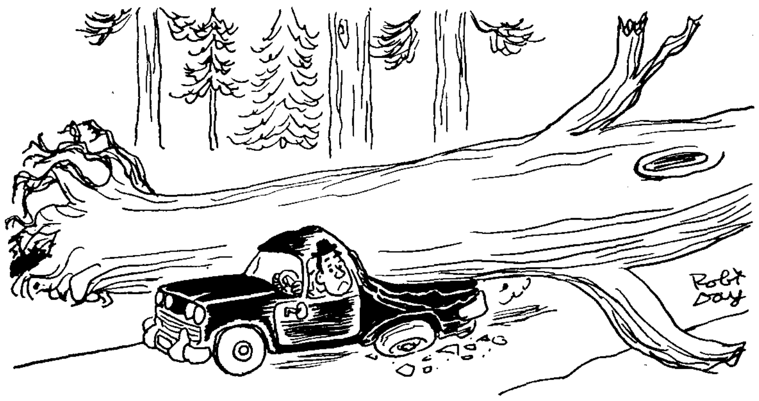
"No. I'm just sorry he has a son who's done so badly."

"Is it all right if I ask what he said when you came back from Anchor Island?"

"He didn't say much—just that I should have been the last one to leave, not the first. Then he walked off. He hasn't spoken to me or answered my letters since then."

"I'm so sorry."

They had come to the harbor now, and he led the way (*Continued on Page 58*)



You be the Judge

By GERALD I. RALYA

Randall, motoring through a national forest on his vacation, found his serene contemplation of the scenic beauty thunderously shattered by a dead tree which crashed down upon his car. Injured and shocked, he sued the United States Government under a law permitting such suits.

"Uncle Sam was negligent in not inspecting his forest and removing the dead trees, especially along highways, before they could topple onto passers-by," Randall argued.

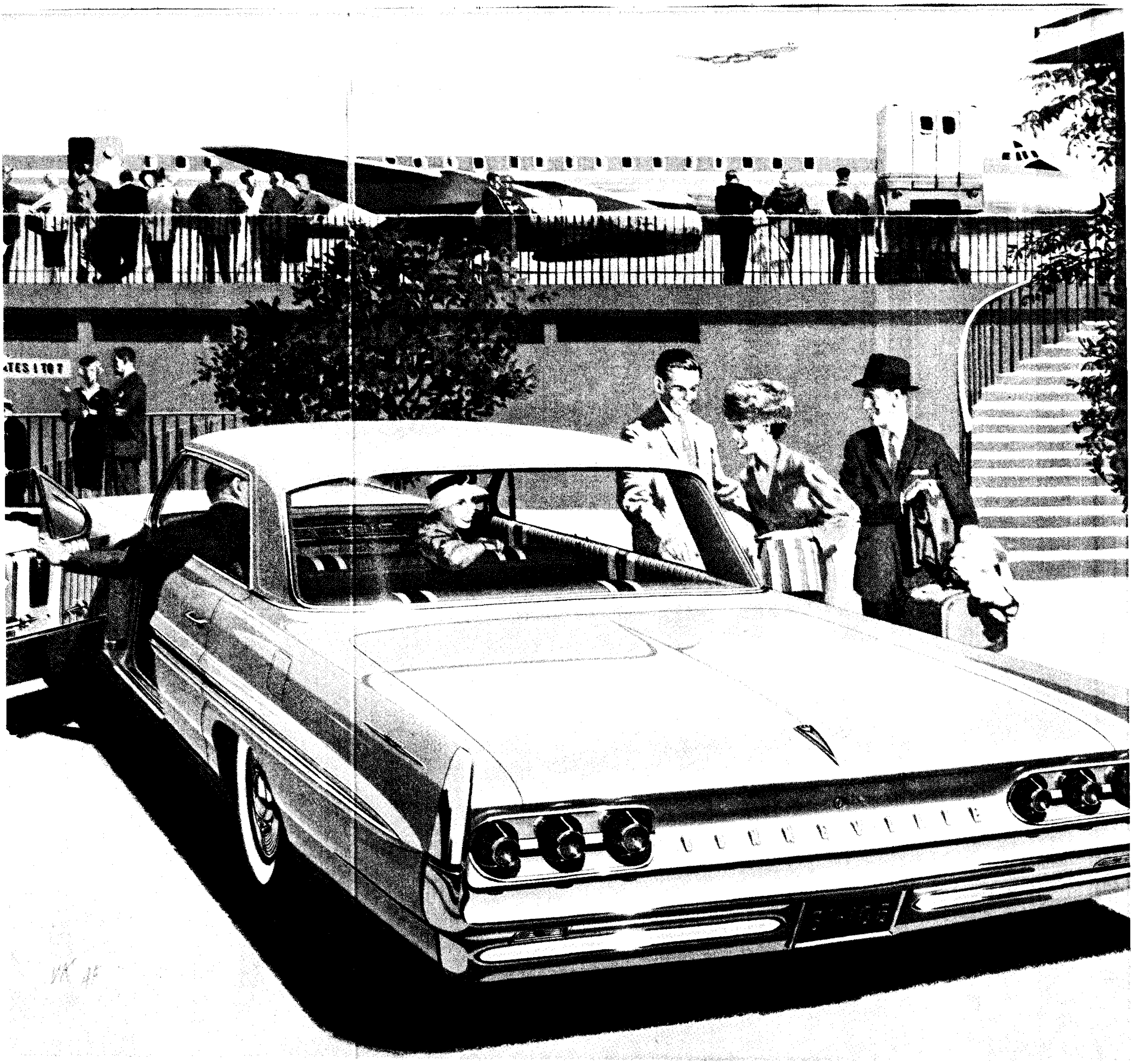
"Sorry, but that's asking too much," Government counsel replied. "There are more than one million six hundred thousand acres of trees in this national forest alone. We can't be expected to know about every one. Moreover, a dead tree isn't necessarily dangerous until it is ready to fall."

If you were the judge would you make the Government pay?

... ...

Randall got only sympathy. The court held that the Government was not required to inspect and remove dead trees from little-used forest roads.

Based upon a 1958 Federal decision.



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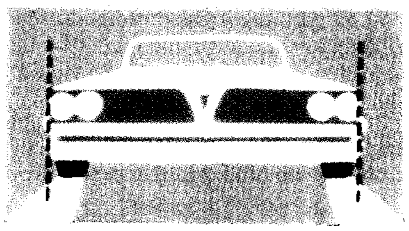

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(*Continued from Page 56*) toward what was left of a wooden lifeboat. Most of the planking was gone, and the ribs looked like the bones of a big fish that had been picked over by the gulls. A pool of shadow on the harbor side of the boat offered a bit of privacy. He brought out cigarettes and lighted one for her and watched the glow of the match sketch the curves of her lips and cheeks and forehead against the darkness.

She took a drag on the cigarette and said, "Did you ever spend any weekends at Vassar while you were attending Saratoga?"

"No. I was a little shy about girls in those days."

"But, of course, you got over that."

"Yes, of course. I ——" He stopped and peered suspiciously at her. Had there been a tiny mocking note in her voice?

"Go on," she said. "Tell me what a chaser you became."

"You're making fun of me," he said and retired into a glum silence.

She sighed faintly and said, "You could ask if I ever went to Saratoga while I was at Vassar."

"I'm not going to. You went to the Point every chance you had and fell in love with the brass buttons, and that's why you joined the WAC's."

"I hated those brass buttons. I used to come back to school with a row of bruises down my chest from dancing up against those buttons."

"Dancing?" he said. "The way they teach dancing at the Point, the cadet is supposed to hold his partner a proper distance away from him."

"Maybe I wasn't dancing all the time," she said.

"Then it served you right to get bruises."

She giggled, and it began to seem funny to him too. It had been a long time since he had laughed, and he had forgotten how refreshing it was. "Thanks," he said. "I feel better now. Want another cigarette?"

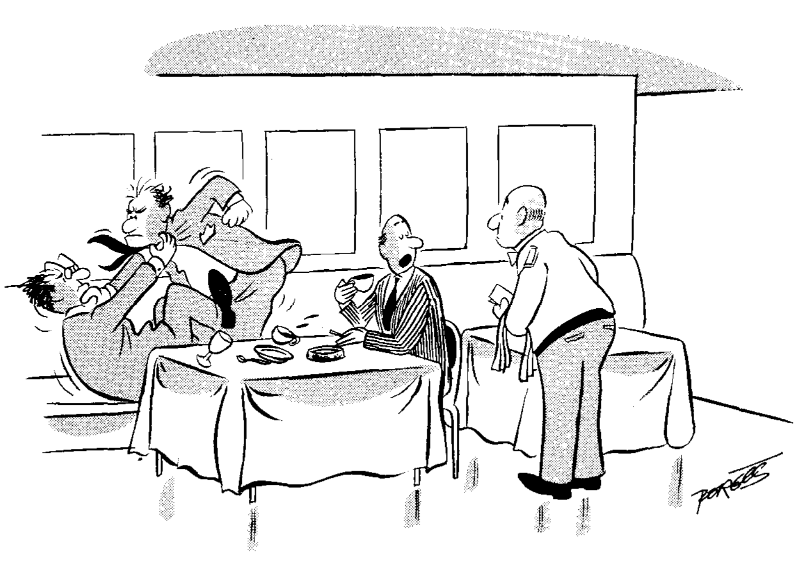
"Yes, please. And is it all right if we sit down? I've been standing for hours."

They settled onto dry sand near the boat, and he asked, "How long were you waiting outside the warehouse?"

"I don't think I'd better tell you."

"I'm glad you did wait."

They sat quietly for a few minutes, watching the dance of black sequins on the water. Now and then their shoulders touched. It was a companionable feeling. He could not remember sitting like this, silently and contentedly, with a girl. He did not know how long they sat without speaking.



"Separate checks, please."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Finally her shoulder stirred against his, and she turned to look at him and said, "Of course, you're married."

"Why do you say 'of course'?"

"Because I can very well picture you as having a lot of appeal for many women."

"Thanks. But how do you know that any of them appealed to me?"

"Oh, I imagine that the first one who decided she wanted you had no trouble. You were probably very flattered and grateful."

He said stiffly, "I fell deeply in love with her."

"Did you? How has it worked out?"

"I don't know how we get onto these awkward personal subjects. I don't care to discuss it. For your information, however, she divorced me almost two years ago."

"Oh, Bill," she said in a choked voice. "Oh, Bill. I'm so terribly sorry."

"It was just one of those things. I didn't come up to the big ideas she had for me."

Her hand lifted and touched his cheek. "Bill," she said softly, "I wish I could help you forget."

Her face and lips were very close, and he felt the warm sighing of her breath on his cheek. It was very pleasant and comforting to have her feel sorry for him. It would be easy to relax and forget the past and —— He caught himself and fought his way back to reality. This wasn't the way to wipe out the past.

He got to his feet and brushed sand from his uniform. "Let's go back," he said.

She scrambled to her feet and stared at him. "I don't understand you," she said.

"You were offering me charity, and I don't want it."

"I was sorry for you, that was all."

"That's right. You were sorry for me, and I was sorry for me, and you were going to be a mother comforting a little boy. The hell with that. I've had enough trouble in my life with a father figure looming over me. It wasn't just my own father either. Probably I've been looking on the Army itself as a father figure. I'm not going to add a mother figure to the other complications."

"You can stop worrying," she said bitterly. "I'll never feel sorry for you again."

"Good."

"'Good,' he says." She gave a little laugh and said, as if to herself, "I wonder if this is what it's like to hate a man?" Then she walked away.

This time he did not try to go with her. He didn't think it would be any use.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Wondrous Outer Banks

(Continued from Page 43)

surf was beating at its base and the structure had to be abandoned.

Yet when my wife Katherine and I vacationed at the Cape Hatteras National Seashore, we found the old lighthouse back at work. It stands grandly on the cape, sending its beam out over the Diamond Shoals. Painted in a bold spiral pattern, the famous old landmark resembles nothing more than a giant stick of black-and-white candy stuck in the yellow sands. It remains solidly anchored because a conservation program halted the erosion and persuaded the wind and sand to rebuild several hundred feet of beach.

That old lighthouse symbolizes the comeback of the Outer Banks. It's also a trade-mark of at least one gorgeous shore line that won't vanish, won't become off limits for vacationing families who want to camp, fish, swim or beachcomb in natural surroundings. And that makes Cape Hatteras National Seashore distinctly unusual, for all along our coasts the amount of natural beach open to the public has been declining at an alarming pace. During the past decade hundreds of miles of seashore have gone behind fences and "no trespassing" signs. Choice sites have been bulldozed into exclusive housing developments and beach clubs. Other stretches have been plastered with boardwalks and commercial developments. Twenty-five years ago the National Park Service made a survey of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts and recommended that twelve of the best strips, embracing 437 miles of beach, be preserved as national-shore parks. But the Cape Hatteras area is the only one which actually was set aside. All the others, except one, now have been gobbled up for private and commercial use.

Strangely enough, it was the depression of the 1930's that set the stage for the Cape Hatteras National Seashore. During this period, when the Banks were on the ragged edge of economic and physical ruin, a group of farsighted men persuaded the state and Federal governments to launch a large-scale public-works program to halt the island-eating erosion. As many as 2500 Civilian Conservation Corps boys were kept busy on the Banks planting grasses and shrubs, pushing up barrier dunes and building dune-stabilizing fences.

As this conservation work progressed, so did the idea of putting much of the Banks into a national park to preserve this unique scenery in one piece. However, the birth of the National Seashore was a long ordeal. Although the Seashore was authorized by Congress in 1937, no Federal funds could be used to acquire the land; this had to be donated by the state or public-spirited individuals. Also, the park ran into opposition among some of the Bankers themselves when it appeared that there might be oil under the islands—a vain hope, tests proved—and when the value of beach land began rising. It was 1953 before the state of North Carolina assembled a nucleus of 10,000 acres—helped by the gift of several large tracts of land from a few wealthy absentee owners and $618,000 in land-purchase funds from the Mellon family of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. When the Cape Hatteras National Seashore at last was dedicated on April 24, 1958, as a unit in the national-park system, its boundaries included all of two islands and part of a third, altogether forty-five square miles of land with eighty linear miles of beach.

During our ten days at the Seashore we drove, ferried and beach-buggied from one end of the park to the other, sampling its varieties of scenery, history and fun. Part of the time we had an excellent guide, Park Supt. Robert F. Gibbs, a big, rugged Virginian who has become a dedicated collector of driftwood, sun-stained old bottles and lore of the Outer Banks. Not that a guide is essential; there's just one main road which starts at Whalebone Junction on Bodie Island—so named, it's said, because of the bodies of so many drowned mariners washed ashore in the early days—and runs seventy miles down to the fishing village of Ocracoke, with hops by free ferries across Oregon and Hatteras inlets.

The scenery gains impact with acquaintance. The great beaches seem almost empty, even when thousands of visitors are bathing and fishing in the surf.

The sandy flats along the highway seem lifeless, too, but when we got out of our car to investigate the half-buried, weathered keel and ribs of an old sailing ship, the sky suddenly was filled with small, screaming birds.

"We're in a nesting ground of least terns," Gibbs explained, "maybe we can see some chicks, although they're well camouflaged."

My city-focused eyes weren't up to the task, but he soon pointed out a small, shallow depression in which huddled a baby tern. Its speckled fuzz exactly matched the pattern of the gravelly sand. It lay perfectly motionless while we took photographs and the mother tern had an acrobatic fit just above our heads.

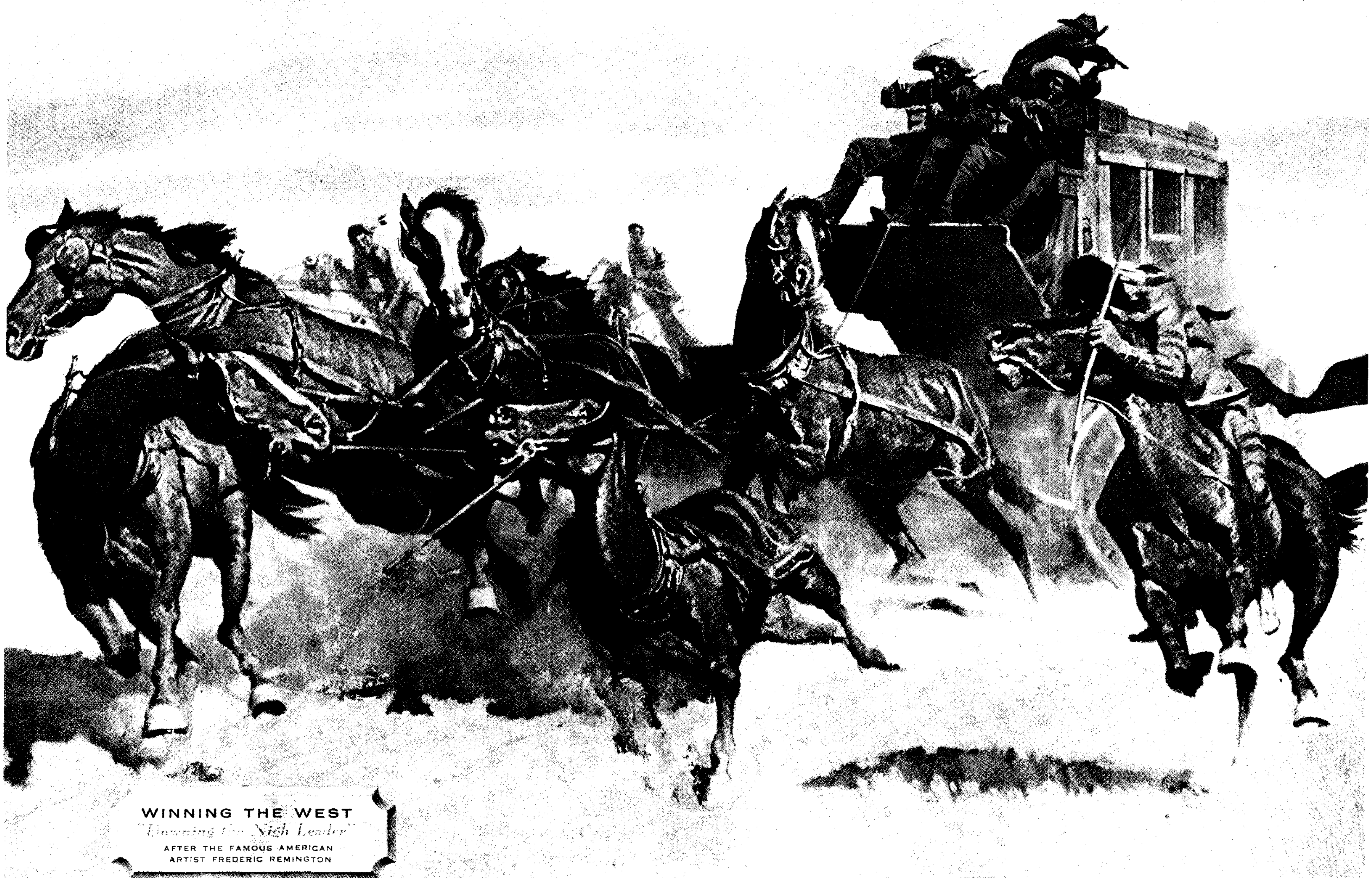
At Cape Hatteras Lighthouse we climbed the spiraling iron steps, 268 of them, up through the cool, dungeonlike interior. When we emerged, puffing, into the dazzling sunlight on the balcony, Katherine found breath enough to exclaim, "Why, we're way out at sea!" The mainland lay thirty miles to the west across Pamlico Sound. The day was "flat ca'm" as the Bankers say, using a short *a*, and to the southeast the deadly Diamond Shoals looked as peaceful as a millpond. From our vantage point we could see several clumps of green marking the villages. These hamlets haven't been taken over by the park, but remain as private enclaves within the Federal domain. This arrangement has resulted in mixed feelings, as some of the Bankers dislike being hemmed in. At the same time, the Park Service leaves it up to the villagers to supply the many goods and services needed by the tourists—food, lodging, fishing tackle, fishing guides, dock service, fuel, charter boats and the like. Business is expanding rapidly. The number of visitors has increased from a total of 264,000 in 1955 to 471,000 last year, and may go well over 600,000 this year.

In the little village of Hatteras, we took leave of Superintendent Gibbs while we hunted up an old-time Outer Banker, Andrew Austin, who had fought hard against the establishment of the National Seashore. Austin, a brown-skinned, white-haired, tobacco-chewing little banty of seventy-one, wasn't hard to find. He has a general store, stocking everything from kerosene lamps to groceries. He started out fifty-odd years ago as a barber, "with an old chair and twenty-five dollars," he says, but now is a leading entrepreneur of the area, owning the store, a motel and other property. He keeps the antique chair, a high-legged, carved-wood model, in his office as a memento of his early days.

(*Continued on Page 61*)

SUNNY BROOK

KENTUCKY WHISKIES



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(*Continued from Page 59*)

"You might say we're in a truce with the Park Service now," he said. "But I don't think we were treated right. I don't believe five per cent of the tourists even know there is a park here—they come because Cape Hatteras has been on the map for a long time. The building of the state roads started our boom."

One of the main problems of cashing in on the tourist tide, according to Austin, is finding any land on which to build. "In the old days land was so cheap here—around twenty-five cents an acre—that people didn't keep up titles and transfers. Available land, if it can be found, now sells for five hundred dollars and up per acre." And he showed me a long, complicated genealogical list he has been compiling in a persistent attempt to clear the title of a nineteen-acre tract of so-called "lost" land, whose ownership became so confused that nobody could claim it. Austin has traced the title back to the original owner who died long ago; now he is hunting up descendants. Thus far, he has found around 300 of them in various parts of the world.

Not all Outer Bankers are anti-Seashore. A longtime booster is D. Victor Meekins, colorful editor and publisher of the *Coastland Times* in Manteo. "The only thing that saved us was the Seashore," he said. "It's been terrific in bringing the tourist business in—just about the time the Banks were becoming as dead as some sandy atoll!" And he added a pragmatic, Bankerlike touch: "Nice thing about tourists, they pay cash on the barrelhead. They leave before school starts and don't increase the number of children in school to run up our taxes."

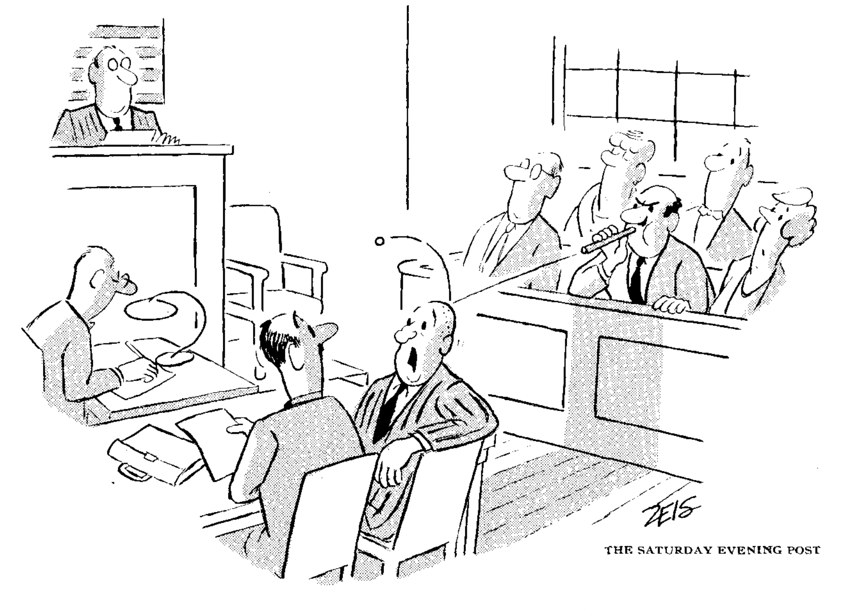
A majority of the tourists come here with camping and/or fishing on their minds. There are four rather Spartan campgrounds scattered from Bodie Island to Ocracoke with a total of 300 spaces for tents or trailers—and on weekends the campers overflow into the surrounding dunes. Camping outfits range from the simplest to the most luxurious. At Cape Hatteras we stopped to inspect an in-between one, a homemade bunkhouse mounted on a pickup truck. "We drove off for the Seashore just as soon as the last nail was driven," explained Mrs. W. H. Thorne. Mr. Thorne operates a 1000-acre beef-cattle and tree farm at Littleton, North Carolina, and is a surf fisherman, who said, "We've been catching enough jacks and bluefish to keep us fed." Their son, Bill, aged fourteen, is an enthusiastic camper and shell collector.

Not far away was a gleaming metal house trailer belonging to Lt. Col. and Mrs. Julien Burkness from Andrews Air Force Base, Washington, D.C. "We usually take vacations in some national park," the well-tanned, well-organized lieutenant colonel explained while his wife showed us the trailer's amenities, including hot water, its own electrical generator, and even television. "We think it's one of the best places we've ever camped—uncrowded, clean, well cared for. On the Pamlico Sound side we can drop our aluminum skiff into the water for bay fishing. On the other side we can fish in the surf, or go swimming on a beautiful beach. You can't beat that sort of an arrangement."

It was a mistake, we soon discovered, to try to keep any kind of schedule for driving down the Banks—too many fascinating things demanded investigation. At the Cape Hatteras Museum of the Sea we saw exhibits of the old lifesaving equipment used by the Coast Guard, along with models and maps of famous shipwrecks, such as that of the Union's first ironclad, the *Monitor*, which foundered on Diamond Shoals during a storm on December 31, 1862, several months after her famous battle with the *Merrimac*. We visited the Cape Hatteras weather station and looked at the elaborate radar equipment which constantly scans a 300-mile-wide circle to spot approaching storms. We took a ride in a beach-buggy, a four-wheel-drive vehicle with oversize, low-pressure tires. With Ranger Jess Stamey at the wheel, we rolled for miles along the cushiony sand watching dozens of ghost crabs go scurrying. Without hesitation the "ghosties" dived either for their holes high on the beach or else toward the surf. After driving fifteen minutes we came on a fisherman who had caught a six-foot shark and had left it on the sand to die. We inspected the shark's blunt snout, baleful cold-gray eyes, felt the sandpapery skin, and cautiously pulled open the big mouth to look at rows of arrow-shaped teeth. Then the beast came back to life with a lunge—and Katherine took off for high ground faster than any ghost crab.

Later, while we were observing greenery around a village, an Outer Banker showed us the shrub called yaupon—pronounced "yoe-pon"—and elaborated on the intervillage feud that arose from it. He warned us—accurately or not—that feeling still runs high on this issue. Yaupon, a bush of the holly family, was used by the Indians of the area to make a rather bitter tea. The Bankers followed suit, and during the Civil War, when supplies of

(*Continued on Page 65*)



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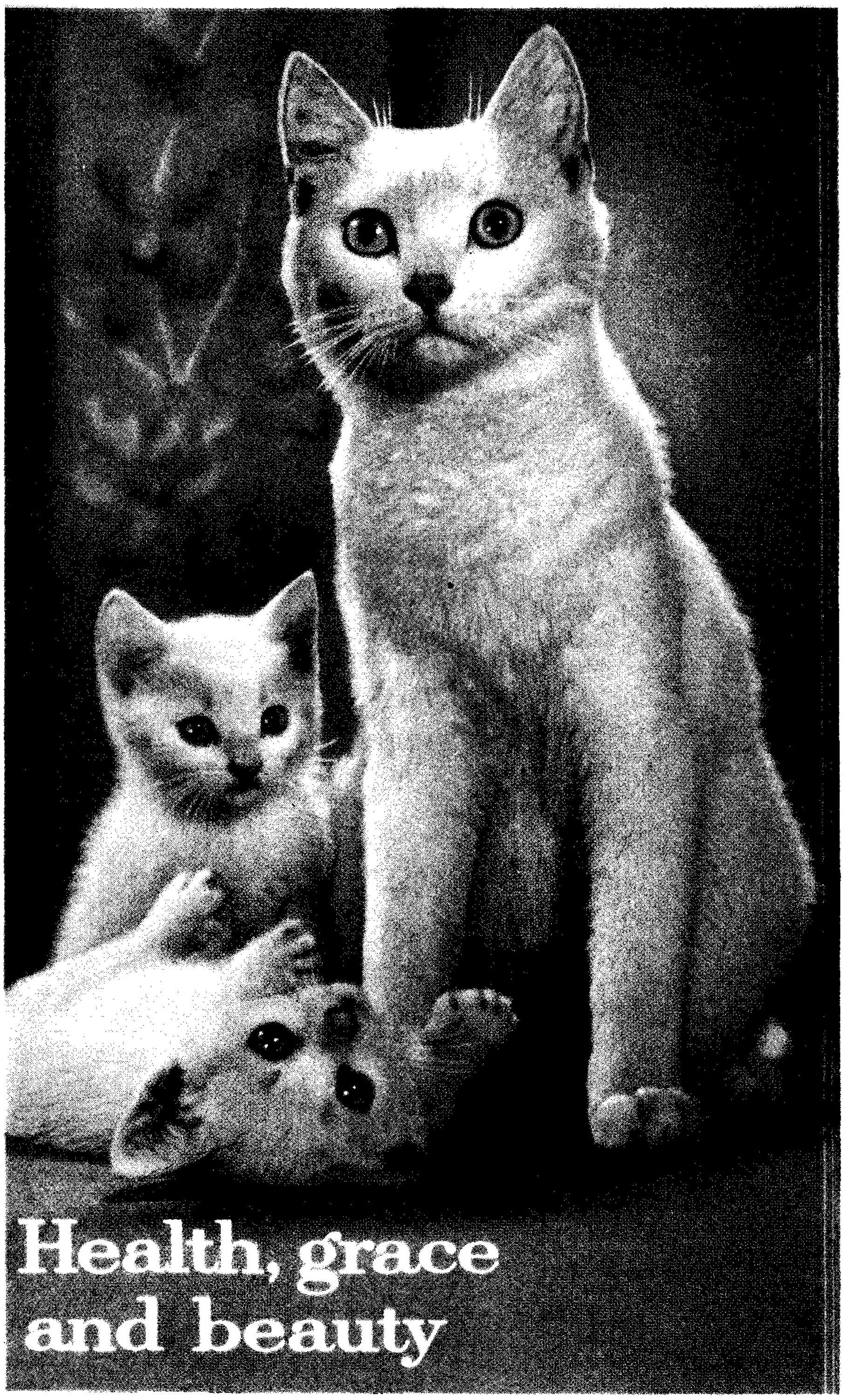

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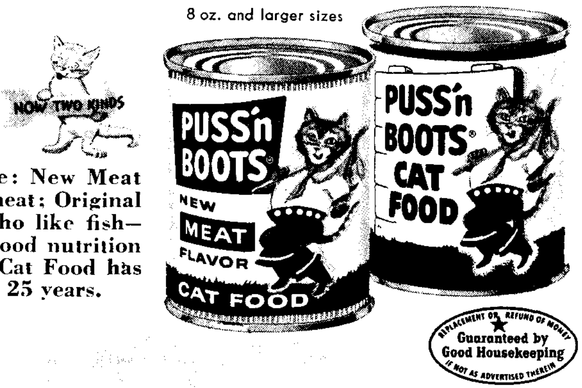

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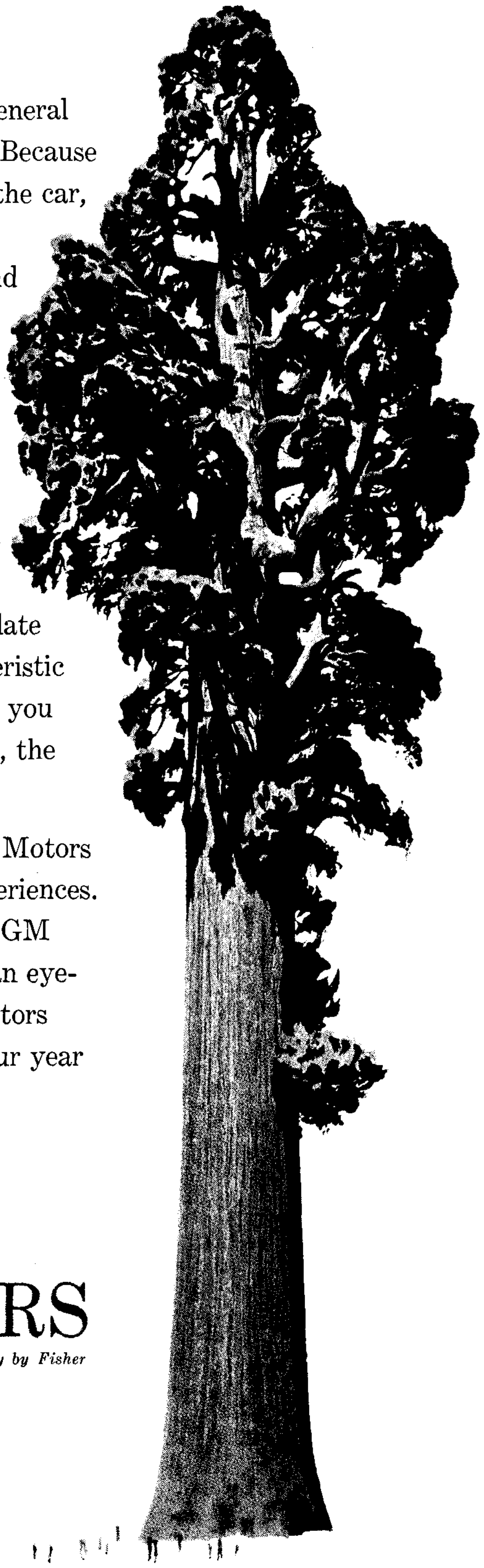

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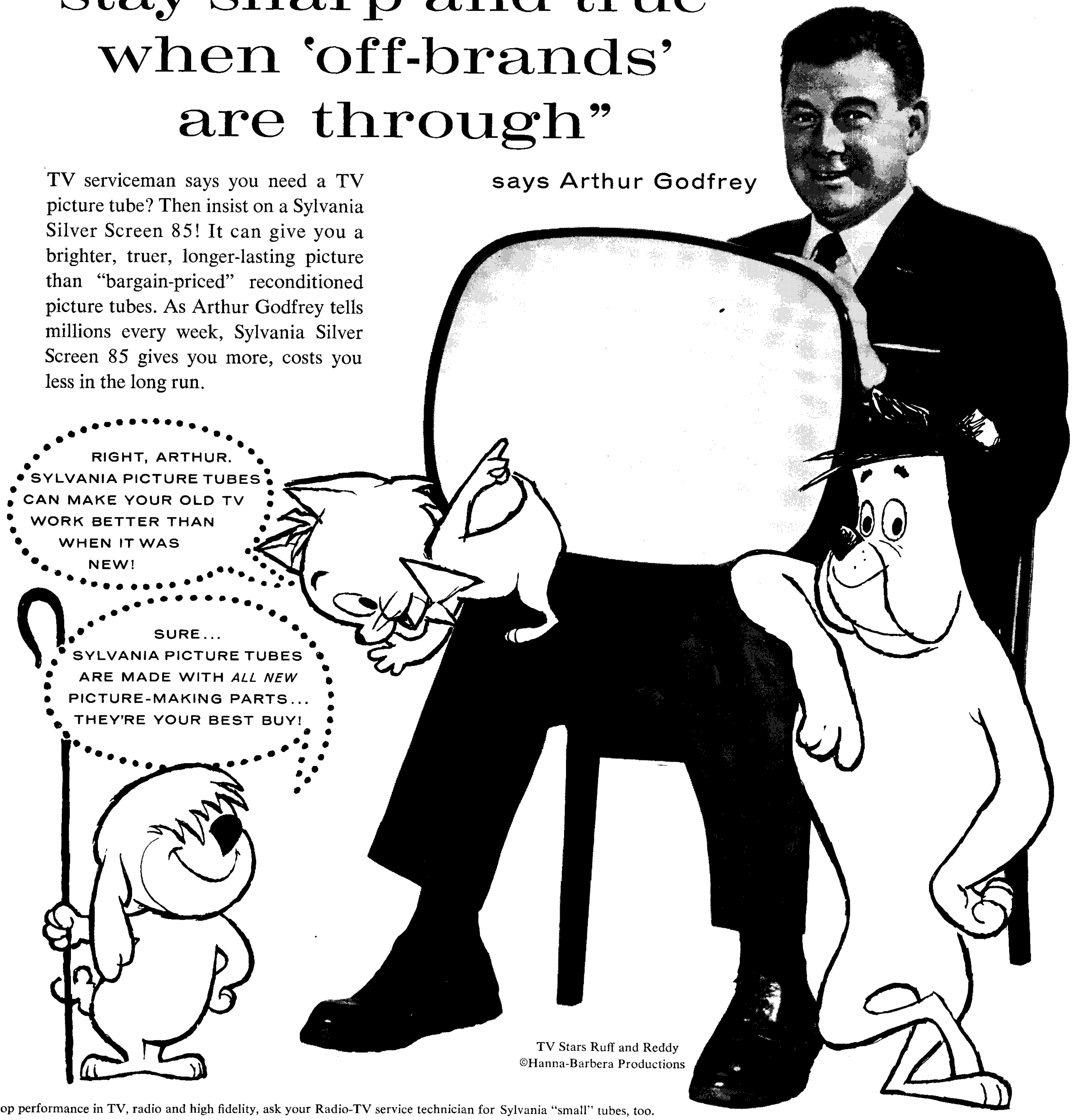
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SYLVANIA

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(*Continued from Page 61*) regular tea were scarce, the manufacture and sale of dried yaupon leaves became something of an industry which continued until fairly recent times. "We don't know why, but yaupon became a fighting word," my informant said. "I'll hand it down to you as I see it. Folks was ashamed to be selling it. People at Kinnakeet would go to the mainland to sell their tea and say they was from Hatteras. Coming back from the mainland, when a boat from Hatteras passed one from Kinnakeet, it was sport to shout 'yaupon eaters' at them—then dive for the cabin because the Kinnakeeters would grab their rifles and shoot at the sails. There's some bad feeling left today. If you want trouble, just go to Kinnakeet and say 'yaupon' real loud."

Without unraveling the mystery—and not saying "yaupon" out loud, either—we were on our way to Ocracoke, when we saw a giant rapier-nosed fish, a blue marlin, hanging from a scaffold on a dock in Hatteras village. The dock belonged to the Hatteras Marlin Club, an exclusive and expensive organization of big-game fishermen. We also spotted the peacock-hued sport shirt of Dare County's far-ranging Aycock Brown, who had driven down to check on news of the catches. The Outer Banks, he assured us, are uniquely a sports fisherman's paradise. "We call the waters off here 'gamefish junction,'" he said. "You can catch both the cold-water and warm-water varieties—thirty-odd different kinds, everything from bluefish, red drum and king mackerel to dolphin, amberjack, blue marlin and sailfish. The hottest thing now is blue marlin.

"What does it cost to go out for billfish? Around eighty-five dollars a day for the charter boat and tackle, lunch, drinks and so forth. Most fishermen get up parties of four or five to split the cost. The season starts in April and runs until the latter part of September, or later with good weather."

We left Hatteras Island on the ferry boat, a converted LST, which winds through the shifting channel to sixteen-mile-long Ocracoke Island, followed by a cloud of black-headed sea gulls—which apparently have forsaken a fish diet in favor of bread tossed to them by passengers. Ocracoke, once famous for its wild ponies, now is an island almost awash. The two facts are directly related, says David Stick, writer and historian of the Outer Banks. "When conservation work started back in the 'Thirties, people in Dare County—which includes the islands down to the end of Hatteras—were required to pen up their livestock. But on Ocracoke and on down, in another county, this wasn't done. The stock ran wild, vegetation continued to be destroyed, and Ocracoke almost blew and washed away." We saw what he meant when we put in at a temporary landing and drove ashore on a makeshift road of steel landing mats. The original dock and several miles of highway had been ripped out by the storms in the fall of 1959. Then in September of 1960 much of the temporary road was washed out by Hurricane Donna and had to be relaid.

The battle against erosion is a tough one. The Park Service is building barrier dunes and has developed a method of installing slatted fences with special "wings" in such a way that winds deposit sand and create dunes according to plan. The trouble is that storms sometimes rip out all this work before vegetation can tie down the sand—Donna alone destroyed barrier dunes that will cost $100,000 to rebuild. The regrassing has been vastly speeded up by development of an unusual machine, a beetlelike contraption which we watched creeping along on its rubber caterpillar tracks. In front of the machine the sand was bare. Behind it appeared a wide strip of tall green grass. It was hard to believe.

"That's a sprigging machine," Gibbs explained. "Three men feed sprigs of grass into a planting mechanism which makes holes in the sand, sticks the roots into the holes at the correct depth and then firms the sand around the roots. Getting this land under vegetation again is the only real answer."

There are still some ponies on Ocracoke—just a token herd of twenty animals which belong to the Boy Scout Council of Eastern North Carolina. They are kept behind fences in a well-grassed pasture the National Seashore has set aside for them.

For our money the village of Ocracoke retains, more than any other settlement on the Banks, its original salty, quiet charm. It lies in rather helter-skelter pattern around a circular harbor and seems drowsily unconcerned with modern times. For tourists there are a couple of rather old-fashioned hotels, several new motels and a couple of restaurants where seafood dishes are tasty and inexpensive. (I'll always remember the superb golden shrimp fried in butter.) An influx of visitors hasn't changed the narrow, winding streets which saw their first automobiles just eight years ago. Nor has it altered the gracefully wind-twisted live oaks and cedars or the neat frame houses with their picket fences and banks of blooming oleanders. As yet, it hasn't enlarged the slim roster of family names or the tendency to give youngsters distinctive first labels. In the ancient, shady graveyard, you can find names such as Hiatus O'Neal, Zorobabel Gaskins, and Clemmie and Pinta Williams.

"He won't be in today—he woke up feeling very insecure."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Ocracoke isn't a place where you are likely to wear yourself out. You can look at the sights, fish in the surf or from a skiff in the sound, charter a fishing boat to go after the big ones, or swim at a wide beach on the ocean side a mile or so from town. Katherine and I wandered around the village taking photographs. We met a pleasant, weathered old rascal, who spoke in broadest dialect of the Banks and claimed—without authority other than his own, I'm afraid—that "Oy manages this stretch o' beach." He guided us to the alleged hide-out of Blackbeard the Pirate. Here he gave a highly colored account of the battle in which Blackbeard was slain, winding up, "And 'tis said that arter Maynard chopped off the poirate's 'ead, the 'eadless body swum three times 'round the ship afore it went out to sea and sunk."

To calm our nerves, we bought hand lines and shrimp bait and tried the fishing off the pier in the quiet harbor. Small pan fish were biting furiously, but we hadn't the knack of hooking them. Soon two clean-cut young Coast Guardsmen, off duty, came over to show us how. They mentioned some of the famous old shipwrecks, such as that of the ghostly *Carroll A. Deering*, a five-masted schooner which sailed straight into the outer part of Diamond Shoals and went aground: when Coast Guardsmen boarded her they found everything shipshape, even the messroom table all set for a meal—but not a human being aboard, just the ship's cat, which they rescued. No sign was ever found of the captain and crew. That happened in 1921. Coming to their own memories, the young men recalled that during World War II the shores were stained black with oil, and bodies were washed ashore almost every week as German U-boats lay off the Diamonds and slaughtered Allied shipping—eighty-one vessels in 1942 alone. Today—"Not many wrecks, but boats still get into trouble out there. Maybe an engine conks out and they drift toward the shoals . . . the Coast Guard is *always* ready."

We drove back up the Banks, convinced that a National Seashore makes a good case for itself. In the remote Cataloochee Valley in the Great Smoky Mountains are some youngsters who will agree, I believe. Seven of them, ranging from seven to fourteen years of age, worked for a year at various projects to raise money for a trip to the Outer Banks. Accompanied by their teacher, they arrived at Superintendent Gibbs's home, wide-eyed with the size and wonders of their state.

"But they forgot everything else when they saw the ocean," Gibbs told us. "They were familiar only with the little twinkling streams in the mountains. As soon as the car stopped they hit out for the beach. At first they looked and marveled. Then they took off their shoes and socks and waded in the surf. Next they got to splashing each other—and soon the whole bunch was jumping in the waves, clothes and all. They were here three days, and their teacher had to pry 'em out of the water to go to see the historical sights."

I'm sure that someday those youngsters will be bringing *their* kids to the Cape Hatteras National Seashore.

THE END

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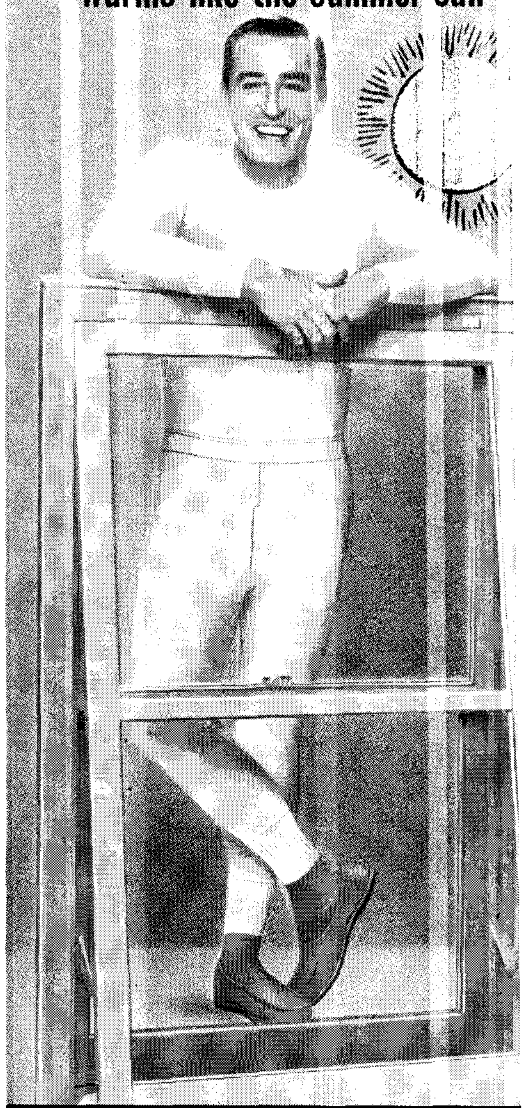

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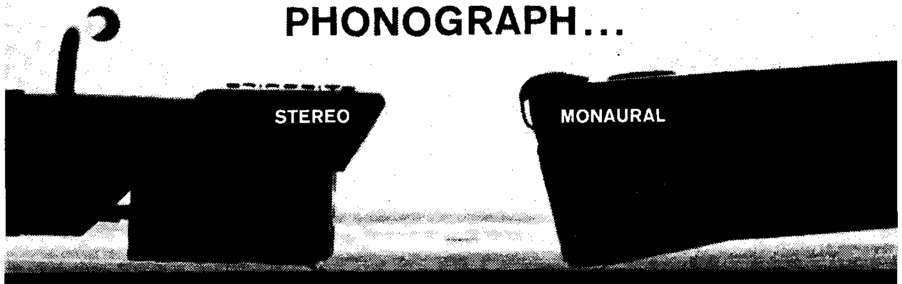

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But now a revolutionary change has come. Within this past year, the news was announced that the Pickwick Sales Corporation, makers of DESIGN RECORDS, have successfully produced and marketed the two-way Compatible Stereo Records, for monophonic and stereophonic systems.

There is now available an exciting catalog of records on the Design Compatible Fidelity label...featuring Broadway hit shows, popular artists, the great classics, mood music and exciting jazz from Dixieland to progressive. Just a few of these great releases are: "George Gershwin", "Swingin' Pretty Jazz" (Mat Mathews All-Stars), "World's Greatest Ballets" (Milan Symphony), "Opera Arias" (La Scala Di Milano), "Holiday in Havana" (Noro Morales), "The Ink Spots".

The albums are priced remarkably low at only $2.98 and are on the shelves of record dealers everywhere. For Free catalog, write to Design Records, Pickwick Sales Corporation, Dept. P, Pickwick Bldg., L.I.C., N.Y.

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INTRODUCTORY PRICE—$2.98

DESIGN COMPATIBLE FIDELITY

The High Flyers (Continued from Page 32)

a few days. They had traveled all over Europe and America, and had even performed in Japan. But never, in the memory of the children, had they lived in a house. Their home, most of the year, was on the "gillie train," a long line of cars that contained all the complicated paraphernalia of the circus.

When the Minettis arrived at the Barrett farm, the excitement of their visit seemed catching. The chickens became flighty, and Big Red, the handsome sheep dog, kept dashing about the yard.

"My goodness me!" Mrs. Barrett couldn't seem to get over how young Mamma had stayed. She wanted to ask a hundred questions in the same breath. "Don't tell me this is Marie! I would never have recognized her. As for this young one ——" Mrs. Barrett shook her head. "Do you mean to say this tiny thing also climbs around on those dizzy swings?"

"I'm twelve," Rosalie declared, "and I'm going to do a butterfly single soon."

Mrs. Barrett was astonished, though until this moment she had never heard of a butterfly single. Finally she introduced her son Glenn, a tall young man of nineteen. "Glenn is studying at State Agricultural," she said. "He works for his dad during the summer."

Mr. Barrett, grizzled and brown from the sun, said, "It's real friendly of you folks to take the time to come out and see us."

"I do hope everybody likes smoked ham and roast goose," said Mrs. Barrett, "because that's what we're having for supper."

Papa laughed. "It's a well-known fact that people in our profession are one-third artist and two-thirds appetite. The smoked ham and goose you mention sound mighty inviting to the two thirds of us that are appetite, madam."

Mamma told the Barretts, "I brought passes for the opening performance. They're right down in front."

Mrs. Barrett shook her head. "I don't know if I'm going to be able to sit there and watch you doing all those frightening feats a mile high in the air."

Papa smiled. "Madam," he said, because he always called ladies madam, "the world will tell you that Guido Minetti is the greatest catcher now alive. In all my years I have never missed a hold. Neither my wife nor Marie nor Rosalie has ever gone to the net." He held out two fists. "Each day for thirty minutes I soak these in a pail of brine, because on them the lives of the ones I love depend." He smiled. "So do not worry, madam."

After the sumptuous supper of ham and goose and sweet potatoes and creamy milk and freshly made butter and hot muffins and so on, young Glenn and Marie went outside on the porch together. The stars were luminous, twinkling pinpoints, and millions of crickets had set up their evening song.

"We don't often eat in a house," said Marie.

"Where do you eat?" Glenn asked.

"In a tent on the lot. We call it the Crumb Castle. Being danglers, we get special treatment. We have to be careful of our diets."

"Danglers?"

Marie explained, "That's what trapeze artists are called. Will you come to watch us tomorrow?"

"Wild horses couldn't keep me away. How—how long do you expect to be in town?"

"Nine days. If—well, maybe you'd like me to take you around some morning. I mean, to see the pad room, when the zoo men work the animals, and the clowns are fixing their routines."

"I'd like that very much."

She talked about the circus world, and he talked of hybrid corn, and in the end she said, "It must be getting late. I think we'd better go inside."

Papa, a strict man, was even stricter about anything that pertained to their work on the high swings. They spent the following morning practicing. It was important that they make themselves as familiar as possible with the local setting so that nothing strange or unexpected would distract their eyes. If a light, or a mirror, or some other dazzling thing crossed their vision at the wrong moment, an accident could occur.

During the real performance that afternoon, with the Barretts in attendance, things went unusually well. On the peak of her butterflies Mamma remained virtually suspended in mid-air, waiting that long breathless moment for Papa's powerful wrists to reach out and catch her. Marie, in sheer white tights, flew past her from the other bar, little Rosalie releasing the swing at the exact second. Roars of approval floated up from a thousand voices below.

Afterward they met the Barretts, and Glenn and Marie wandered off by themselves. "It sure must take plenty of nerve to do those things up there so high in the air," Glenn commented.

> It begins to look as if the price of liberty is eternal vigilance and no ceiling on the national debt.
>
> DAN BENNETT

Marie smiled. "It takes just as much nerve to go into a cage with a tiger, or walk on wire. Lots of people think our work is faky, that we can't fall. They think all the lions' teeth are pulled and the bareback riders have suction cups in their shoes. It isn't true. A swing can break, a tiger can go crazy, anything."

"But you like it."

"Of course. It's our life."

Later, resting before the night performance, Mamma spoke about the Barrett farm. "It would be nice to buy a place in the country when we retire, a place like the Barretts'," she said. "It's so quiet and peaceful there."

"Farms are good places," said Papa, "for farmers. Maybe I'll try it tomorrow."

"Try what?"

"Try lengthening out the high swing."

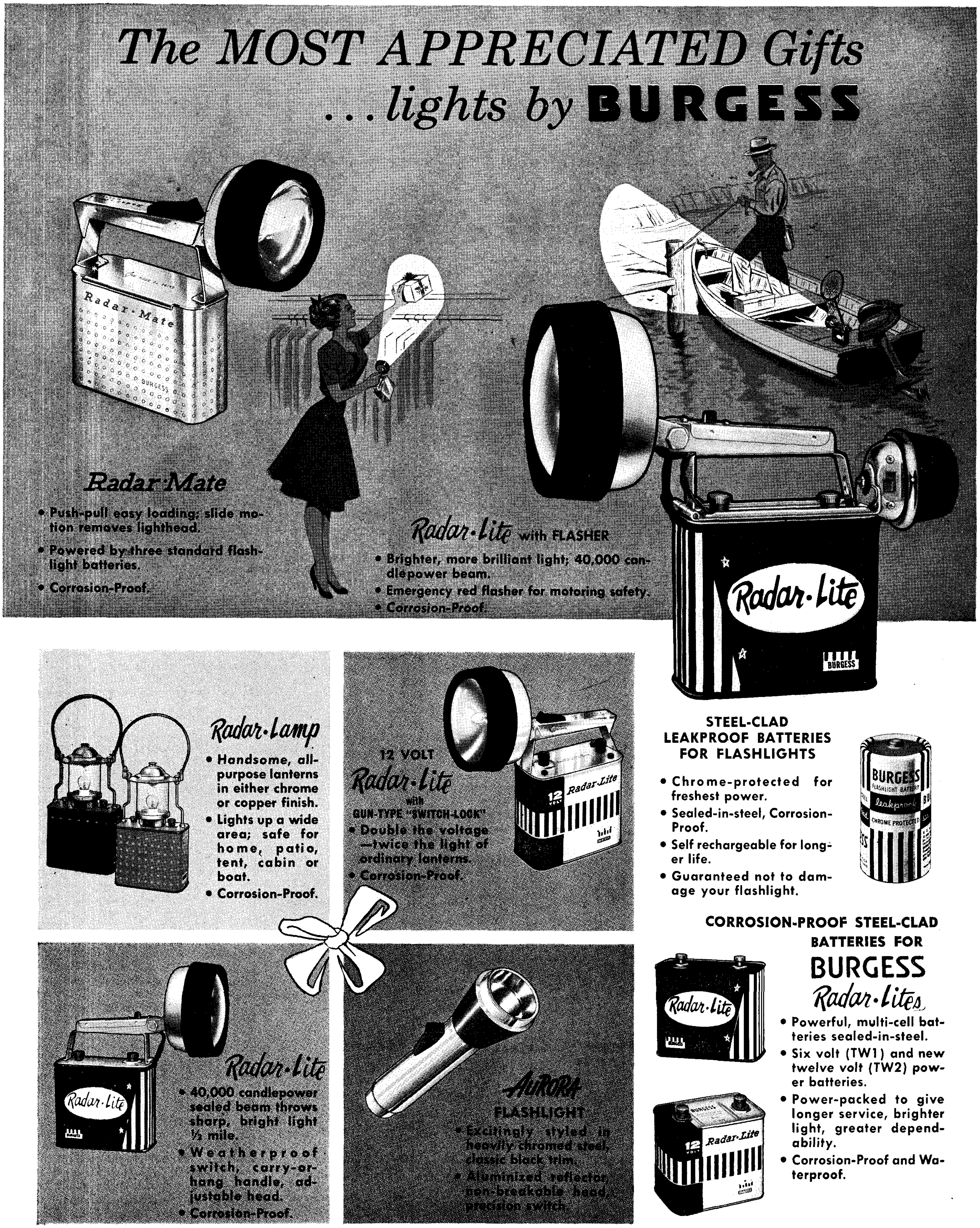
"Sometimes you forget," said Mamma. "I'm not as young as I was."

"Young," said Papa. "What has young to do with it? The timing is what counts, and I do the timing."

The next morning, when Papa wanted to practice, Marie was missing. "She's showing the Barrett boy around the grounds," Mamma explained.

In fact, during the days that followed, Marie was away from quarters a good deal. By the same token, Glenn was frequently absent from the farm. They went about exploring the countryside together. Seeing the world through each other's eyes was a new experience. The air was filled with the magic fever of spring, the breeze sweet and heavy with the perfume of honeysuckle. Strange feelings flowed back and forth through their clasped hands.

Finally one morning Marie spoke to Mamma while (*Continued on Page 68*)



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BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY DIVISION OF SERVEL, INC. FREEPORT, ILLINOIS • NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA

(*Continued from Page 66*) Papa and Rosalie were working overhead on the low swings.

"I think I am falling in love," said Marie.

"That's nice," said Mamma. "I hope ——" She looked around, astounded. "What did you say?"

"I think I am falling in love."

"Nonsense," said Mamma. "You're just a child."

"I'm seventeen."

"I know how old you are," said Mamma. "I was there when you were born. Who is the man you think you're in love with?"

"With Glenn," said Marie.

"But you've only met the boy!" Mamma exclaimed. "He still goes to school. Please, Marie, promise me one thing. Promise never to speak of this in your father's presence."

"How can I help it," asked Marie, "if I'm in love?"

"Love! I was in love a dozen times at seventeen. You're merely in love with romance, Marie."

"No. No, Mamma. We were standing by the big-cat den, and he took my hand in his. I felt so strange, as if I wanted to open the cage and hug those lions and tigers. He sort of smiled, and do you know what happened? I blushed. I don't mean my face. I—I blushed all over!"

"Has he said anything about love?"

"No, Mamma. But I'm sure he feels the same way."

Mamma sighed. "I don't know. I must think. It's Papa I'm worried about. Your father is not a man who thinks well of romance. We must wait."

Out on the farm Mr. Barrett was saying at this very moment, "You can put any such notion out of your mind, Glenn. You're right in the midst of your schoolwork. The circus will be leaving town in a few days, and you'll forget all about this Marie."

"I don't think so, dad," young Glenn said quietly.

"You say you've fallen in love," said Mrs. Barrett. "But what about her? Has she shown any signs of returning your feelings?"

"No. But I'm sure—I'm sure she likes me."

"You're excited by the glamour of a young and attractive circus performer," said Mr. Barrett. "That's understandable. Only remember, you live in different worlds. She may be a daredevil in the air, but can she cook a meal or sew or milk or make a truck garden?"

"You don't ask a girl if she can milk a cow before you fall in love with her, dad."

Mr. Barrett went over and put his hand on his son's arm. "At least we're glad you came and told us. I'm sure things'll work themselves out in the end."

That night, just before going to sleep, Mamma turned on her cot. "Papa," she called out.

"What?"

A lion roared nearby. "Papa, have I ever been one to keep secrets from you?"

"No," said Papa. "Now go to sleep. Tomorrow I'm changing the routine. I think the long swing in the second set ——"

Mamma relighted the small lamp that served as a night light. "Promise me you won't rave and rant."

"Why should I rave and rant?"

"Because Marie has become fond of the Barrett boy. She says she is falling in love."

Papa sat up in his old-fashioned nightgown. "*Che cosa c' è?*" he murmured, lapsing into Italian. "What's that you say?"

"Marie is falling in love."

"Well?" said Papa.

"You are not frantic?"

"Please notice, Mamma, that my eyes are still in the front of my head where they belong. I have watched those two going off together—morning, noon and night."

"And you did not try to stop them?"

"I am not yet the man to hold up my hand and stop Niagara Falls."

Mrs. Minetti was astounded. "Does this mean you approve?"

"Certainly I do not approve. The girl is a mere baby. Such a love affair is out of the question. It can never be."

"Then why ——"

"Because if we should say one harsh word, if we forbid them to meet each other, they will immediately fly together. Such is the way of the young, believe me. I am strict, Mamma. But no one I know of calls me stupid."

"Then what should we do, Guido? Just stand by and let nature take its course?"

"I will give it consideration," said Papa. "I am very good in emergencies. My work has taught me never to panic in moments of crisis. A beautiful thought will come to me, never fear. When it does, Mamma, I will let you know."

"Yes. But while you are waiting for this beautiful thought, remember—our child may keep falling deeper and deeper in love. We were once young too. Don't forget this while you are thinking."

"I won't forget. Now go to sleep, or our turns will be ragged tomorrow."

Each evening during the feats of the Flying Minettis Glenn sat in a seat below, his eyes glued on Marie as she stepped out on the high bar in her gleaming white tights. Each time her body flew into the air he was unable to prevent a little intake of breath.

Then, afterward, she in her blue silk wrapper, they would walk arm in arm about the circus. The sharp odor of animal hide and sawdust and roasting peanuts mixed to assail his nostrils. "This is Pete Jenkins," she said, introducing an equestrian clown who did a back flip for his amusement. Again she greeted another with precisely the same name, enjoying his puzzlement as she laughingly explained that all riding clowns are called "Pete Jenkins." Once, turning suddenly toward each other, their lips met as if by a prearrangement of their own.

Each hour that passed, however, brought closer the moment when the roustabouts would pull up stakes, the canvasmen strike their tents, the snakers hook their vans, the circus disappear, leaving only a scuffled, grassless expanse of dirt to show where once great crowds had gathered.

Finally Marie said, "We must go and tell Papa today."

"I was just about to say the same thing."

"And you're sure. Very sure?"

"Oh, yes," said Glenn.

"You'll love me for ever and ever and ever and ever?"

He smiled. "And eleven years after that."

Now when Papa said he was confident that a beautiful thought would come to him, he was not boasting or speaking idly. Danger was Papa's business, and the thought that came to him did not seem at all unusual or cruel in his eyes. To him a mistake in love was as deadly a thing as a mistake on the high swing. So the measure Papa decided to adopt was in his view a perfectly fitting one. Finding an opportunity to take young Glenn aside, he said, "I'll talk plainly. You are fond of my daughter, I notice."

"Yes. I've been meaning to speak to you."

Papa was in his aerial costume. He looked very strong, all rippling muscles under his tight-fitting clothes. "Well, in the case of love, what will be, will be."

"Then you—you don't object?" said Glenn, surprised.

"Who can object to love?" said Mr. Minetti. "A father only objects to situations. And this is a situation, true? A farmer boy, a circus girl. It could make a great tragedy. On the other hand, maybe there is a solution."

"A solution, Mr. Minetti?"

"It is haste that causes the trouble in this world, a blind rushing into things. Then let there be no haste. Learn about us, our world, our way of life. Come to know Marie as we know her. It is summer. Why not practice a little with our act? I teach you a few simple tricks of the low swings. You have a clean figure. Take a few weeks with us in the circus before you return to college. If, afterward, you still feel the same way regarding this love, then we will see."

"I ——" Glenn hardly knew what to reply. "You're suggesting that I go along with you?"

"Temporarily why not?" said Papa. "If nothing else, it will be an experience. So come, share our ways, and if the feelings between you and Marie are true, who can stop love? What will be, will be."

Glenn clamped his jaws together. "When do we begin?"

"Why not right now?" said Papa. "And who knows? Maybe before we leave town we will have you up on a swing for a performance. Careers have been started with less excuse."

When Mamma learned of Papa's plan, she said to Marie, "Well, there is one consolation. At least your father hasn't forbidden you to see the young man. You can be grateful for that."

"But he has no right to put Glenn up, even on the low swings. What will it prove if he succeeds—that Glenn is brave? And if there is an accident, I will never forgive Papa till the day I die. He shouldn't have done this thing, Mamma."

"He does it out of love for you, I'm sure."

"Well, just remember. If anything happens, I'll never forgive him. Never."

Meanwhile it appeared that Glenn's father, Mr. Barrett, was a man with ideas of his own. Concerning this affair between his son and the pretty circus performer he had as many doubts as Mr. Minetti. So he took occasion to ask Marie out to the farm, and there she entered a conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Barrett.

"We're extremely fond of you, of course," said Mrs. Barrett. "But you're so young and inexperienced."

Marie's throat felt tight.

"After all, what do you know about cooking, cleaning, washing, bed-making. Have you ever slopped a pig? Can you set hens or garden or bake a pan of bread or can preserves or operate a milking machine?"

Marie pressed her lips together. "Do you think you can make me fall out of love with Glenn just by saying these things?"

"No," said Mr. Barrett. "We're merely trying to remind you of the difficulties. We hope you won't be foolish enough to do anything rash."

"So Mr. Barrett has a suggestion," said Mrs. Barrett.

"Yes?"

"He suggests that you come here each day for a few hours and practice cooking and making beds and hoeing the garden and feeding the animals."

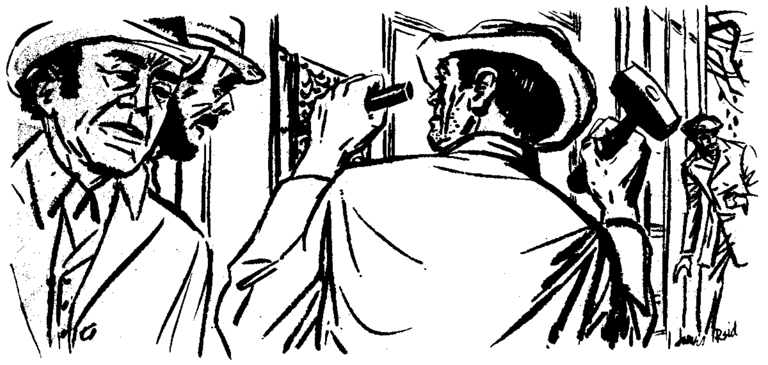
Marie hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. Glenn up on the swings with Papa, while she made beds and slopped the pigs! "Of course I'll do it. Only you mustn't say anything to Glenn about it. I wouldn't want him to ——" She blushed. "I mean I wouldn't want him to think ——"

Mrs. Barrett patted her shoulder. "We understand."

She was eager to return in order to see what was happening with Glenn and Papa. When she arrived at the tent, Mr. Minetti was teaching him muscle grinds. Muscle grinds are turning over and over while holding to suspended rings. It was true that Papa had spread the double net in case of accident, but the athletic farm lad, as he awkwardly pulled himself around, was not aware of this. Apparently Papa was determined that he should feel the fear of danger in his blood.

Marie blinked, holding her breath. Then Rosalie came in and said, "Who's that up there?"

(*Continued on Page 71*)



What's Going On Here?

It is a dreary fall night in the 1870's. A band of criminals, intent upon committing a weird crime involving one of the greatest American Presidents, sneaks up to a locked building and smashes the lock. Just then, United States Secret Service agents, acting upon a tip from an undercover man, close in and arrest the conspirators. But the nature of their crime almost baffles the prosecutors. What crime did they attempt? Against what President was it directed?

R. Lansing Ferrell

(*Answer on page 71*)

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AMERICA'S ONLY FRONT ENGINE ⇔ REAR TRANSMISSION CAR
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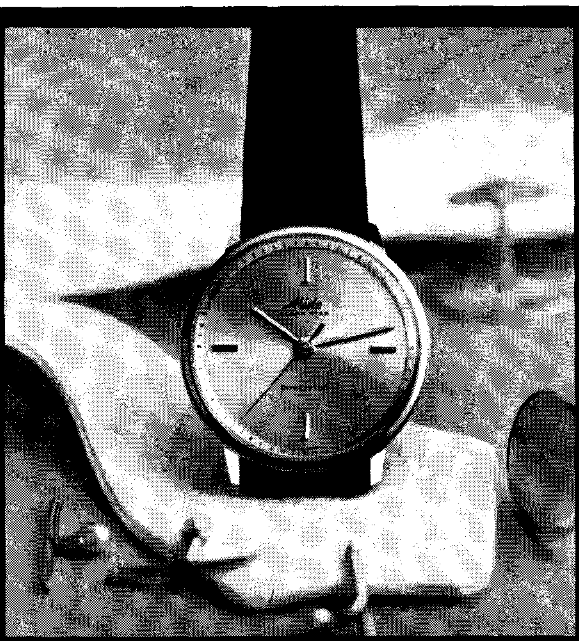

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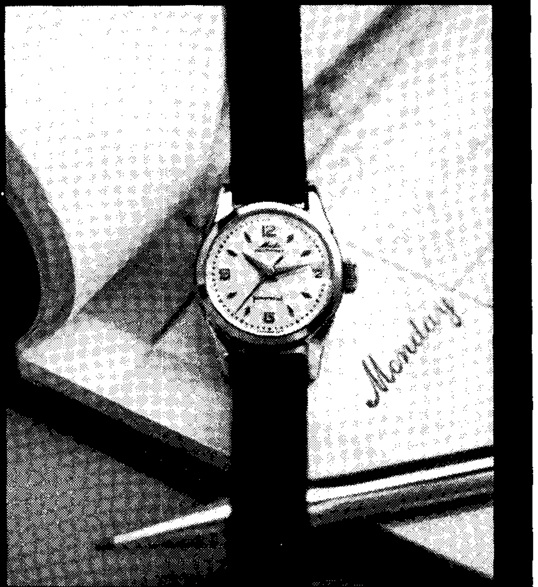

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*As long as case, crystal and crown remain intact. Prices include Federal Tax.

(*Continued from Page 68*) Mamma, who was also watching, said, "Glenn Barrett. He wanted Papa to teach him a few things, and Papa agreed."

"Well, I'll be darned!"

"I'll never, never forgive him," whispered Marie, "if anything happens."

The following evening, before the performance, little Rosalie took her sister aside. "Look. What's going on around here, anyway?"

"What do you mean?" asked Marie.

"Come on, come on. I got eyes. You gone all day, and that gillie practicing the swings. What does it mean?"

"It means I've fallen in love with him."

"Why?"

"Never mind why. In the second place, Papa thinks he ought to test Glenn to see if he can discourage him."

"He didn't seem discouraged," said Rosalie. "Sure, his grinds are slow. He's real rusty in the flanks. His belly's tight and he goes red in the neck. But he's O.K. for a jasper."

"That's not the worst," said Marie. "Mr. Barrett's testing me out too. You see, Rosalie, as far as farm people go, we're jaspers to them. We don't know a strawberry plant from a stinkweed. Today they had me picking beans. I thought I'd get sunstroke."

"What's it like to be in love? How do you know?" asked Rosalie.

"Well," said Marie, "it's—oh, like every day was the Fourth of July, and every meal dessert."

"He don't look like dessert to me," said Rosalie gravely. She concentrated. "More like a toasted frankfurter roll."

"You're a case," said Marie.

Papa, being a just man, continued to work Glenn carefully. The next morning all the Flying Minettis were out in the tent to watch them practice. Anton, the famous head clown, came over to look. Now up on the swing, Papa motioned Glenn to jump. He jumped. Papa was there, on top of him, his huge arms outspread. Papa could have caught a sack of cement at that distance. He was dangling free, swinging, swinging upright, until Papa virtually put Glenn's feet back on the lower bar. Rosalie could have done it blindfolded. Papa motioned him down.

Glenn's face was flushed a deep pink. "Hello, Marie."

Anton, the clown, grinned at Glenn. He went through a burlesque pantomime, imitating the inexperienced gymnast at his first lesson. Then he walked away.

"When Anton does that you are an accepted member in good standing," Papa explained. "Anton welcomes all new performers by imitating their act. It's an old custom."

Later Marie and Glenn went for a walk. "You shouldn't have agreed," she said. "It makes me feel terrible the way Papa is acting. I know he'd never let anything happen to you. But ——"

Glenn was grinning. "It's a good thing he suggested it."

"What do you mean?"

"How else could I have got him to like me? He asked me if I was scared. I said, 'Yes, sir. I am scared stiff.' 'Well, you are honest,' he said and smiled. So I said, 'Mr. Minetti, we have a nasty, skittish horse at the farm. How about coming out and picking up one of those hind hoofs to examine it?' Then he really laughed."

"But what about me?" said Marie. "I—I can't cook or sew or slop pigs or anything. Maybe we ought to wait until ——"

"The farm will be mine someday," he said. "Meantime I've got a little money left by my grandfather. Enough to finish college. After that we can get married. But if you'd like me to go along with the circus, I'm willing. All I know is, nobody or nothing is going to separate us."

"And we have to decide now," she said. "Tonight's the last performance. Then we'll be leaving. If ——"

"Yes, Marie?"

"If I could just cook an apple pie."

He shook his head. "Or if I were an aerial flier."

That evening the big tent was filled to overflowing, and Papa Minetti had determined on a special feat to thrill the crowds. This was an overhead pass, with Mamma flying from the high trapeze and caught on the far side of the pendulum instead of the near. Seeing the two bodies separating hopelessly in space, the crowd invariably gasped, sensing a mistake. Then down she would drop as Papa's body came out for its second swing. The timing must be faultless; a split second too late and Mamma would go hurtling to the net. Few people realized that an incorrect fall into the net could break the neck of a flier. But Papa wasn't worried. He had never missed yet.

Thousands of faces were upturned now, like round moons. There was a hushed silence below, the crowd aware of something unusual. Mamma and Papa Minetti stood together a moment on the high bar, wiping their hands on the alum-powdered handkerchief.

"We should have practiced it once this morning," said Mamma.

"Don't worry. It always comes out correctly if I go on the second swing just when you reach the crest." Rosalie was standing motionless on one low bar, Marie on the other. The music had died to a low roll of the trap drum.

"So," said Papa. "I go now."

His powerful legs entwined with the trapeze, his body swung out head down into space. Two swings, while it gathered momentum. Mamma watched for the signal of his arm. Now she went out too, pressing and drawing the ropes of the trapeze, higher and higher, until it reached its center of gravity. Then her rolled body spun off and out.

Papa was in full pendulum, seeing her upside down, as through an inverted

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Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 68)

In November, 1876, a band of burglars and counterfeiters attempted to steal the coffin of Abraham Lincoln from its tomb at Springfield, Illinois. They planned to hide Lincoln's body in the Indiana sand hills and demand a twofold ransom—$200,000 in cash and the release of a fellow counterfeiter imprisoned in the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet. Mistakenly, however, they confided their plans to a new "accomplice." This man, actually a private detective, tipped off the Secret Service. In the absence of a state law against body stealing the conspirators were convicted merely of lock breaking, which carried a maximum penalty of one year.

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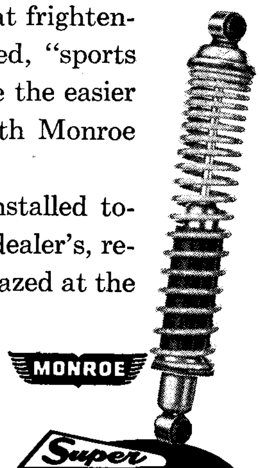

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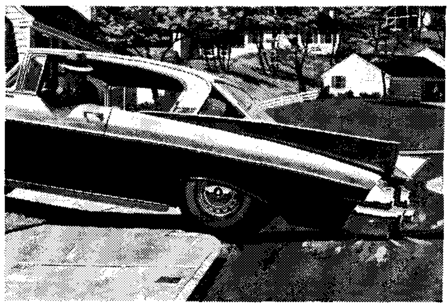
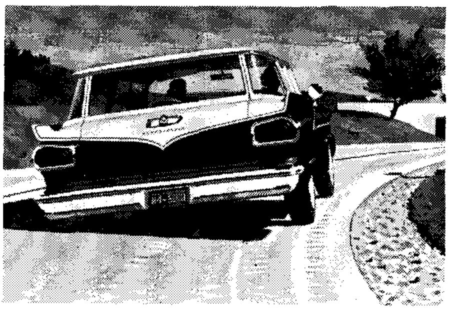


SCRAPING ON DRIVEWAYS? Monroe Super Load-Levelers put an end to this common annoyance by increasing road clearance of even heavily loaded cars.



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camera lens. He passed her by, and the crowd gasped. Now came the second swing. Her body was already descending like a plummet. He had to get back there to meet her in space or she would flash by him irretrievably.

It was lovely. Not a fraction too late, not a fraction too soon. Only then did it happen.

"Mamma," he said. "I ——" And his right hand loosened its grip. She was now dangling a hundred feet in the air by one arm. His right wrist had gone dead, hanging uselessly above her head.

"I'll drop to the net," said Mamma. "Let go."

"I can hold," Papa gasped. "Take the bar back on the third pass."

She realized what it meant for him to accomplish this with a single hand. The silence was deathly below. The first swing was bad, the second better. The third set her up miraculously on the perch. A thunderous applause rose from the crowd. They assumed it was part of the act.

Afterward Mamma and Papa and the children went into the medical tent with Doc. Doc examined Papa's wrist. "You're all right, Mr. Minetti," he said. "Not even a pulled tendon. Just a momentary nerve failure. It may not happen again in ten years."

"Gosh!" Rosalie declared to Marie in their sleeping tent that night. "Was I ever scared!"

"He shouldn't have done the overhead pass," said Marie. "He won't admit it, but Mamma's too heavy for it now."

In their own tent Mamma was saying, "Why didn't you let me go to the net, Papa? Do you think I don't know how to fall after all these years?"

"Just a nerve failure," Papa murmured to himself. "I am good for at least another ten years."

"Papa, maybe—"

"Now go to sleep. Sleep with confidence. It was a mere nerve failure, you understand. No more, no less."

He was missing the next morning, and they were quite disturbed. Not until almost two o'clock did he return to the circus grounds.

"Where have you been?" asked Mamma. "We were getting worried. Was it something to do with the nerve fail—with last night?"

Papa laughed. "Of course it had nothing to do with last night. What was last night? Did I miss? Did anyone go to the net? Tell me, dear family. Did anyone fall to the net?"

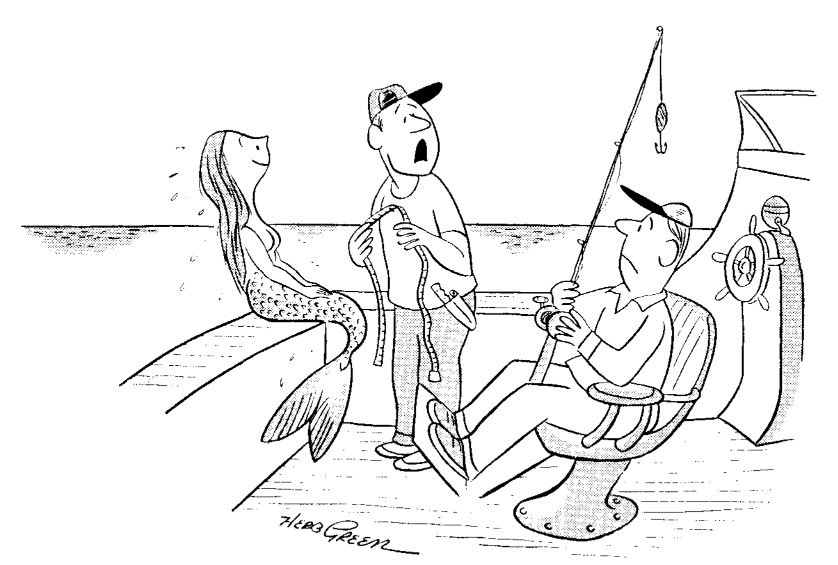
"No, Papa," said Marie.

Glenn was standing by, prepared if necessary to stay with the circus. Marie had been to the Barrett farm, where she'd helped with the baking of apple pies. She had missed Mr. Barrett, who seemed to be away somewhere on business with a friend. Now Papa was talking.

Papa was saying, "I have been giving thought. In fact, dear family, all night I was lying awake giving thought. And, as usual, a beautiful one came to me."

"Tell us," Rosalie spoke up. "What did you think when you had this beautiful thought, Papa?"

"Well," he said, "I thought life is like being upon a river. We pass down through the green banks, year by year, observing the world drifting by. Then one day we look up, and there is our destination. That day, for the Flying Minettis, is here."



"We'll have to throw her back—the legal limit is 36-25-34."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What do you mean, Papa?" asked Marie.

"Eventually we must come to rest. Girls like Marie must marry. Smaller girls ought to be sent to a regular school. Mothers should not fly too long under the big tops. Even fathers, their wrists have temporary nerve failures."

"What is it, Papa?" cried Mrs. Minetti. "You are destroying us with the suspense."

"First, I bought back our contract from the management," Papa announced.

They stared at him, stunned.

"Taking my beautiful thought with me to Mr. Barrett, I explained how things were," Mr. Minetti went on unhurriedly. "I took some careful glances into our bankbook. Then out Mr. Barrett and I went, and under my signature I bought from a man named Phipps a fine farm that was for sale. Now we have got a real home, Mamma."

"Can it be true?"

Mr. Minetti nodded at Glenn. "This is a good boy, Mamma. Maybe we should keep this fellow in the family, eh? Rosalie goes to school. And we all live like townsfolk from now on. Have I done well, Mamma? Say if I have done well."

"It's all my dreams come true." There were tears in Mamma's eyes. "But will being a townsman seem too tame for you, Guido? Will you not miss the applause of the crowds?"

"Mamma," said Mr. Minetti, "on this Phipps farm there is a grape arbor. And underneath the grape arbor is a swing. From this time forward it is on this swing that you and I perform our two act. You can enter upon it with perfect confidence." His eyes were smiling. "Remember, I have never dropped a flier. It is the pride of the Flying Minettis."

Marie turned to Glenn. "I can make an apple pie—I think," she said.

Twilight of the Great Beasts

(Continued from Page 23)

or drought in the land, the government made surplus food available in order to avert famine.

In short, the white man upset nature's precarious balance in Africa. The population doubled, redoubled and doubled again; and today, according to demographic reports, Africa's population increases by 100 per cent every thirty to thirty-five years. This population explosion means that every day thousands of Africans are pouring into wastelands once reserved for animals. Where legislation forbids them to occupy such lands, they move in clandestinely to hunt if not to farm. In native reserves where once there was room for both cattle and plains game, veterinary science has so increased the domestic herds that they have driven out the game. Cities have sprung up from the bush, railways and roads have cut across the wilderness, rivers have been dammed. In the process, animals have been killed, their habitats destroyed, and their breeding habits upset.

Coupled with this disastrous pressure has been a tremendous increase in native poaching on both sides of park boundaries. Africans, of course, have been killing game for centuries and in the past made little dent in the great herds. Today's situation differs in four important respects from that which obtained in the past: There are more Africans to hunt, and fewer animals to be hunted; the hunter is better armed; and poaching—which used to be a matter of man killing to fill his belly—has now become a commercial activity, and the receivers are powerful and well organized.

In Kenya's Northern Frontier Province alone, game wardens—each of whom often is responsible for an area almost as large as Scotland—estimate that at least 3000 animals of all species were illegally slain in 1959.

The principal targets of the commercial poachers are elephants and rhinos. Elephants are shot primarily for their ivory tusks. Rhino horn, which is made of pressed hair, is greatly in demand as an aphrodisiac in India, China and Southeast Asia. And no amount of medical proof can shake the oriental faith in its efficacy. The average rhino carries ten pounds of horn, and in Asia it's worth seventy dollars an ounce.

The meat of these animals and of all species of buck has also become a valuable commercial commodity—fifteen cents a pound for dried meat, twice that for fresh—as more and more Africans, whose diet has been deficient in proteins for generations, enter the money economy and thus have themeans to purchase cheap illegal meat.

Giraffe are also heavily preyed upon by poachers because they are easy and safe to kill, furnish a lot of meat, their sinews provide bowstrings, and their tail hairs, which can be bought for three cents each in any native market, are used for fletching arrows. Wildebeests are slaughtered for their tails, which bring five cents each and are made into handsome and effective fly whisks. Zebras are widely sought after because, due to their uncanny ability to find the best grazing, they have an ever-present layer of yellow fat, which natives regard as a great delicacy.

In addition, if properly skinned, a zebra pelt brings $2.80. For the more daring, a leopard skin is worth $2.80, while a lion's claws are worth seventy-five cents each, and lion fat—in great demand by witch doctors—commands seventy-five cents per bottle.

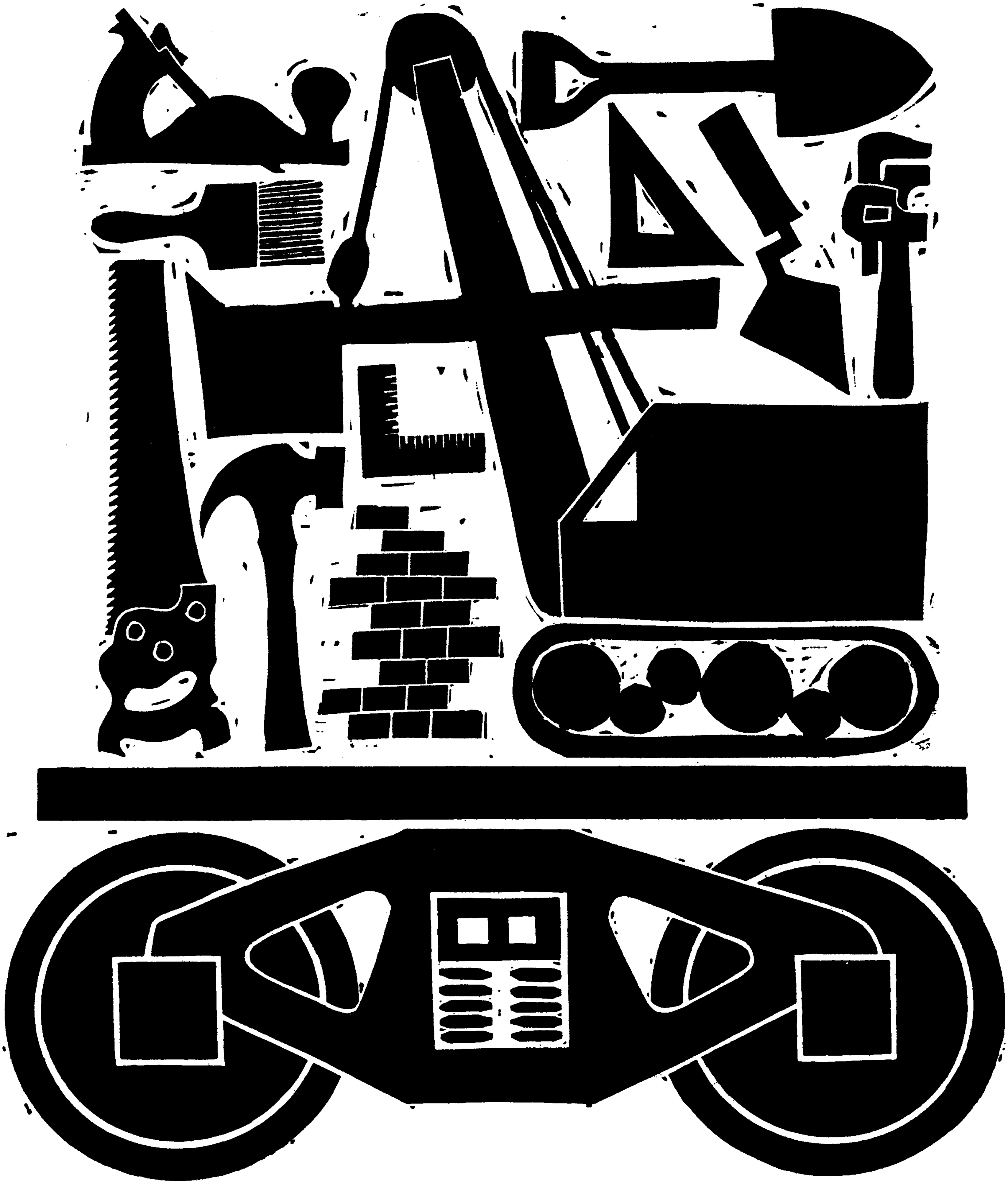
But the elephant is the big target. Not only does he provide the largest quantity of meat but his tusks are the richest monetary prize. The native poacher, the man who does the work and takes the chances, gets the smallest slice of this illegal pie. He can expect to get about sixty cents per pound from the middleman for his illegal ivory. Although the occasional hunter bags a tusker carrying 100 pounds of ivory on each side, the average poacher-slaughtered elephant probably carries tusks weighing fifty pounds each or less. So the poacher at best makes about sixty dollars on each elephant. And he will usually have to split this with the rest of his gang which, according to the Kenya Game Department, may number as many as fifty men.

The middleman will probably get three times this price when he turns the ivory over to one of the many Indian and Arab receiving rings in Mombasa or, as has increasingly become the practice in recent months, smuggles it across the border into one of the newly independent African states. Once the ivory has been cut and polished, it cannot be distinguished from legal ivory. The receiver may get as high as eight dollars per pound for the ivory, or more than thirteen times as much as the man who actually killed the beast.

The poachers' methods of killing are not pleasant. Poisoned arrows, wire snares or game pits are usually used. The poison, called acocantherin, is obtained from the bark of a tree known as "wild coffee," which is widely distributed throughout East Africa. The Giriama and Teita tribes of Kenya are the traditional poison makers, and a packet of the stuff, enough to kill an elephant, could be bought three years ago for seven cents. Now that the Kenya Government has outlawed poisoned arrows, the price has gone up, and a prepared arrow commands fifty cents while a phial of poison, depending on the reputation of its "manufacturer," brings between sixty cents and $2.80.

The poison, which is the color and consistency of tar and smells like licorice, is brewed according to a strict and traditional nine-day ritual which requires, among other things, that a live shrew be thrown into the boiling mess. The natives believe that this little creature always runs in a straight line, and his presence is necessary to make the arrow run true. The poison is spread on the head and shaft of the arrow for a distance of about four inches. The arrowhead is then wrapped in skin to keep the poison from drying out and thus losing its potency.

If used while still fresh, the poison—to which there is no known antidote—is



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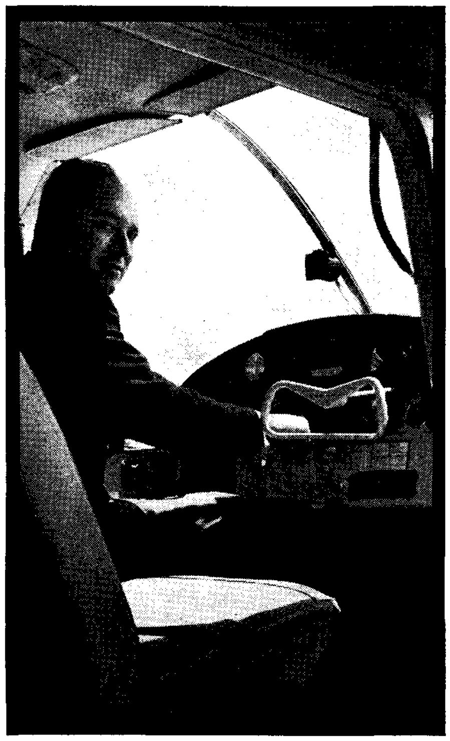

William A. Glendenning, president of Glendenning Motorways, Inc., St. Paul, Minn.

When a man knows a lot about engines, what kind of motor oil does he use in his own car? We asked Bill Glendenning, a truck fleet owner who also flies a plane and skippers his own cruiser. And we found that he discovered Pennzoil 10 years ago.

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very effective. It causes a breakdown of the red corpuscles, and death can come within seconds. As is too often the case, however, if the poison is stale, the wounded animal escapes only to suffer a lingering and agonizing death days later. The Game Department estimates that for every animal killed and found by poachers, another dozen get away to die in the bush.

In setting up snares, bush fences—sometimes several miles in length—are built around water holes. Gaps are left in the fence and in these are set snares made of wire cable. In this way, whole herds of animals are sometimes caught.

According to Uganda's chief game warden, Maj. Bruce Kinloch, poachers frequently fail to check their snares for weeks on end. In these cases, the trapped animals are lucky if they're caught by the neck and strangled to death. Otherwise, they die of thirst or are eaten alive by hyenas.

White hunter Harold Prowse is convinced that many elephants, rhinos and buffaloes who become rogue killers do so as the result of festering sores caused by a bout with a wire snare.

When a gang of poachers does visit its snares soon after trapping a herd of animals, they find themselves with too much meat on their hands to dispose of at one time. This problem is often solved, according to the assistant game warden at Kenya's Tsavo National Park, by hamstringing the animals. This frees the snares for further use, keeps the meat fresh and insures that the animals will not escape. The same fate of death by thirst or starvation awaits most animals trapped in game pits.

Poaching by all these methods, of course, is totally unselective. No sportsman would shoot a pregnant animal or a female with a calf at foot, but neither the snare nor the poacher knows such distinctions. Many a youngster who would have grown into a fine tusker has died of starvation as the result.

One of the principal areas of poacher activity in East Africa has always been Tsavo National Park, 8000 square miles of virgin wilderness between Mombasa and Nairobi. Worried by the fact that 1000 elephants and 200 rhinos a year were being killed in Tsavo and in surrounding Coast Province, the authorities in 1957 launched "Operation Ivory," galvanized into action by the then governor of Kenya, Sir Evelyn Baring, who said he was "disturbed by the grave threat to Kenya's wildlife caused by the activities of poachers" and that he wanted "all possible measures" taken to root out such activities.

A two-pronged drive was aimed at smashing bands of poachers in the field while at the same time cracking down on the rings of receivers. Stiff jail sentences were added to the fines which before had penalized receivers of illegal ivory. Ivory auctions were centralized under government supervision.

Tsavo National Park Warden David Sheldrick was given command of special antipoaching teams backed up by police aircraft, whose pilots directed patrols to poacher hide-outs and supplied the ground forces in desert areas. After months of intensive activity, Mervyn Cowie, director of Kenya's Royal National Parks, was able to report that although the slaughter of game by poachers had reached "frightful" proportions in some areas, hundreds of arrests and convictions had been obtained and 35,000 pounds of illegal ivory and 450 pounds of rhino horn recovered. Tsavo Park, he said, for the first time in its history, was "clear of poachers."

But the cure was only temporary. The antipoaching teams had to be moved to other areas, and within a few months illegal hunters had come back into Tsavo. Addressing Kenya's Legislative Council on December 8, 1959, the minister for forest development, game and fisheries, D. L. Blunt, said, "The price obtainable for ivory, rhino horn and skins has gone up very considerably. A lot of these poachers have been caught, convicted, have served terms in prison and have come out to do the same thing again, only more skillfully. Commercial poaching is becoming better organized and poachers now use trucks or Landrovers. The products of poaching are going out from practically the whole of our boundaries."

Adds Cowie, "It is vital to maintain pressure against the poachers continuously and in all areas. If poaching is not curtailed, wild animals will be decimated beyond the point of no return in less than five years. Their very survival is doubtful."

The activities of legal hunters—the much-publicized safaris—in contrast to many reports, have not added substantially to the extermination of wildlife and in some respects have helped to slow this process. This has been forcibly demonstrated in other parts of the world. In Sweden prior to World War I, for instance, elk were hunted indiscriminately, and 1500 were killed each year, and the species was in danger of extinction. A proper management scheme has been applied, and today, although 15,000 are shot every year under license, Swedish elk are on the increase.

In the first place, African safaris are allowed to hunt only in pockets where game happens to be plentiful. Before districts can become shot out, a total or partial ban is put on legal hunting to give the game a chance to recover—a three-year ban on lion hunting was recently placed on Tanganyika's Northern Province, and rhino killing was made illegal for five years across the entire territory.

Secondly, safaris are an effective antipoaching weapon since they penetrate areas which game wardens, for lack of time, staff and money, cannot reach. Almost all white hunters are honorary game wardens and they take their conservation duties seriously. Thirdly, through the purchase of licenses and controlled area fees, safaris make a sizable contribution to the cost of maintaining the game department and the national parks.

Fourthly, the number of animals killed by legal hunters is minuscule in comparison to those wiped out by poachers and by the encroachment of civilization—in Tanganyika, for instance, fewer animals are killed by legal hunters in a year than by poachers in a single week.

Lastly, there are few safari addicts who do not end up as ardent conservationists, and the increasing trend is toward photography rather than hunting. Thus sentimentalists who demand a total ban on legal hunting are merely displaying their ignorance of the problem and opening the gates for the extinction of wildlife by poachers.

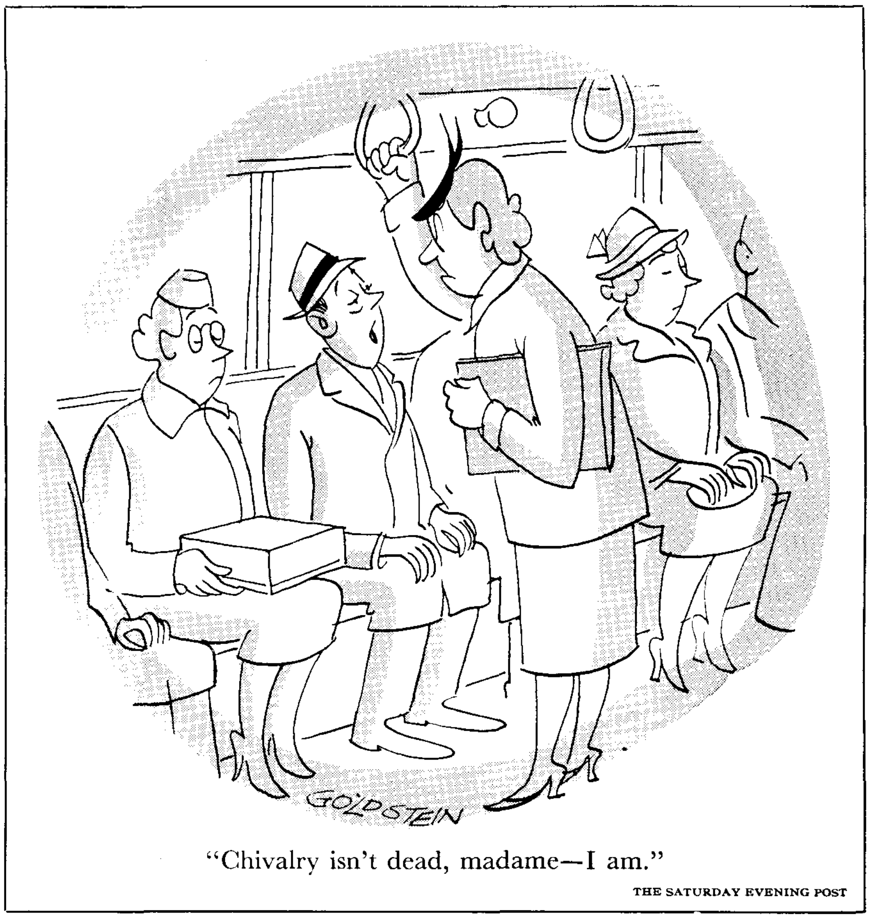
Gloomy as the situation is today, African game's tomorrow is even darker. At least ten African states will have achieved independence before the year is out. By 1965 it is doubtful if any colonial areas will remain outside the southern tip of Africa. The future of the continent's wildlife, then, lies in black hands. And Africans have shown little desire to preserve this unique heritage.

The basic attitude of the average African toward game can be seen in the fact that, in most African languages, the words for "animal" and "meat" are the same. For generations wildlife has meant only food or danger. The only good animal, to the African, is one inside his belly. He sees no sense in preserving a species which eats his vegetables or knocks his house down and regards conservation as just another of the white man's eccentricities. These new voters are putting heavy pressure on their political representatives to throw open the game parks, first to meat hunters and then to farmers.

African politicians and intellectuals are not hard to convince, because their attitudes toward wildlife are not sympathetic. Through some tortuous mental process they tend to link the mere existence of wild animals in their countries as evidence of their own backwardness.

"America never became great," one African politician said to me, "until she exterminated her bison; we will do the same." Asked

(Continued on Page 76)



"Chivalry isn't dead, madame—I am."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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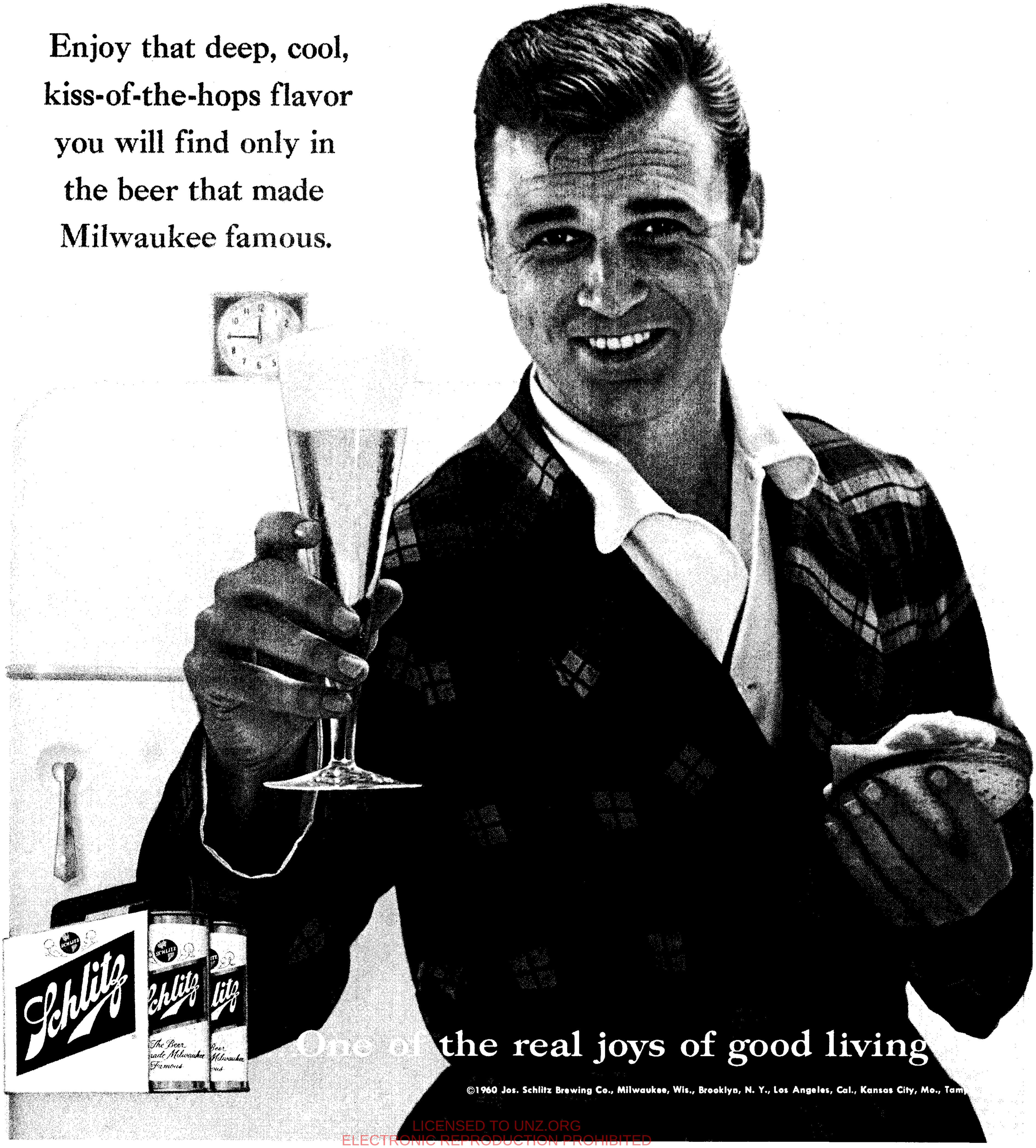
the beer that made
Milwaukee famous.


Schlitz
The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous
One of the real joys of good living

©1960 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N. Y., Los Angeles, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Tam

(*Continued from Page 74*) another: "Why are there no wolves in England?"

In a recent debate in the Kenya Legislative Council on what naturalists unanimously felt was an inadequate bill for the protection of wildlife, every African member voted against the measure as being too strict. Said J. N. Muimi: "The African does not understand that language when you call him a poacher because before the European came to this country, the African was hunting the elephant. He was hunting every other animal as food. To tell him that he is stealing the animal is a language that the African will not understand today and he will not understand it tomorrow. Whose land is this? Is it not African land? After all, an animal is worth not one penny to an African."

It does no good to deplore the African attitude. But it can and must be changed if wildlife is to survive in an independent Africa. The most obvious method is to appeal not to the African's aesthetic sense but to his pocketbook.

It is an incontrovertible fact that the tourist trade (64,000 tourists visited Kenya last year) dumps nearly $15,000,000 per year into the colony's coffers, making it the country's second largest "export"—after coffee—and its most important dollar earner. Most African political leaders are capable of appreciating the fact that these people do not come to see empty plains and silent forests; they come to see, to hunt and to photograph the animals. What the African leaders apparently cannot absorb is the idea that the game parks cannot exist if wildlife outside their boundaries is eliminated, because the game will be unable to follow its migratory patterns.

What has to be done is to show the Africans that game is a "crop" which can be harvested—but cannot be uprooted—and to associate the people more intimately with the monetary benefits accruing from such a policy.

A few important steps have already been taken in this direction. The Meru tribe, which lives on the northern slopes of Mt. Kenya, on the advice of a white honorary game warden, has decided to "let the game work for the Meru African District Council" by becoming the first local authority in East Africa to establish its own game reserve. The council has driven game out of area wanted for farming into the Kinna, a 600-square-mile belt infected with tsetse flies and lacking in water. The land is too poor for farming or ranching; but game, if protected, can live there. The Meru have allocated $12,000 to build visitors' huts and trails, will recoup their investment by charging admission. Visitors, in contrast to the policy in national parks, will be allowed bird shooting and fishing rights.

The Meru scheme has not yet received its first guests, so it is difficult to say how the scheme will work out. It has one famous inhabitant in Elsa, the lioness reared by Joy Adamson, author of *Born Free*. [*The Saturday Evening Post*, March 12, 1960] There is a local herd of more than 2000 buffaloes and nine rhinos, trapped in areas where they were making a nuisance of themselves and transported to Meru. They have taken up residence along with thirty graceful cob antelope, tranquilized with pellets from a drug gun before being moved from an area where they were damaging crops.

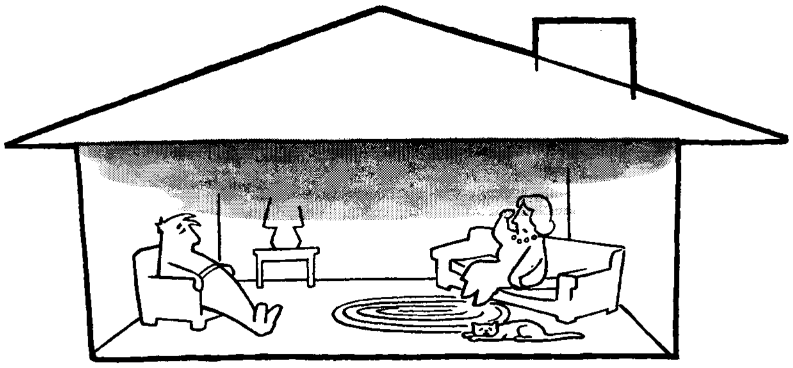
It should be admitted here that wildlife does cause a certain amount of damage on farms. It is unreasonable to expect the farmer whose living depends on his harvest to regard the depredations of game with much enthusiasm. In response to calls for help from farmers in 1956 and 1957, the Kenya Game Department was forced to kill 439 elephants. In the latter year alone, Kenya game wardens also shot seventeen rhinos, an equal number of lions, seven leopards, 214 buffaloes and 756 zebras.

In Uganda the 1956 slaughter was even more tragic. In the course of crop protection, the Game and Fisheries Department killed 903 elephants, 1270 buffaloes and 4740 other animals. Had funds been available—it costs $560 to move a live rhino—many if not most of these animals could have been transferred to wilderness areas where they would cause no harm and be of some economic value.

The next step will be to prove to the Africans that game farming can be profitable. The attitude in the past has been to eliminate wildlife from as much land as possible, no matter how poor, so that domestic stock can be brought in. Since most such areas are infected by tsetse flies, which kill cattle but feed on game, which are immune to them, opening up such lands for domestic use has involved the total extinction of all wildlife. Recent research by W. P. Langridge of the Kenya Veterinary Department indicates that this expensive practice is impractical, because many tsetse flies feed primarily on wart hogs, which are almost impossible to eliminate.

Scientists, however, will someday come up with an effective cattle inoculation against tsetse and, for this reason, it is more important than ever to show that in many instances, game farming can be more lucrative than ranching. Many of the African pastoral tribes—such as the Masai of Kenya and Tanganyika and the Watusi of Ruanda-Urundi—keep cattle not as a food resource or as a means of obtaining cash, but as a symbol of wealth

Houses are like people:



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and social standing. They receive government pleas for destocking with as much enthusiasm as you would a request to tear up half the dollar bills in your wallet because they're dirty. To the African, what counts is not the quality of the stock but their numbers.

Consequently, the inevitable cycle begins when game is cleared out of an area and cattle move in. Overstocking causes overgrazing and deforestation, which lowers the water table and causes erosion, ultimately turning the land to a desert which can no longer support men or domestic animals. Game, in contrast, never destroys its own habitat, and the scientific culling of the wild herds is believed by many to be the most economic use to which these marginal lands can be put. In addition, under many circumstances game and domestic stock can live side by side, thus employing both as a source of income.

Another problem which will have to be met if Africa's wildlife is not to go the way of the dinosaur, is that of finding an alternate way of life for the tribes which do most of the poaching. An experiment which holds some promise is going on in the arid country north of Kenya's Galana River, near the Tsavo Park. Most of the poachers in Tsavo Park are members of the small Waliangulu tribe, who live in a country unsuited to agriculture. When a Waliangulu gets out of jail after serving a poaching sentence, he usually goes right back to his snares—not necessarily because he wants to, but because he has no alternative means of supporting himself and his family.

The government has established a game management scheme over a 2000-square-mile area. The country is divided into blocks, and organized elephant hunting on a permit basis is allowed. The meat and other trophies, with the exception of the ivory, which reverts to the government, are marketed, and families participating in the scheme are paid a living wage. When they are not hunting, they build roads and wells and patrol the area to keep out poachers. The government estimates that the scheme can be supported and the elephant herds maintained by killing 250 beasts each year. In the past about 1000 elephants a year died painful deaths through illegal poaching in this same area. The scheme is partially financed by a $28,000 grant from the Nuffield Trust—the British equivalent of the Ford Foundation.

This brings up two points—the almost total lack of scientific knowledge about African wildlife and its habitat, and the inability of the local governments to finance not only research but maintenance of game at its present level.

Naturalists would be in a much better position to convince the African leaders that their wild animals can make money for them if they had a wealth of statistics to prove it. Although a few Fulbright scholars are now in the field, the basic life histories of African wild animals—their migrations, feeding requirements, diseases and parasites, relations with man and other species—have been virtually unstudied. The ecology and distribution of vegetation and soils are largely unknown. The incidence and effects of the bush fires which sweep Africa year after year are still highly controversial. Even the numbers of each species and their distribution are still largely a matter of conjecture.

What is required is the rapid accumulation of the basic facts surrounding animal life in Africa. The fact that little has been done in this regard goes back to the matter of finance. For the period 1957–60, the Kenya Royal National Parks estimated that they would require $275,000—certainly a modest sum—to carry out their program. They eventually got $75,000. Mervyn Cowie, director of the national parks, asserted that "for the proper and reasonable" development of the parks—which every year receive 140,000 visitors, many of them Americans—$700,000 would be required over the next three years. He had little chance of getting anywhere near that amount. The government's appropriation—$420,000.

In an attempt to side-step governmental frugality, Cowie has established a Water for Wild Animals Fund as a means of providing the parks with their needs. This problem is particularly pressing in Tsavo Park, where thousands of animals—including thirty-eight rhinos in a 1957 drought—die of thirst every year. The provision of new water supplies opens up grazing lands which before were too dry for occupation (an elephant requires thirty gallons of water and half a ton of fodder every day) and the response has been generous (a small catchment dam costs $1400, a well $3000, a river dam $15,000). But these are stop-gap emergency measures around which no long-term policy can be based.

The facts are that African wildlife, which has a unique aesthetic, scientific and economic value, is disappearing—106 mammalian species or subspecies have already been wiped out, 38 per cent of them within the past fifty years. And the American Committee for International Wildlife Protection estimates that 600 other species are threatened with extinction—and that the East African territories, where the largest concentrations remain, lack the funds and the good will of their African populations to preserve the remnant. The question arises as to whether Africa's dwindling wildlife should not be placed under some form of international control and supervised by a world body with adequate funds to insure its survival.

The late King George VI put it this way: "The wildlife of today is not ours to dispose of as we please. We have it in trust. We must account for it to those who come after." That trust is being violated now, and both the big game and the great herds which thunder across the Mara plains are going fast. Unless help comes on an imposing scale within the next year or so, they will be gone forever.

And with them will go all that remains of a magnificent heritage. THE END

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

A bargain these days is anything that's only a little overpriced.

A woman who acts her age usually tries to do it unconvincingly.

The trouble with being happily married is that people suspect you're a hypocrite.

A jury under the American system is a group of twelve citizens who could not exert enough influence to be excused.

Not every man has his price. Some already have been bought.

Speak up. Say what you think. There are plenty of other places where you can live and work.

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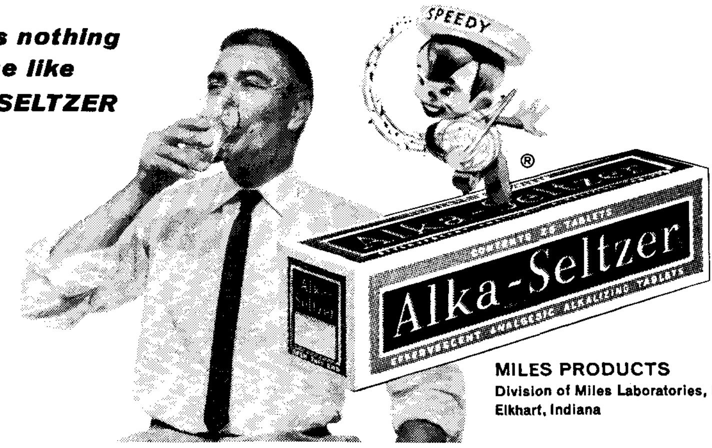

MILES PRODUCTS
Division of Miles Laboratories, Inc.
Elkhart, Indiana

A Delightful Deception

(Continued from Page 39)

tiny and very lovely. Five weeks of being battered by mankind had made him wary.

"Maybe I am and maybe I'm not," he said carefully. "Why?"

"I'm Drusilla Sackville," she said. "We live down there in that white house." She pointed. "We'd like you to have supper with us tonight."

"Supper," he said. Food—with salt and pepper.

It had been a nightmare, and he had been too proud to write home for help.

"How is the bug business going these days?" she asked sociably.

"Fine. Just fine."

They beamed at each other. Suddenly, with a terrible shock, he remembered the name "Sackville." After a pause, he said, "Your father isn't Mr. Drayton Sackville?"

"That's right," she said.

Unclearly, mistily, it came back to him. This was certainly the Drayton Sackville that his father was always talking about, brooding about. He had once been affiliated with Pembroke and Company, and had been a friend of his father, and there had almost been a ruinous scandal. The details eluded him, but he knew he must stand loyal to his blood. Bang went the supper.

"I'm afraid I can't make it," he said politely. "Sorry. Too busy."

"I was told not to take no for an answer."

"That's the only answer I have." She went white with anger. "No offense," he said kindly.

"No offense?" she said. "What kind of talk is that?"

He hated to see her leave—and so furiously. He went back to the endless grooming of the little mare, waiting for the customers who never came. His hands trembled from hunger, and all at once he knew his situation was utterly hopeless.

He picked up the Bugarium, took it back into the weeds and emptied it. "Take good care of your little selves," he said gently.

Little by little the Sackville affair came back to him.

Pembroke and Company was one of the country's largest and most prosperous tea importers. The first Pembroke, of Marblehead, started the business in 1790; and the second, expanding, moved to New York. Now a fleet of Pembroke clippers sliced the seas, bringing in great cargoes of black tea from Fukien and Canton, and green tea from Chekiang. This was a good year, but there had been bad years; and always, in good years and bad, the company had had its emergencies. One of these emergencies had been the Sackville affair.

Five years ago the company had opened a small but important distribution center in Cincinnati, and Mr. Pembroke had selected a Mr. Drayton Sackville of the New York office to head it. Mr. Sackville had been reluctant to accept such heavy responsibility, but Mr. Pembroke had talked him into it.

In Cincinnati, almost instantly, he proved a wizard manager. The first year he brought in twice the business New York had expected, and the second year was even greater. In the middle of the third year a Kentucky grocer who knew tea sent to the home office a sample of a shipment he had received from the Cincinnati warehouses.

It contained sloe leaves and Prussian-blue coloring. The Prussian-blue coloring was not considered too serious; Pembroke frowned on it, but many distributors used it. The sloe, or English blackthorn, leaves were an entirely different matter. They were an old and vicious form of adulteration. In England, where the offense started, they were taken so seriously that it was a crime for a tea merchant even to have them on his premises. Almost immediately, of course, the culprit was located, a foreman in one of the warehouses, in business for himself.

The incident, however, had consequences. There was a flutter of fiery letters between Mr. Pembroke and Mr. Sackville. Mr. Sackville resigned and retired to a little country village, Harpsburg.

As David sat on the tailstep of his wagon, it all came back to him. Something else came back to him, too, with a jolt. Something he had missed. Drusilla had known his name. How was this possible? What was going on?

There was only one thing to do. Go to the Sackville home and eat an enormous supper to be polite and find out.

At six sharp he was on the Sackville veranda. It was a big square house with dilapidated siding, and in the iris bed by the porch step were three mossy bricks, wind-blown, no doubt, from its rotting chimney. A cluster of honeysuckle hung from its sagging eaves, and the stained-glass fanlight was cracked and patched with paper. He raised his knuckles and gave a well-bred knock. Drusilla, in a crisp green frock, appeared in the doorway.

"Oh, it's you," she said. "What do you want?"

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"Supper," he said. "I mean I wish to retract my previous ——"

"Come in," she said shortly.

"I hope this change of plans is of no inconvenience to your mother?"

"The inconvenience is to me, if we must be honest about it," she said. "My mother died when I was born."

He stepped inside. She took his hat, hung it up, and he followed down the hall into the dining room. It was a bare room carpeted with straw matting. A man at the table arose to receive him; this, it soon developed, was Mr. Sackville. He was a small stern man, ramrod straight, like his daughter. His clothes, threadbare and darned, looked a little as though they had been shot from a cannon. When everyone was seated and the food was circulating, Mr. Sackville said, "It's pleasant having you here, my boy. How in the world did the Pembroke heir ever get into the bug-poison business?"

David cut a chunk of steak, touched it up with salt and pepper and looped it greedily with fried onions. "It was my father's idea."

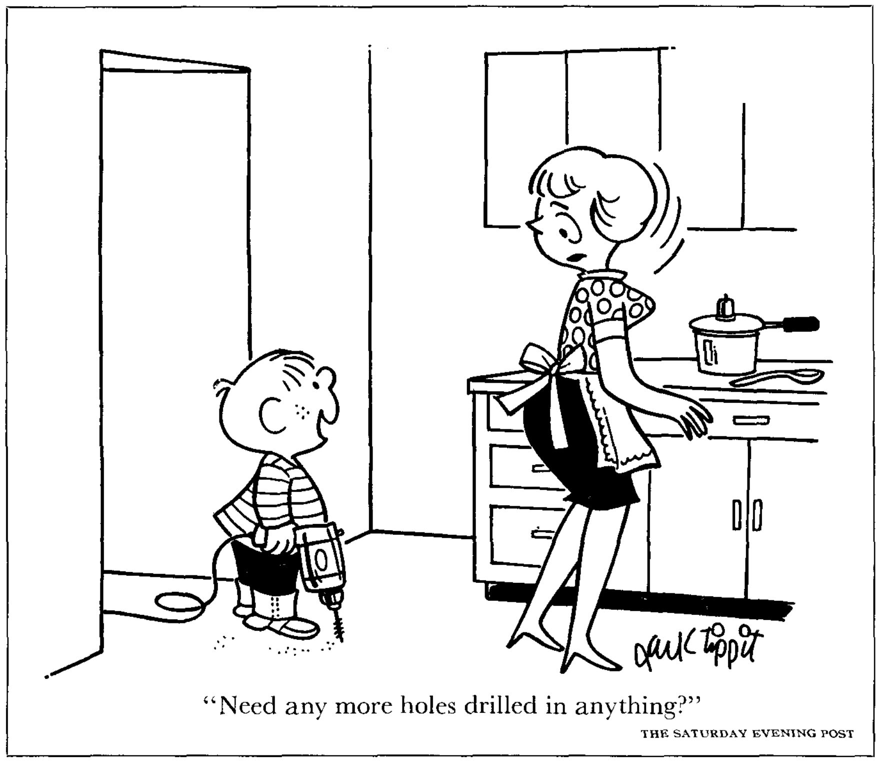
When they looked puzzled, he explained. "Last spring I was graduated from college," he said. "As you know, it's customary for a lot of young men to follow school with a trip to Europe which they call the Grand Tour. It's supposed to be posteducational. Well, my father thought I ought to take my Grand Tour through America and meet people and pick up a little business experience."

"So he bought you a peddler's wagon," said Mr. Sackville.

"That's right. He said it would be fun. He bought it from a man who lived in a cellar in an alley down by the water front who swore it was a gold mine."

"Bought it and outlined your itinerary."

"Why, yes. But how did you know?"



"Need any more holes drilled in anything?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"For one thing, that would be like him. For another, he has written both of us a letter. But before we go into that, I'd like to give you my version of how I came to leave his company."

"Glad to listen," said David cordially through a mouthful of boiled cabbage. "Fire away."

"When this sloe-leaves-adulteration thing came up," said Mr. Sackville, "your father wrote me a series of wild letters. In one of them he accused me of gross dereliction of duty."

David helped himself to a serving of pickled watermelon rind.

"Those things happen and they're unpreventable, and he well knows it," said Mr. Sackville.

"Business excites him," said David earnestly. "He is hard to get along with, but that's the way he is—maybe, too, that's why he's so successful."

"When you accuse a man of dereliction of duty," said Mr. Sackville stiffly, "you accuse him of a very serious offense." His eyes became frosty. "Naturally I resigned."

"You knew him in New York," said David desperately. "You know he never means these things."

"Well, I'll say this," said Mr. Sackville. "He's a surprising man. For now we come to the letter." He took two papers from his pocket. "He says here that you will be through Harpsburg and asks me to keep an eye out for you. You might be a little travel-worn, he says. He asks that I take you into my home to recuperate until autumn—as a paying guest. He encloses a draft for a hundred and fifty dollars."

"But how could he ever expect you to do such a thing!"

"He's very subtle. I have no quarrel with his son, and he knows it. He's exerting what you might call a sort of reverse pressure."

"But you wouldn't have me, would you?"

"I liked you on sight," said Mr. Sackville gravely. "I'll be happy to have you—but not the money. Please mail it back to him."

He handed David the draft. David stowed it in his wallet.

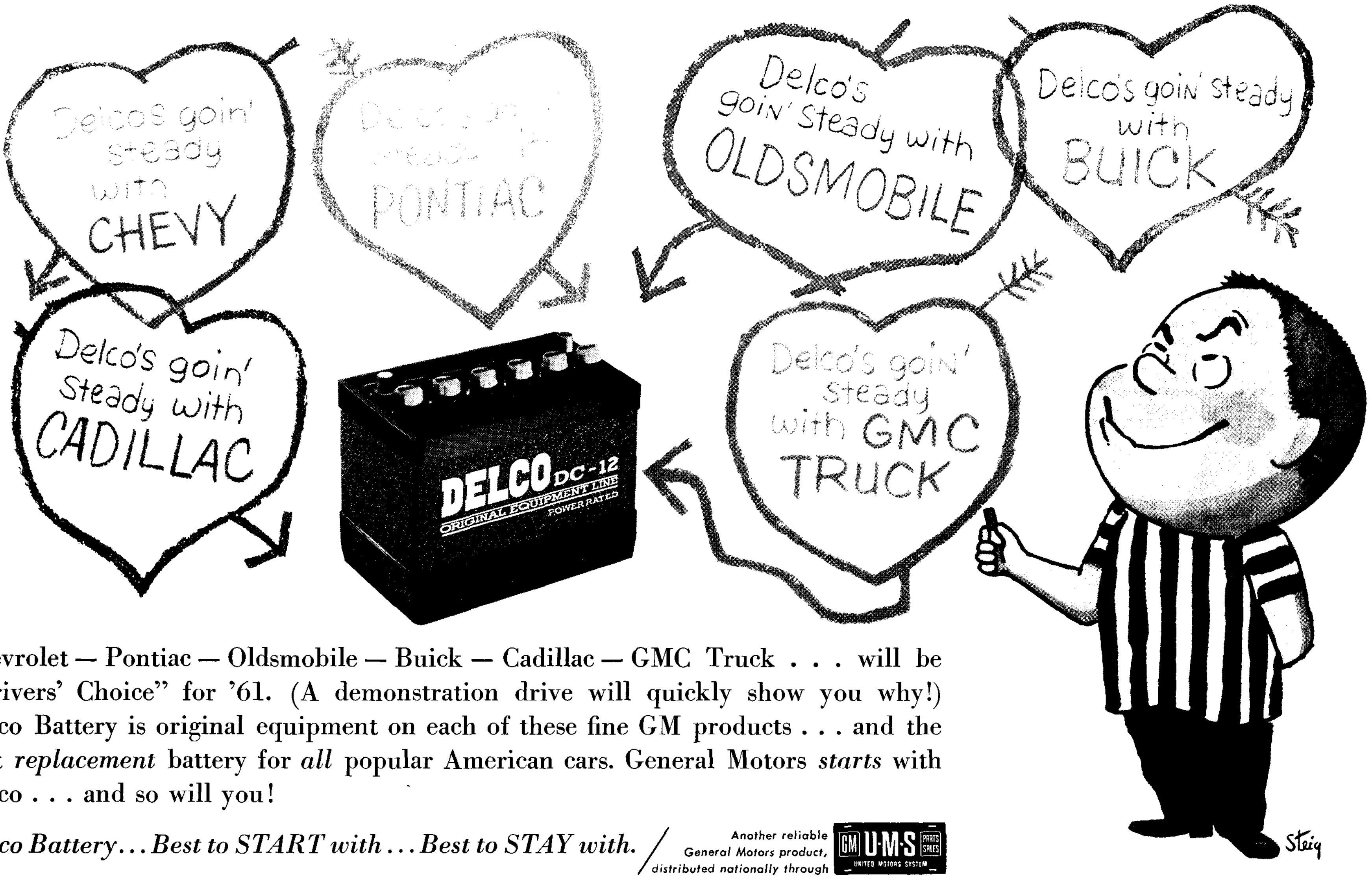
He was just finishing his last spoonful of raisin pudding when Drusilla said, "Since you're a bug specialist, Mr. Pembroke, perhaps you can help me. There's a bug destroying the wisteria on the back porch. I wonder if you could advise me?"

"I'm not a bug specialist," said David, getting to his feet. "But I'd be glad to offer an opinion. I'm always glad to offer an opinion—on anything."

They left the dining room and entered the hall. As they went down the hall, David said, "What does this bug look like?"

"It's a worm really," she said. "A worm covered with purple mold, and something that looks like strawberry jam, and it wiggles along on something that looks mighty like little wheels."

"Oh, you must be mistaken," said David, nauseated.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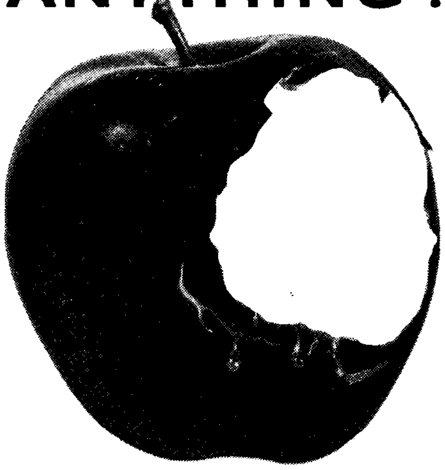

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BY THE MAKERS OF "BLISTEX"

They passed through the kitchen and came out on the back porch. It was cluttered with odds and ends, baskets, an old ice chest, some rusty tinware. Wisteria filtered the twilight and made the porch a cage of soft shadow. Her throat was a silver glimmer before him.

"Did you like that steak you had for supper?" she asked.

"It was delicious," he said. "Where's the bug?"

"Do you want more steaks? And more and more?"

"Not necessarily," he said coldly.

"Of course you do," she said. "So hand it back, I mean that draft. How do you think we're going to feed you? For that matter, how do you think we feed ourselves?"

He opened his wallet and handed her the draft.

"I didn't want to take it," he said.

"What do you mean, you didn't want to take it? Your eyes glittered, and your mouth twitched, and your fingers curled and quivered. You were so eager for it I thought you were going to put butter on it and eat it."

"You don't bother me a bit," he said quietly. "You're just highstrung and nervous because I'm a Pembroke, and I don't blame you. Now I have to get my horse and wagon. May I put them in your stable?"

"Yes," she said. She sounded as though she had been holding her breath.

The evening passed peacefully and uneventfully. Mr. Sackville chatted for a while about the tea trade, astounding David with his sagacity on the subject, then dozed in his chair. Drusilla knitted, serene and expressionless. The mantel clock ticked, and David waded through an old copy of *Ivanhoe*. When the clock struck ten, Mr. Sackville bolted the door, and Drusilla took David up the creaking stairs.

The upper hall had a thin green carpet. They stopped just beyond the stairwell, and she said, "This is your room." He watched her go down the hall and enter a door at the rear. He turned his china doorknob and stepped inside.

It was a nice room, airy and sweet-smelling, with a big four-poster bed. A lamp was burning for him, giving a soft lemon glow. A wave of relief came over him; he felt safe and sound. He was taking off his coat when he saw the letter on the table, addressed to him in his father's vigorous script—the letter everyone had forgotten.

With a surge of affection, he opened it. It was a short letter, and terrible

> *Dear David:* You are in the Sackville home because I placed you there for a purpose. Though you are unaware of it, this has been your goal since I started you on your travels.
>
> You are now working officially but secretly for Pembroke & Company.
>
> Drayton Sackville is one of our finest district managers, and this rebellion of his has gone on long enough. His absence is costing us money. Your assignment is to bring him back into the fold.
>
> Use wile, guile or your boyish charm if necessary, but trap him. Your mother sends her love. You are now a Trojan Horse. Work on him night and day. Mail me weekly reports. I will then offer further instructions and suggestions.
>
> All right, boy, get on the job.
>
> Devotedly,
> FATHER

Numbly he hid the letter under the rug. He went out into the hall, down the hall and knocked softly on Drusilla's door. She answered in a dressing robe.

"Now what?" she said.

"I must leave in the morning," he said. "I can't explain, but it would be improper for me to stay."

"You can't," she said. "You simply can't. We like you."

"I had to say good-by to you alone," he said. "Good-by."

"Don't decide now," she said. "Let's talk about it in the morning."

"No. This is the end," he said. "Good-by."

She seemed turned to stone as he left her.

Back in his room he removed his tie. Abruptly, frantically, he took the envelope from beneath the rug and searched it. There was nothing in it but the letter—no draft for him, no money, not one penny. He simply couldn't leave, not at the moment.

He burned the letter in the fireplace, went out into the hall, down the hall and knocked once more on Drusilla's door. This time she was in a nightgown, with a shawl over her shoulders.

He gave a hearty little laugh. "Well, I've changed my mind."

"And what's that supposed to mean?" she said.

"I'm not going after all. I'm staying."

"I don't understand you at all, Mr. Pembroke," she said through tight lips. "But I can tell you one thing. If you don't stop running up and down the hall, knocking on my door, I'm going to have my father lock you in for the night."

Next morning after breakfast David wrote two letters and took them to the village post office. The first, to his father, brief and dignified, was simply a rejection of the assignment on the grounds of propriety. The second, to his mother, was lengthy and chatty and suggested urgently that she send him a little get-home money from his grandfather's trust fund.

That was the way the first morning began; but gradually, as the days rolled by, life became a paradise. Daytimes he groomed his little mare or sat on the stile behind the kitchen garden with Drusilla, discussing the perplexities of existence and the mysteries of the cosmos. Evenings he sat in the parlor and discussed tea with Mr. Sackville; tea was the only thing Mr. Sackville liked to talk about. Suddenly he dreaded the arrival of those New York letters. He dreaded the thunderous letter from his father, which would say one thing, and the tender letter from his mother, which would say just the opposite and enclose travel money.

He didn't want to leave, but he couldn't possibly stay. Nothing could turn out right now, nothing.

One idyllic night, as they were relaxing in the parlor after a relaxing day, there was almost disaster.

Mr. Sackville was expounding on Chekiang teas and the proper method of grading them when something came into David's brain and paralyzed it, and he knew with panic he was going to say it and did.

He said, "Mr. Sackville, wouldn't you like to be back in the tea business?"

"I really don't know," said Mr. Sackville reasonably. "I've always, all my life, been a Pembroke man and I wouldn't be comfortable with a competitor."

"Ever think of returning to Pembroke?" said David, burning all his bridges.

Little wrinkles of jollity crinkled Mr. Sackville's stern face. His narrow chest began to heave and he said, "Haw-haw."

"He thinks you're joking," said Drusilla.

"Of course he's joking," said Mr. Sackville benevolently. "He's a friend and a guest. Do you think he could sit there, in our very parlor, and seriously make such an insulting suggestion? And he got it off rather well, didn't he?"

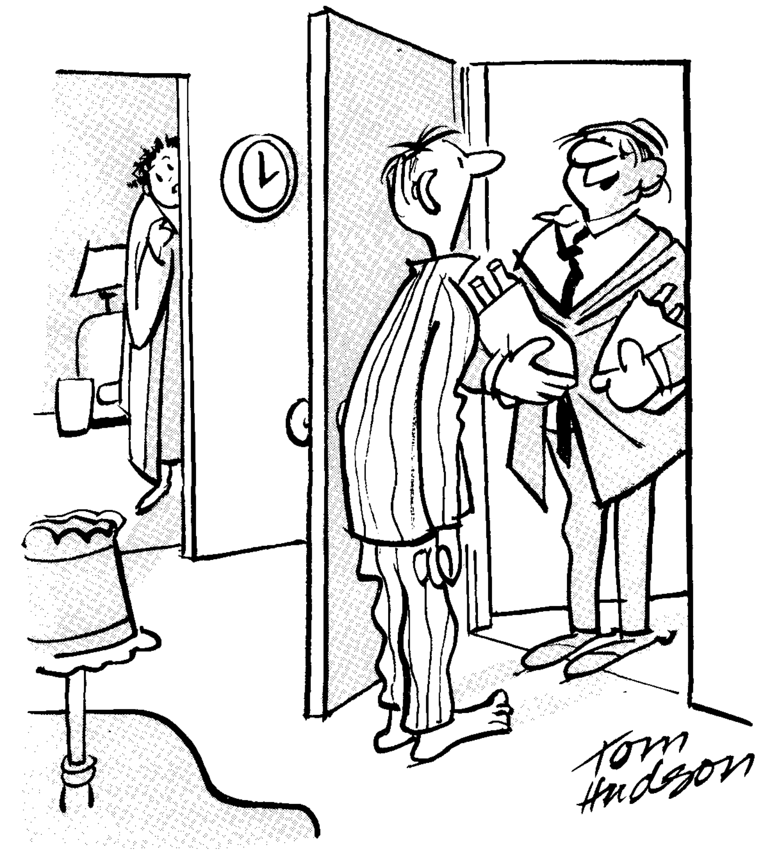
He went to the kitchen to make himself a cup of tea.

"Well, that's my father, and I love him," said Drusilla, when they were alone. "I've been wondering a good deal about your father. What kind of a man is he?"

"He's a planner. Every minute when he's awake, and I think when he's asleep, too, his mind is whirring and clicking, making up

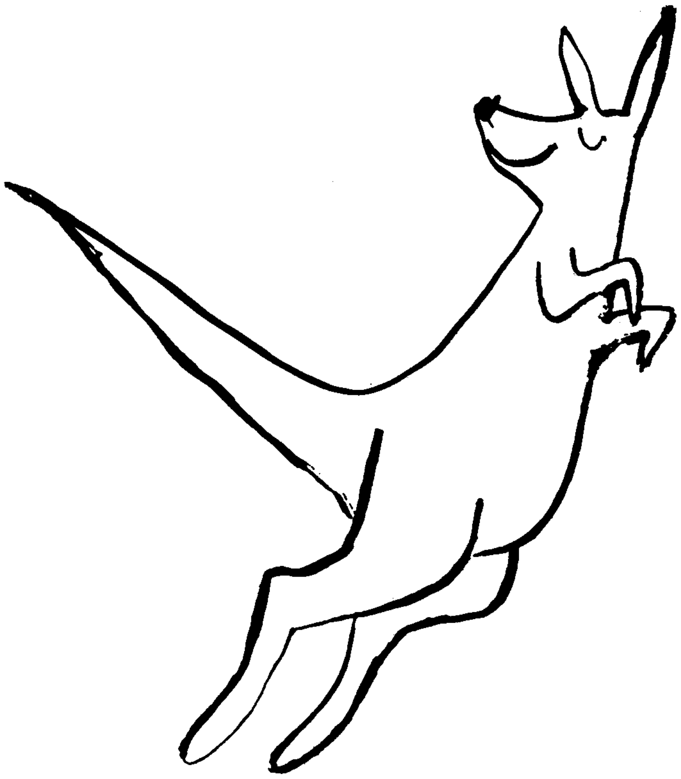
(*Continued on Page 84*)

WHO INVITED **HIM?**



"At first I thought I'd give you a ring and then I decided to just take a little old taxi out and surprise my little old army buddy . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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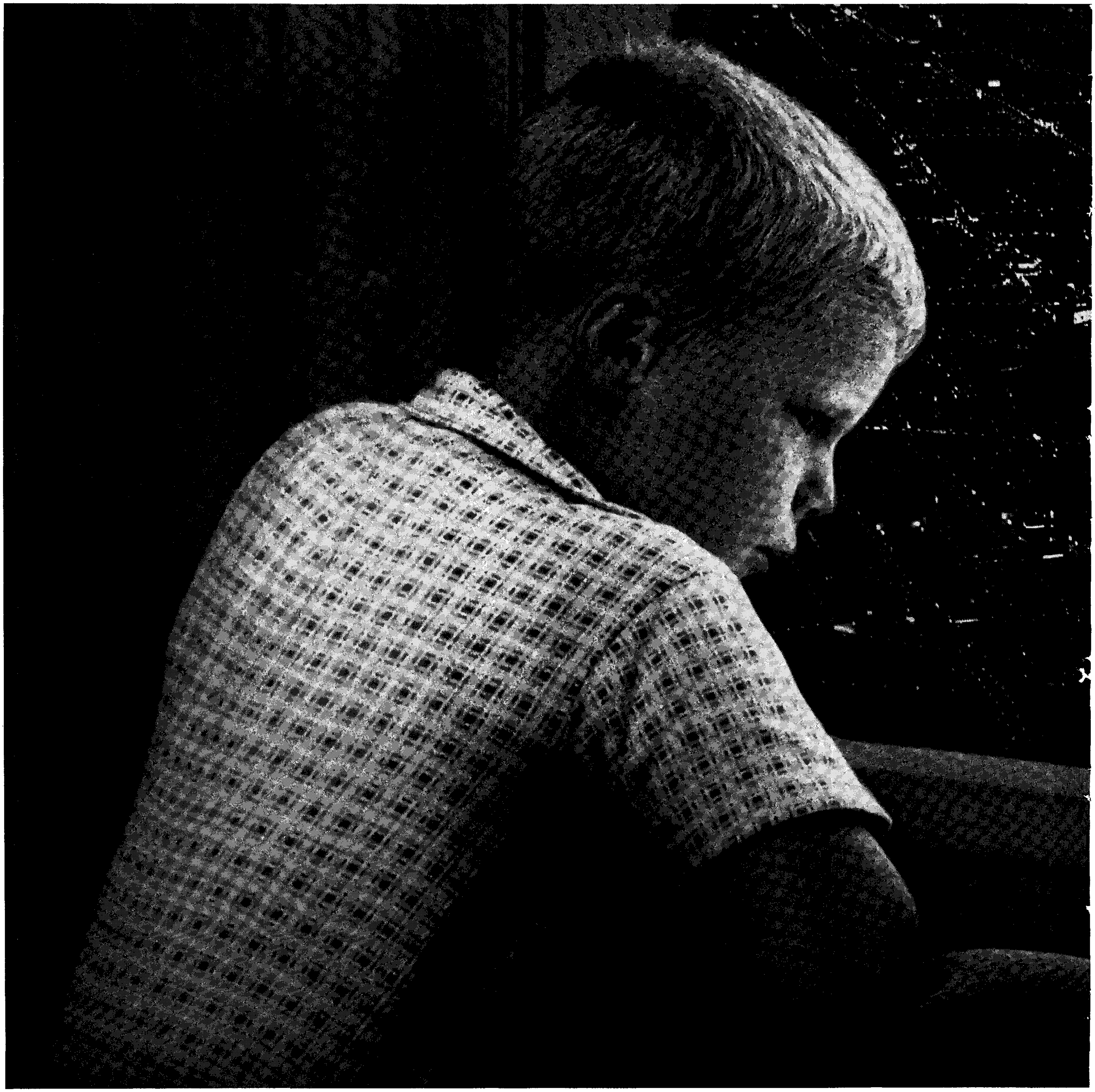

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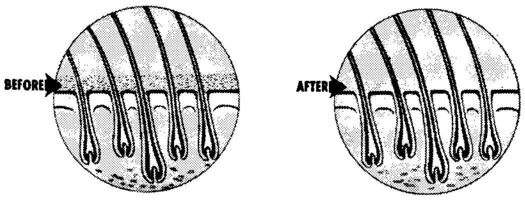

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(Continued from Page 80)

plans and campaigns and strategies and things like that."

"Br-r-r," said Drusilla. "And what's your mother like?"

"Just ordinary," said David proudly. "Like you, for instance."

She thought this over and accepted it. After a moment she said, "You were skating on pretty thin ice a minute ago. I wonder what saved you?"

"My boyish charm," said David. "I didn't realize I was using it. Fact is, I didn't even know I had any until it was mentioned to me recently."

"I don't think I can stand any more of this, not tonight," she said. "I think I'll go to bed."

Next morning his answers arrived from home. The letter from his father was even more thunderous than he had expected. It only said one thing, but it said it a dozen different ways: What's happening down there; where are those reports?

The letter from his mother began by saying that Daphne, the canary, had completely recovered from her rheumatism. It was a wonderfully cheerful letter and ran eleven pages, but she forgot to enclose any money.

He wondered if his father could have removed it to hold him in Harpsburg, but dismissed the idea as wicked and unfilial.

His answer to his father was full of smoldering reproach: ". . . Sometimes your machinations almost make me ashamed of the Pembroke name. . . ." His answer to his mother was a flowery eleven-page manuscript praising the Sackvilles. It carried a poignant postscript saying that he was reduced to borrowing postage money from his host.

Then, two mornings later, he woke up with a shattering thought. It came to him as he opened his eyes and grew to a conviction as he dressed.

All along, his father had been right. All along, he, David, had been wrong. Pembroke and Company needed Drayton Sackville; and the Sackvilles, certainly, desperately, needed Pembroke & Company. Despite all the complexities of the thing, that was the actual situation. It was David's simple, decent duty to get them together.

I'm not like a burglar, stealing from these people, he thought. *I'm like a burglar who has entered their home by trickery and stealth to enrich them.* He mulled the figure over, cut out "trickery" and "stealth," changed "burglar" to "weary traveler" and suddenly felt fine.

Trouble was, he wasn't a manipulator like his father, and Mr. Sackville was going to be a very difficult human to handle. The thing for him to do was to figure out some sort of a makeshift strategy, make it as foolproof as possible and follow it carefully and painstakingly without making a mistake. One more mistake with Mr. Sackville, and he was through.

After breakfast he went to the barn to groom Sally, his little mare, and work the problem out. He had Sally so groomed now that she almost handed him a currycomb whenever she saw him. He wouldn't have sold her if he could, of course, but he couldn't have if he wanted to; his father had taken care of that detail too and kept title to her and the wagon. He enjoyed these visits with her in the shadowed stable, because she was his closest friend, and stables were all pretty much alike, and he could imagine he was home.

About midmorning, when he was brushing Sally's mane, Mr. Sackville came from the bright sunlight of the yard, through the door and stood by his side. He seemed relaxed and incredibly friendly, almost affectionate.

This is it, the golden instant, now, thought David. *If I just knew what to say.*

"I've sent Drusilla to the store," said Mr. Sackville. "Because I feel I must talk to you—alone."

He was going to ask for his old job back—ask for it. David went rigid. It was like finding a rare bird in the marsh; one move, and it would be gone, and the world would collapse.

"The world is full of troubles," said Mr. Sackville. "And when they come upon us, it is our duty to vanquish them."

"That's right," said David. "Yes, sir! That's what my father always says—I mean my mother."

"Let me tell you a little story," said Mr. Sackville. "There once was a fine young man, about your age, and he had an ogre for a father. It was only natural that friction should arise between the two of them. Eventually they clashed. I am uninformed about the details of this clash, but it must have been a vigorous one. You know what this father then did?"

"No," said David, fascinated. "What?"

Along Shore

By Herbert Merrill

There is no wind to mar the fine
Unblemished surface of the sea,
Nor any sort of warning sign
To trouble it or trouble me.
And yet the waters rise in slow
Compulsive swells upon the shore,
To mutter of the long ago
And whisper of the nevermore.
There is no fury in me now
This evening, as I come to stand
And watch the tired breakers bow
White heads before the waiting land,
But still I feel their counterpart
Within my own unquiet heart.

"Maybe he wanted to disinherit the boy, I don't know. Maybe the boy's mother intervened on bended knee, weeping, I don't know. But he punished the boy."

"How?" said David.

"He sent him penniless out into the world with a peddler's wagon."

"Is that so?" said David angrily. "Well, I can tell you one thing, that was a pretty harsh punishment."

"Do you know whom I'm talking about?"

"No, but I'd sure like to meet him. He sounds mighty wonderful."

"He is wonderful. I'm talking about you."

"No," said David frantically. "No. No, sir. You've got it all wrong."

"Then why are you here, of all places, under such unusual circumstances? No, I'm afraid I'm painfully right."

"I'm not prepared to explain at the present moment," said David cautiously.

"This is what I wanted to say to you," said Mr. Sackville. "I want you to stay here—permanently. We don't have much, but we like you."

Now it was impossible, utterly impossible, to fix things up. Nevertheless, David made a try. "The true situation is very intriguing," he said. "But I am not at liberty to divulge it."

Mr. Sackville ignored this completely. He walked to the barn door and stood a moment with

(Continued on Page 86)

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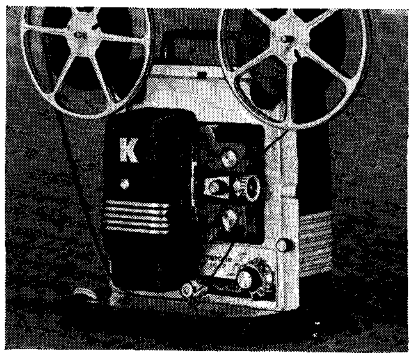

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(*Continued from Page 84*) the sunlight behind him. "You are now my son if you wish it," he said quietly. "And I am your father if you wish it."

Stiffly David watched him go. All the manipulating in the world couldn't untangle this one.

At dusk that evening, as he sat with Drusilla on the garden stile, he said, "Your father wants me to live with you permanently." Then, despite himself, he added, "Would you like that?"

"You bet I would," she said. "Then you could get a little job of some kind and support us."

This wasn't quite the answer he had expected.

The gloaming thickened, cloudy purple beneath the rosebushes, and a lone whippoorwill began his velvety drumlike throb. Suddenly he realized the truth. Of all the persons connected with that sloe-leaves hubbub, only one had really suffered, one in no way involved—the girl beside him.

"Has it been pretty bad?" he asked.

"Not very good," she said. "You see, I'm not like my father. When we don't have food, I get hungry. When we don't have fuel, I get cold. I like to dress like other people too. Now that you really know me, maybe I better go shoot myself."

"No," he said bleakly. "Just come with me."

They walked across the back yard, through the kitchen and into the parlor.

Mr. Sackville was in the parlor, in an easy chair, in the light of a big-bellied lamp, mending the back of an old leather-bound book. In one hand he held a glue-tipped toothpick, and in the other a pair of ancient spectacles which he used as a magnifying glass.

He greeted them with a benign mumble and said over his shoulder, "Beautiful evening, isn't it? Perhaps you'd like to take a little walk."

"No," said David. "We don't want to take a walk. We want to talk to you."

To his amazement, his voice came out cavernous and sepulchral. Mr. Sackville laid down his spectacles and toothpick.

"In the first place," said David, "I am not estranged from my father. You must understand that, sir."

Mr. Sackville blinked.

"I am not estranged from him and I speak under his authority."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Sackville amiably. "Think of that. Then go ahead, speak."

"In a moment," said David. "But first I'd like to ask Miss Sackville a few questions." He turned to Drusilla. "What do you do when the weather gets cold?"

"I put on a pair of papa's pants under my dress."

"These will be routine questions," said David. "There's no need for us to become—well, too intimate. What I meant was, do you always have sufficient fuel?"

"Always?" said Drusilla. "Never."

"We're wasting a beautiful evening," said Mr. Sackville. "If you won't take a walk, I believe I shall."

Now David was shaking his finger at Drusilla. "What do you do when you get hungry?"

"We eat," said Drusilla.

"Of course we eat," said Mr. Sackville.

"We eat," said Drusilla. "One or two times a day, at least."

"Drusilla," said Mr. Sackville.

"Now about your clothes," said David.

"What clothes?" said Drusilla.

"The clothes you're wearing, for instance."

"These are not clothes," said Drusilla, enunciating very clearly, as though she were talking to a foreigner. "This is fabric nicely colored, but simply fabric. Only a man could make such a humorous mistake. Women know it for what it is, merely a covering. It is to me exactly as a turtle's shell is to a turtle."

"We've been having such a lovely time together," said Mr. Sackville, shaken. "I didn't know you felt this way."

"Why don't you take your old job back with Pembroke?" said David.

To Drusilla, Mr. Sackville said, "You've been going through all this hardship and keeping it to yourself."

"I haven't been keeping it to myself," said Drusilla. "I complain about it incessantly."

"Oh, I doubt that," said Mr. Sackville. "Or I would have noticed." There was a pause, and he said, "We can't have this. We can't have this at all." There was another pause, and he said, "I must do something."

Suddenly he fixed David with his glassy eye. "Do you know something? I miss Pembroke and Company and I miss your father."

"They miss you too," said David. "And they want you back. I am authorized to say so."

He sent the marvelous news to New York—assignment accomplished. And the Sackville home pulsated with happiness. Mr. Sackville, soon to be back in the harness, moved in a state of bliss. Drusilla wept and laughed at the drop of a hat.

Again, one day, came letters from home—a big official-looking one for Mr. Sackville and two smaller ones for David.

David read his alone on the front porch. He first read his letter from his mother. It was a chatty fifteen-pager and devoted itself solely to domestic trivia. It enclosed, finally, a draft for eighty dollars, without any comment.

The letter from his father was almost unbelievable. He read it, closed and opened his eyes and read it again.

Dear David: I have written Drayton Sackville, expressing our pleasure at having him back.

Fine work, my boy, mighty fine work.

I'd better clear up one misconception that has been bothering you, however. This thing was not my idea. It was your mother's.

Devotedly,
FATHER

He rushed into the hall, looking for Drusilla. She was not there. He rushed into the kitchen. Not there. Finally he found her. She was in the stable, grooming his mare.

Calmly he told her the whole story, the whole thing, saving the climax for the end. "And then it turns out it wasn't my father's idea after all," he said. "It was my mother's."

"It wasn't your mother's idea," said Drusilla. "It was mine."

"Oh, no," he said appalled. "It couldn't have been."

"It most certainly was. I couldn't stand this foolishness any longer. I wrote your mother and told her of our hardship and asked her advice. She told your father, and he thought up that wonderful peddler's-wagon idea."

That wonderful peddler's-wagon idea!

"So everyone was in on it," said David. "But Mr. Sackville and me."

"I'm afraid that's true. We knew you could do it."

"When your father took me in," said David, "he thought it was his decision, but it was yours. You persuaded him. Well, I'll tell you one thing. You had a mighty close call. Remember when we met, when you asked me to supper, and I said no. If I hadn't changed my mind, that would have been the end of that."

"Do you really think so?" she said.

THE END

First Lady of the Funnies

(Continued from Page 35)

"How can I know what's going to happen to Brenda before it happens?" she asks.

When *Brenda* was first created, her family background was deliberately left vague so that Miss Messick could think of herself as the mother. Later, when Dale's real-life daughter was born, she was named Starr. Now eighteen, she is often called Brenda too. Sometimes Miss Messick designs a new wardrobe for herself to match Brenda's, or vice versa. She dyes her hair the same color as Brenda's, claiming the expense is tax deductible—which, in this case, it is. After years of trying to look as neatly coifed as Brenda, she gave up, ordered herself a red *bouffante* wig from Paris and changed Brenda's hairdo to match the wig. Miss Messick is fifty-four years of age and used to hearing people say she doesn't look it.

"Brenda *is* me," she explains in perfect seriousness.

Dale Messick lives near Gary, Indiana, in a three-bedroom white stone house overlooking the shores of Lake Michigan. The Indiana dunes are in a resort area which is becoming industrialized, but Miss Messick is unconcerned. "Do you really think I've been here with these steel mills all summer?" she inquires "I've been in Boro Panga"—the fictional island locale of one of Brenda's recent exploits—"and in the arms of the Mystery Man." The "Mystery Man" is a character named Basil St. John, who wears a black patch over one eye and roams the world in search of enough black-orchid serum to keep him from going mad. Once he gets it, Brenda would presumably marry him.

The nonfictional man in Miss Messick's life is Oscar Strom, a dignified fifty-nine-year-old Gary attorney whose literary tastes lean toward ancient history and Viking sea tales. Strom is a handsome, strapping man—six feet two inches and 220 pounds—of Swedish parentage and decorous upbringing. He had never read a comic strip until he met Miss Messick. Her rapturous preoccupation with *Brenda* puzzles him. Sometimes he just goes off on a yachting trip. Other times he tells her wistfully he wished she worked in a dime store.

Nevertheless, he occasionally strolls through his wife's studio in the lower level of the house, examines a picture on her drawing board, kisses her cheek and remarks, "It's lovely." This praise is usually given for a drawing of a ship. Miss Messick doesn't draw ships; her assistants do.

Mr. Strom realizes that his wife regulates her life to suit the demands of *Brenda.* She eats sensibly, drinks and smokes moderately and takes long after-dinner naps in front of television. By eleven P.M. she is always in bed in what she calls her "kept-womanish" French provincial bedroom. Since 1940 she has taken only one vacation and still resents the interruption of her schedule. When Starr was born, Miss Messick drew *Brenda* from a hospital bed. Some years ago Miss Messick drove her car into a telephone pole and broke her jaw and collarbone.

She extricated herself from the wreck, walked to a gasoline station, called an ambulance to take her to a hospital and went right on drawing *Brenda.*

Normally her work day starts at seven A.M., or earlier, depending on what she dreamed during the night. Many of Brenda's most exciting escapades are inspired by Miss Messick's dreams. She likes to record them as soon as she awakens, which may be at four or five A.M. The slant-eyed albino Polynesian, Palava, who not long ago shanghaied Brenda and five men to the South Seas, was one of her dream children.

"I didn't have anything to do with inventing her," Miss Messick says. "I just dreamed her. Here was this lady with this long white hair dancing with two leopards. . . ." Promptly, lady and leopards landed in her strip.

Dream or no dream, Miss Messick usually wakes up singing—anything from pop numbers to operatic arias. Depending on her mood, she dons one of three costumes: a fluffy negligee and bedroom slippers, a party dress and high heels or a Mexican gypsy outfit and boots. Her household is in the hands of a full-time maid, a part-time secretary who pays bills and hands her boss twenty-five dollars pin money a week, and Mrs. Bertha Messick, Dale's still-spry eighty-year-old mother, who does most of the cooking.

Breakfast, however, is one meal Miss Messick always prepares for her husband, and it's generous—eggs, pancakes, sometimes pork or lamb chops, smoked whitefish or soup and steak. Then Mr. Strom departs with his briefcase, and his wife settles down to her "research." This consists largely of clipping magazines for fashion pictures or photos of romantic clinches for Brenda's "kissing file."

At this studious hour Miss Messick also delves into her extensive library of books on how to live longer, look younger, overcome undesirable habits or become a better mother and cook. The only comic strip she reads is *Peanuts*, by Charles M. Schulz. She ignores other strips, partly to avoid being influenced, partly in disdain. "Orphan Annie," she says, "has been wearing the same dress for thirty years."

At ten A.M. Miss Messick's "force" arrives: John Olson, a $12,000-a-year assistant who corrects her spelling, does her lettering and draws outdoor backgrounds and most male anatomy for the strip; and Jim Mackey, an art student and part-time assistant, who draws automobiles, buildings and "mechanical things." Miss Messick blocks out her stories on continuity tablets, then transfers them to comic panel strips with rough pencil sketches. The strips are passed back and forth among the drawing boards of the three artists.

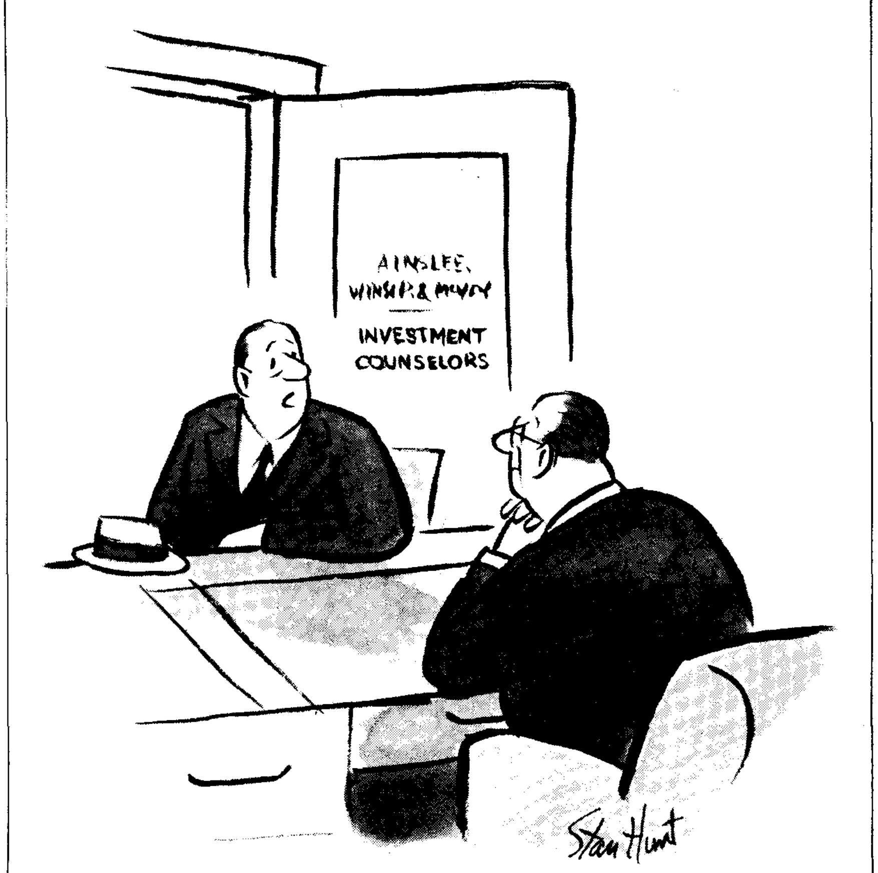
The typical working scene in the *Brenda* studio suggests one of the madcap situations in the play, *You Can't Take it With You.* The hi-fi is on full blast. Miss Messick sings along lustily. If the music is appropriate, she jumps up and does a *rumba.* In meditative periods she chews gum with popping sound effects. When Brenda is faced with horror—perhaps a giant squid is about to devour her—Dale gasps. When Brenda submits to an embrace by the Mystery Man, Dale sighs. Sometimes she speaks her dialogue aloud in what she imagines to be the voices of her characters.

Her assistants have become accustomed to the working conditions and carry on without apparent ill effects. It is a rule that they must not touch Brenda, except to undress her with an electric eraser. This opportunity comes fairly often. One of her editors' chronic beefs is that Miss Messick has Brenda changing costumes at implausible speed.

"I can't stand drawing Brenda in the same things very long," she explains. "And editors are so meticulous. If there's anything I hate it's being precise."

The rare occasions when Miss Messick presents herself to the world-at-large do not always end happily. Early in her career she was offered a press card to a Ringling Brothers performance in Madison Square Garden. She was enthusiastic about her privileges until an elephant suddenly wrapped his trunk around her waist and brandished her through the air like a baton. She screamed and fainted, but survived without injury.

Ever since, Miss Messick has left newspapering to Brenda, which may explain why Brenda has been known to drop into her city room at midnight, bat out a story and then hand the copy to a cleaning woman, who presumably conveyed it directly to the front page, without intervention of editors or other middlemen.



"I have an investment problem—I don't have any money."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Luckily, Dale's inventive powers show no signs of running dry. Some of her characters and situations are suggested by names she dreams up. Brenda's managing editor, for instance, is a Mr. Livwright, who sneaks drinks on the side. A series I once wrote about hitchhiking for my newspaper, the Chicago *Tribune*, inspired Dale to spin a sequence about one Hitch Rider. Her interest in botany led her to observe that morning-glories seem to climb forever, choking out other flowers; this caused her to create a mad scientist who was going to choke civilization by planting morning-glory seeds everywhere.

The Mystery Man was modeled after an assistant whom she hired long ago and fired three days later. "He was no good as an artist," she recalls, "but he wore this black patch over one eye, and I was fascinated. I don't even remember his name, but I've always wondered: Where did he go? What happened to him?"

After he left, someone anonymously sent her a fresh black orchid every day for a week. Could it have been her mystery man? Miss Messick likes to think it was.

She has been absent-minded all her life. Her two bedroom clocks are never wound because she dislikes their ticking noises. She owns a wrist watch which she doesn't wear, and a date book which she cannot find. It is difficult for her to cook a meal without burning at least one dish, and she has started off to dinner parties with nonmatching shoes or a paint brush in her hair.

Her assistants and syndicate editors catch memory lapses when they occur in her work, but not always. In one sequence she showed a father consoling his daughter. The father had his hand on her shoulder. Changing her mind, Miss Messick placed the father farther away from the girl, and removed his arm—but not his hand. To inquiring fans she blithely explained it as "the hand of fate."

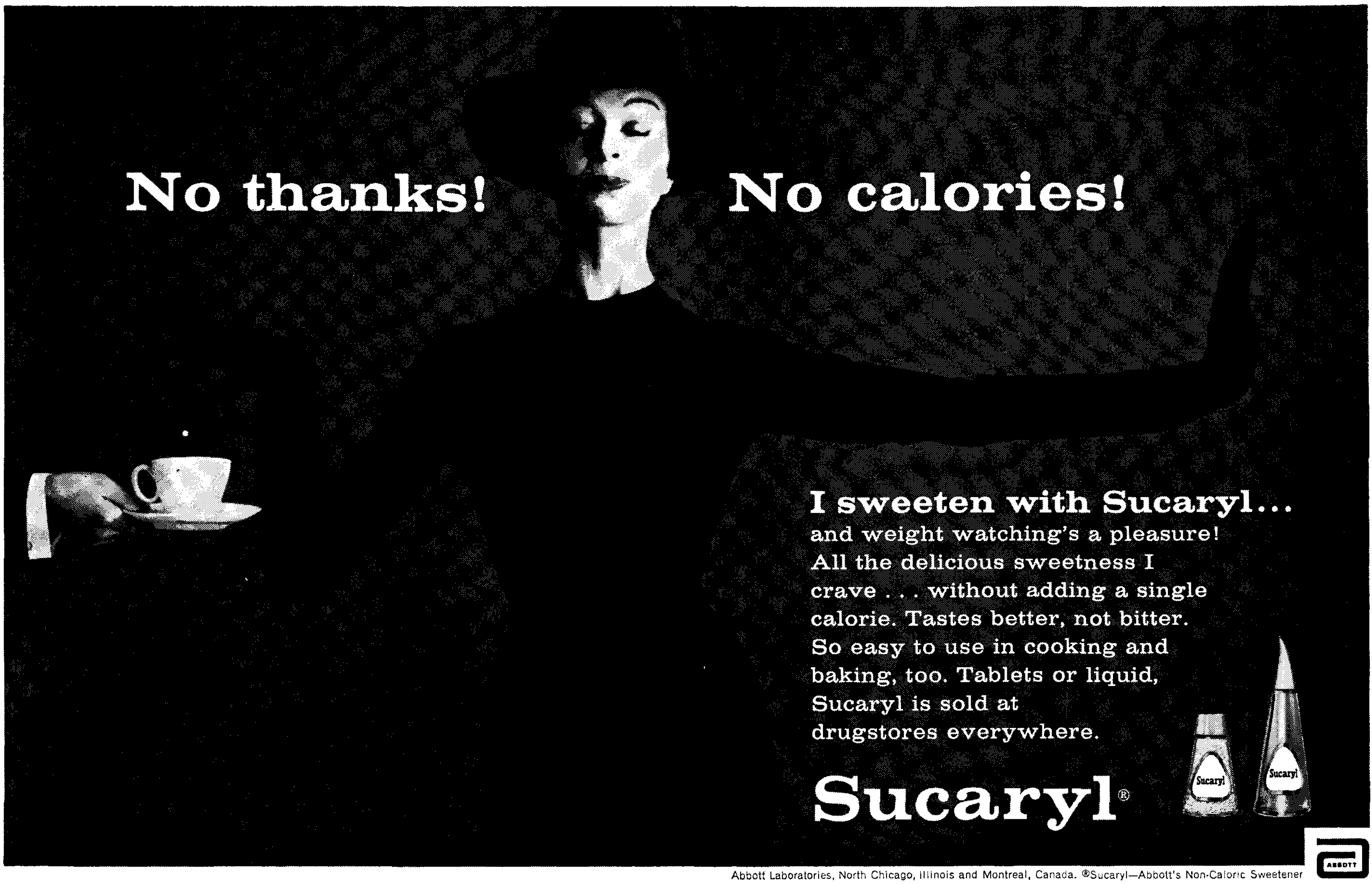
Sometimes she has to rewrite a long sequence to explain an error. Last year one of her characters, Mary Rider, wore a mysterious necklace. It was a key element in the story. It had no clasp and was too small to slip off over her head. All attempts to cut it off had failed. The necklace was unremovable. Miss Messick then became preoccupied with other story angles. One day she got Mary back into the strip without the necklace. She had forgotten it, but the readers hadn't.

What to do? "After playing up the idea that the necklace couldn't be removed I was really faced with a dilemma," Dale says. She solved it by noting in the strip that the necklace was made of a new plastic affected only by humidity. In dry weather, which Mary had been experiencing lately, the material stretched.

Brenda has found herself painted into some tight corners, but her "mamma's" ingenuity always suffices. When Brenda was piloting a plane without knowing how to land it, she took to a parachute and landed right in front of her managing editor's window. When escape is impossible, Miss Messick simply has Brenda wake up from a dream.

"There's not too much I can do about plots," she says. "They just come naturally. But it usually turns out all right, like life."

The accuracy of this dictum is being demonstrated by her daughter, who was born of Miss Messick's first marriage, to a New York dealer in art supplies. (The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marriage ended in divorce.) Starr is somewhat saddened by her mother's concentration on a comic-strip "daughter," but her acceptance of the facts is levelheaded and complete.

"Living with my mother has been a rare experience," she observes. "The thing I'll never understand is how she has managed all these years to put *Brenda* together in time to meet her deadlines."

Fellow cartoonists see little of Miss Messick. She attends the annual dinners of the National Cartoonists Society, but has never bothered to become a member. There are differences of opinion about her artistic talents, but colleagues respect her status as the only woman ever to make a solid, long-pull success of a running strip. Even veterans like Chester Gould, creator of *Dick Tracy*, admire her.

"What astounds me most is her stamina," says Gould. "This business is one of the toughest in the world, and it's almost beyond my comprehension that any woman could keep up with it."

Dale feels detached about her brethren. "I'm no cartoonist's cartoonist," she says. "I'm sort of on the outer fringe. Those cartoonists are a raucous bunch of fellows."

She says her own strip is a hit because it is escapism and something more. "Brenda is the glamorous girl I always wished I was and does all the exciting things I'm afraid to do," she says. "She's what most women wish they were and what most men wish their women were too."

I agree with Dale's assessment of Brenda's appeal to women. Who wouldn't want to be an all-American girl-about-the-world, endowed like Marilyn Monroe, gowned by Dior and wooed by a Mystery Man? About Brenda's charms for men, I am not ready to commit myself. Despite her sleek curves and Dale's habit of slimming her for tailored suits and plumping her for bikinis, surveys show *Brenda* to be less popular with men than with women.

In any event, it is widely assumed that Dale Messick is a man. Actually she was christened Dalia when she was born in South Bend, Indiana. She changed her first name when, trying to break into cartooning, she found editors viewed lady artists with disfavor.

> We can't take it with us,
> but perhaps how we got it may
> determine where we'll go.
>
> CHESTER L. MARKS

Her gifts showed early and may have been fostered to some extent by her father, a sign painter and manual-training teacher, and her mother, a milliner. Dalia was a small, graceful child with an underdeveloped physique and an overdeveloped imagination. She was so nearsighted that she did not learn to tell time until she was in her teens, when someone decided she needed glasses. In school, most subjects eluded her. She spent two years in the third grade, two years in the eighth and dropped out of high school for a year before her parents persuaded her to go back.

But even at age ten she was drawing primitive comic strips. One of her teachers bought several at a dollar each, and put Dalia to work keeping unruly kids in line with "to-be-continued" stories. Her schoolbooks brought top prices in the secondhand market because her doodlings were in them. But Dalia's real ambition was to walk tightropes and jump from one moving boxcar to another, like Pearl White in the silent movies—or like today's Brenda Starr.

"I guess it sounds better to say I was sickly," Miss Messick says, "but between you and me, school was just awfully dull."

After one summer at the Chicago Art Institute she found jobs designing greeting cards, first in Chicago, then in New York. The depression was on, and one of her bosses decided to cut her thirty-five-dollar-a-week salary. He thought a woman ought not to earn so much. Besides, he told her, "You will never be worth more than thirty dollars a week." She found a greeting-card job at fifty dollars a week, and began haunting employers of comic-strip artists.

"It was always the same story," she says. "They wouldn't believe I could draw because I was a woman. They would just put my samples aside and say, 'Come on, honey, let's go out and talk things over.'" One of her depressing experiences was with the late Joseph M. Patterson, publisher of the New York *Daily News* and chief of the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate. He had tried a woman cartoonist once, he said, and wanted no more of them.

Shortly afterward, Miss Messick's discarded samples were discovered by Mollie Slott, then Patterson's "Girl Friday" and now a vice president and manager of the syndicate. She had been an editorial midwife for *Little Orphan Annie*, *Winnie Winkle* and *Terry and the Pirates*. She recognized Dale's spark. Together they plotted a comic-strip episode. Dale had envisioned her beautiful redhead as a girl bandit. Miss Slott made her a reporter and christened her Brenda, after Brenda Frazier, a glamorous debutante of the time. "Starr" stood for star reporter.

Mollie Slott introduced Miss Messick to her first deadline. The strip had to be ready within a week. It was. Mollie was pleased. Patterson was not. Miss Slott persuaded him to let her try selling it.

"Go ahead," he said, "but we won't run it in the *News*." Within a year Dale was making $15,000; but her strip did not appear in the *News* until eight years later, two years after Patterson's death.

Miss Slott has remained Miss Messick's champion and friend. "She has a childlike candor and the ability to laugh at herself," says Mollie. As an example, she recalls a dinner party when Dale was seated next to Sir Christopher Chancellor, a top executive of Reuters, the news agency.

Miss Messick opened the conversation with, "Do you like my hat? I made it!" She then removed the hat, tilted her head and asked Sir Christopher how he liked her new hair shade.

Her hats cost anywhere from $2.99 to seventy-five dollars, but she usually remodels them. She keeps twenty-four pairs of shoes—inexpensive ones to be worn out quickly and replaced. Her other enthusiasms are few. She walks her toy collie along the beach, goes to church with her mother, refuses almost all social invitations and rarely visits nearby Chicago. Most of her spare cash goes into annuities and expensive gifts.

She does love to dance, and recently took $1500 worth of lessons, mostly in the cha-cha. She once thought of taking a course in spelling, but gave up the notion. The danger of one day succumbing to some such urge toward self-discipline gives her the shudders.

"I just wouldn't be able to do anything," she says. "It might spoil my imagination."

THE END

Dreamers on the Payroll

(Continued from Page 38)

"Here in the Office of Naval Research no restrictions are set upon our imaginations. We dream freely and if one of our dreams seems to embody a new basic concept which may or may not be useful to the Navy, we can get the money that's needed to develop it."

Thaler, a superbly relaxed man, runs a relaxed office. Visiting among the cubicles is encouraged, as it makes for an invaluable cross-fertilization of ideas. Through conferences held every once in a while, Thaler keeps abreast of the progress each staff member is making with his own ideas. But if one of them wants to withhold a report on an idea Thaler hasn't even heard of, that is all right with Thaler. Any of his men can walk down the corridor to another O.N.R. branch and pick the brain of the kind of scientific specialist whose advice he happens to need at the moment.

On the average about one out of fifty staff ideas proves promising enough to justify further investigation. The forty-nine are not discarded, but are catalogued in Thaler's memory, which has an enormous capacity; and he can retrieve any one of them should it later become suddenly pertinent.

Thaler's staff is small, but its members are versatile enough to keep things running smoothly when he is engaged somewhere else. It is made up of a chemist, an oceanographer, a military aide and two secretaries. The chemist, John J. Kane, doubles as office administrator and keeper of the funds. Thaler is as frugal with the taxpayer's money as his one-cylinder car was with gasoline (sixty miles per gallon). He expects chemist Kane to know at any time where every dime is—how much stands committed to the universities and private research institutes which do the detailed researching on a contract basis, and how much remains in the till. The versatile chemist also straightens out problems that arise in connection with these contracts, and he maintains a working-level relationship with the Army and the Air Force under which the services borrow equipment and personnel from one another for especially urgent tasks.

The oceanographer, James W. Winchester, a veteran of eight years of arctic and antarctic scientific work—"a real field-type oceanographer," as Thaler respectfully describes him—is capable of handling the detailed planning for field operations and of seeing that the operations are carried out as scheduled.

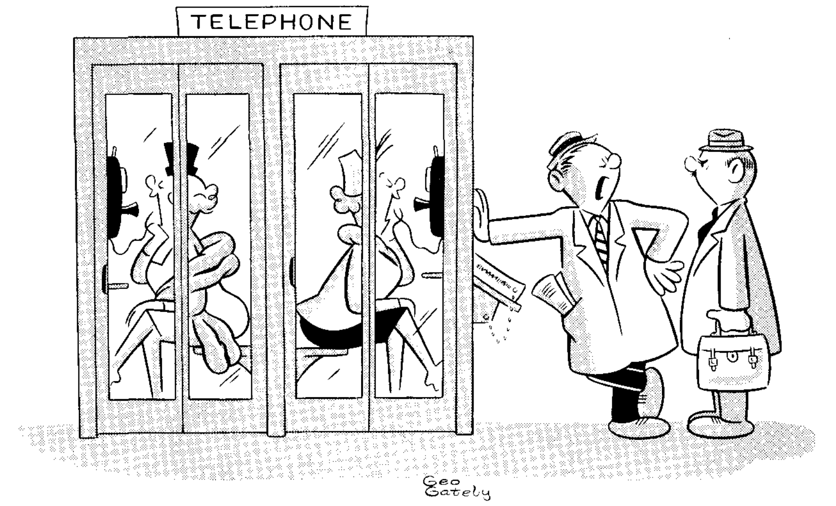
Ordinarily a staff such as Thaler's would include an engineer of some stripe, but Thaler feels that engineers are too closely sunk in their specialties to adapt to the highly varied crises which constantly arise in the Field Projects Branch. Physicists, generally speaking, are more flexible—in physicist Thaler's book—and his military aide is Ensign Peter M. Banks, a physicist.

The Navy first spotted Thaler when he was a candidate for a Ph.D. degree at Catholic University in Washington. At the time he was a research assistant on a Navy contract which was concerned with some arcane problem in ultrasonics. The contract was being monitored by Wilbert Annis, a civilian scientific adviser to the Navy. With the verve of a baseball scout who has discovered a second Stan Musial, Annis recommended his employment by the Navy. Among the qualities Annis ascribed to his discovery were unusual creativity, self-confidence, patience, optimism, imagination, adventurous thinking and enthusiasm for new ideas.

As a result of Annis' plugging, Thaler, on completing his doctoral labors early in 1951, joined the Acoustics Branch of the Office of Naval Research. Early in 1952 he was transferred to the Field Projects Branch in time to get ready for the first hydrogen-bomb explosion at Eniwetok. At this horrendous event Thaler was involved in installing acoustical instruments on and above the atoll and in the waters surrounding it in order to measure the intensity of the shock waves in the three media. In January, 1954, when he had just turned twenty-eight, he was raised to chief of the Field Projects Branch and in that capacity took part in all of the nuclear tests thereafter.

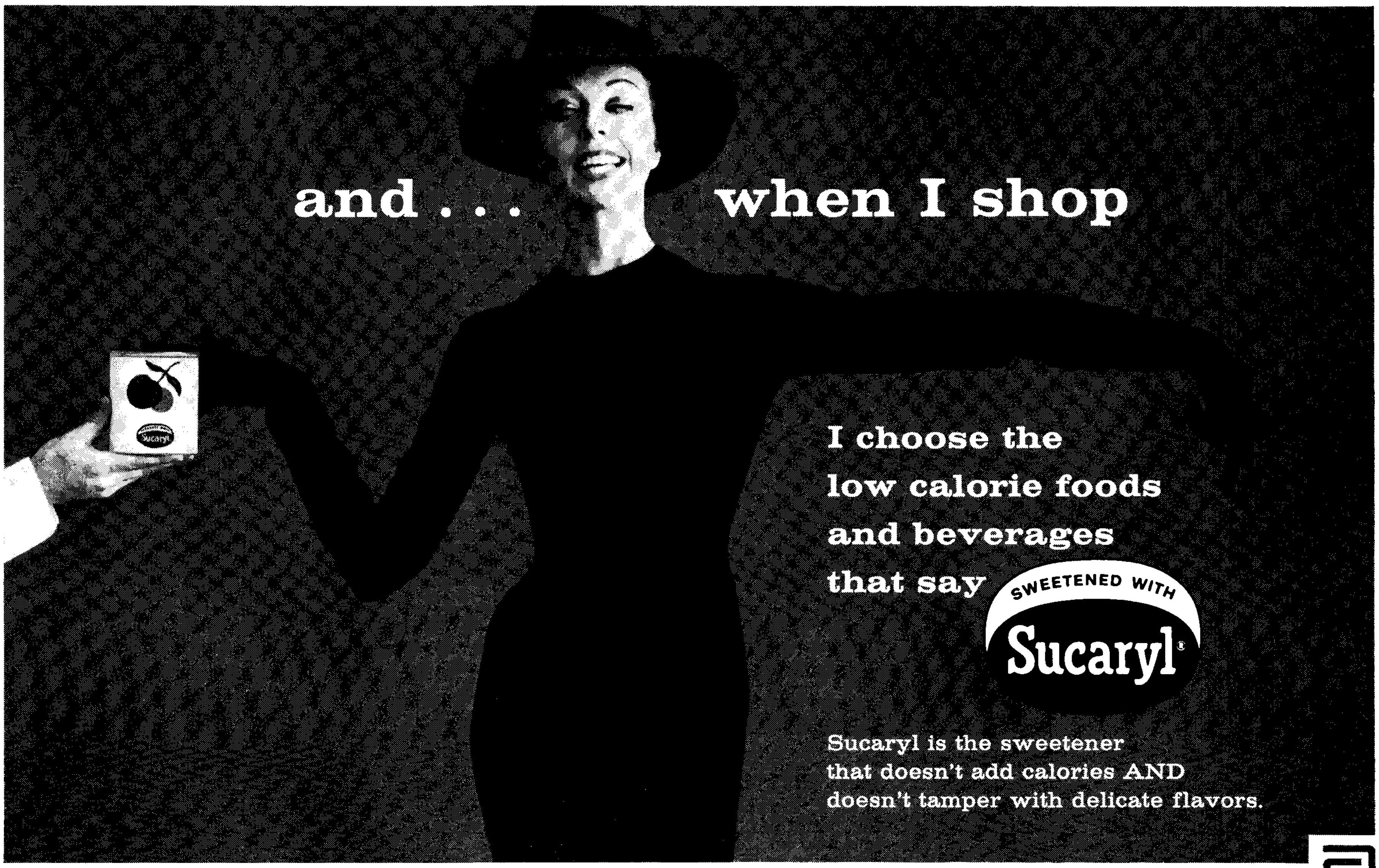
During this period he logged a tremendous amount of air mileage, always burdened with top-secret information that could not safely be put down on paper. He carried it all in his head. The danger of a slip of the tongue ruled out conversation with fellow passengers, which was all right with Thaler, who is by nature introverted and not much of a hand at small talk.

After dark he slept. This was safe, too, as he is a deep, untroubled sleeper and doesn't talk in his sleep. The boredom of daylight travel he mitigated by reading paperbacks, mostly murder mysteries and science fiction. He is a rapid reader, and he always boarded a plane with an armful of them, the number depending upon the length of his trip. From Washington to San Francisco, for instance, the distance was five paperbacks; from San



"I think they're talking to each other."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST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Francisco to Honolulu four paperbacks, and so on.

These test experiences moved Thaler later on to propose to Adm. Arleigh A. Burke, Chief of Naval Operations, the formation of what came to be known, awkwardly, as the Navy's Special Weapons Effect Test Planning Group. Burke replied in effect: "Fine idea. You get it organized and act as the chairman." Thaler is still chairman, and this side job, with its frequent intramural conferences, is only one of the many ancillary chores his willingness and sense of urgency have brought upon him.

"The importance of this group's work," Thaler explains, "is that a nuclear weapon, or any other weapon, is no better than your knowledge of how to use it to perfection. You want to minimize the danger to your own men and maximize the damage you can do to the enemy. That's a bald statement of it, but it gives the general idea.

"It is very complicated and time-consuming stuff requiring bold theorizing, intricate planning, much laboratory work and a hundred other things, the most important of which is field testing. As you know, we haven't been allowed to detonate a nuclear device of any kind since October 31, 1958, the date earlier chosen by the three big powers to ban such detonations on a voluntary trial basis. That moratorium, which is still unbreached by the three nations, is rather frustrating to the people who are trying to improve our nuclear defenses, and I personally think it's a lot of dangerous nonsense."

Dangerous or not, it gave Thaler a bad time just before it was scheduled to go into effect. The trouble began in March with a flap in the Pentagon caused by a self-taught physicist named Nicholas C. Christofilos. He had submitted a theoretical treatment purporting to prove that the earth's magnetic field is capable of trapping and retaining electrons shot into it in great numbers and at high speed.

The underlying idea was not new. Small-scale magnetic fields set up in laboratories had often acted that way, but in Thaler's words, "That doesn't mean that just any old magnetic field will; it doesn't pay to place too much reliance upon laboratory findings." But Christofilos had, in the jargon of science, extrapolated from the laboratory findings with so much originality that the odds against a successful field test had dropped sharply. It was agreed by high-level technical people in the Pentagon that a field test involving the use of low-kiloton atomic bombs should be made before the October thirty-first deadline. But for two months they wrangled over procedure and methods of delivery and then turned the operation over to Thaler, who had suggested delivering the bombs by missiles launched from shipboard. The deadline now was only five months away.

"That was typical of Pentagon thinking," Thaler says acidly. "When confronted with something that needs doing, they say, 'Let's wait and see.' They won't risk failure until forced to. Then they beget a crash program."

Thus was conceived Project Argus, a prodigy of forced growth and certainly, in its fruition, the most spectacular scientific experiment ever conducted. During the next few months Thaler, who functions best with from eight to ten hours of sleep a day, caught scarcely a wink for periods of forty-eight hours. His staff, which was greatly augmented for the occasion, worked the same killing hours.

There wasn't enough time to design and make the ideal kind of missile for the shoots. Thaler scrounged some X-17 missiles used by the Army and Air Force for re-entry experiments. The X-17's war head was too small for an A-bomb payload; Thaler designed a bigger one. An old seaplane tender, the *Norton Sound*, was converted into a launching ship. As the missiles were to take off vertically, it became necessary to counteract the pitching and rolling of the *Norton Sound*. Thaler somehow solved this problem; his method is still secret.

A task force of undisclosed size was to accompany the launching ship. The crews had to be educated in their specialized support duties. The *Norton Sound*'s crew had to be trained in the arts of missile firing and day-to-day living with a load of A-bombs. For purposes of secrecy, the times of departure from their various ports and their points of rendezvous with the launching ship had to be co-ordinated. In all of this the Army, the Air Force and many Government agencies co-operated fully. The main sweat, though, was Thaler's. Just before the *Norton Sound* shoved off he rebriefed her skipper, who was the task-force commander.

Late in August and early in September (1958), deep in the South Atlantic, three loaded missiles—each on a different day—blasted off from the *Norton Sound*. When detonated at altitudes of more than 300 miles they caused auroral flushes in both hemispheres. Everything ticked off according to plan. Argus had made its deadline with weeks to spare. Its benefits were military and are still kept under wraps.

Ordinarily Thaler goes along to supervise field tests, but this time he stayed ashore. He wanted to resume an acquaintance with a hussy of a new idea that he'd had to set aside during the flap over Argus. The new idea's debut was a masterpiece of accident and improbability acted upon by creative imagination.

At his desk one day in 1957 Thaler was leafing through a dog-eared British scientific bulletin that was out of date by three or four years. It had come to him by way of the intramural mail from a colleague in another O.N.R. branch, who had marked an article which he thought might interest Thaler.

Actually the marked article didn't interest Thaler at all, and today he can't even remember what it was about. But another article, illustrated with schematic drawings, did interest him. It told of a new kind of radar enticingly described as "ionospheric back-scatter radar." Conventional radar sent its beam in a straight line and could not "see" beyond the horizon. The new radar could. It angled a high-frequency radio beam at the ionosphere, a layer or series of layers of ionized particles lying high above the earth. The ionosphere deflected the beam back to the earth; and, bouncing obliquely between ionosphere and earth, the beam made its way around the globe. Each time it struck the earth it sent a signal back to the transmitter along the path which it had already traveled. This was the back-scatter effect, and Thaler pounced upon it. Because the back-scattered signal was very weak and difficult to interpret, Thaler knew that he was embarking upon a highly marginal experiment. Much later on specialists in back-scatter research told him that if he had known how marginal it actually was he probably wouldn't have bothered to go ahead with it.

But Thaler is a hard man with a hunch, and his hunch in this instance was especially strong. It was already known that a side effect of a nuclear explosion was a considerable output of ionized gases. It was also known that ionized gases were produced by the launching of a rocket and by its hot exhaust as it was climbing. Thaler's hunch was that a high-frequency radio beam, on meeting up with these gases, would scatter back deviations from its saw-tooth pattern and that the deviations would show up on monitoring oscilloscopes as irregular joggles. If the joggles could be interpreted, the value of this detection system in terms of national defense would be substantial.

In putting his hunch to its first tests Thaler worked speedily but with frugality. During his doctoral studies at Catholic University he had learned to make things do. As many other universities had done after World War II, this one had acquired an enormous amount of war-surplus scientific equipment. By patiently digging around in the uncatalogued warehouse stacks, a student might find exactly what he needed for a laboratory experiment. More often he found something which with minor alterations could be made to serve.

For his first back-scatter experiments—which came to be known as Project Tepee, the latter word being a phonetic rendition of the initials of "Thaler's project"—he borrowed a high-frequency radio transmitter from another Navy scientist and picked up other items from various sources. Beamed at the spot in Nevada where the Atomic Energy Commission was making atomic-bomb tests, the back-scattered joggles registered on the oscilloscopes only feebly, but strongly enough to encourage Thaler to keep on going.

During the next few months, using equipment that became more and more sophisticated, Tepee steadily improved. On November 8, 1957, an installation in Maryland did a good job of detecting a Polaris missile fired from Cape Canaveral. That convinced Thaler's superiors, who up to then had been skeptical, of Tepee's practicability, and they allotted him $400,000 to pursue the work in 1958. As Tepee continued its improvement, its operators became more expert in distinguishing between rocket exhausts on the one hand and lightning, meteors and northern lights on the other. As a triumphal fillip, Tepee, from 7000 miles away, got fixes on the three A-bombs exploded by Project Argus over the South Atlantic and tracked the upward flights perfectly. And that is why Thaler didn't go to sea with Argus; the more interesting of the two babes was on the home grounds.

Tepee's status is still experimental, officially, but should be added before long to the United States' other early-warning systems. It has one important advantage over the others; it costs relatively little to manufacture.

Thaler comes of a family of German ancestry, which has been rooted in Baltimore since before the Civil War. His great-grandfather (*Continued on Page 92*)

NEXT WEEK

THE INSIDE STORY OF
THE MAYO CLINIC
By Victor Cohn

In Color:
AN AMATEUR CLIMBER TELLS ABOUT
THE MOUNTAIN THAT NEARLY KILLED ME
By John S. Day

WE CALL THE PENALTIES
By the veteran football official
Jim Henry

THE PERRY COMO FORMULA
HE TELLS HOW HIS SUCCESSFUL TV SHOW IS PUT TOGETHER
By Pete Martin

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:
HOW LIFE BEGAN
By Earl A. Evans Jr.

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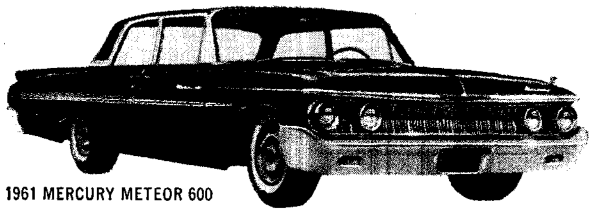
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1961 MERCURY
the better low-price cars

(Continued from Page 90)

founded a stove-and-furnace firm which is now in its hundredth year. It has never been out of the family's hands. In the generation of Thaler's father a wave of celibacy almost ended the family line. All of the elder Thaler's three brothers studied for the priesthood in the Redemptorist order. Two made it. The third died of drowning while still a seminarian. None of the elder Thaler's sisters, of whom there were five, ever married.

The threat of genetic extinction began to fade when the only noncleric of the Thaler brothers, while attending a parish festival, met a girl named Catherine Russanowska. Miss Russanowska, born in Baltimore of parents who had emigrated from Poland, was a cute number, indeed. They were married, and in due course Mrs. Thaler presented her husband with five children, all of them boys. Bill is the youngest, by a margin of one hour; he is a fraternal twin of Joseph Thaler who, currently, is the backbone of the family business.

Of the three older brothers George is a professor of electrical engineering at the Naval Postgraduate School in Monterey, California; Thomas is a linguist for the National Security Agency and Lawrence a chemist at Oak Ridge National Laboratory. All, except George, who went to Johns Hopkins, hold undergraduate degrees from Loyola College, a Jesuit liberal-arts institution in Baltimore. As there are now twelve grandchildren and more are in the offing, genetic extinction of the Thaler line seems to have been averted for the time being.

The Thaler youngsters grew up in an atmosphere that combined warmth and discipline. There was plenty of affection for all, but the parents always knew where the children were and saw to it that they got home at a specified time. They found most of their recreation on the tennis courts of a nearby park. When Bill was thirteen he won the Middle Atlantic boys' championship. Later on he five times won the Maryland State Doubles Championship, with various partners.

Bill was the only born left-hander in the family and, as usual in such cases, he was pressured to change over. He gave in to the extent of developing a powerful backhand stroke in which he gripped the racket with both hands. Today his physical movements have the awkward grace of the born left-hander. Actually he is almost fully ambidextrous, and he finds this quite useful in doing laboratory experiments in which two manual operations have to be carried out simultaneously. On a laboratory bench crowded with equipment a right-hander often knocks something over with his left hand, and vice versa.

Among those who knew Bill Thaler when he was growing up there was never any doubt that he was destined for distinction. With this sentiment young Thaler found himself in full agreement, though he was too well-mannered to say so. Plainly his brow had been brushed by a sprig of laurel as he lay in his cradle. He had brilliance of intellect, a steely spirit of determination and an unearthly confidence in himself. To his family's friends and neighbors the field of work he chose didn't matter. To Thaler it did, and for perhaps the only time it would ever happen to him he wavered in making a decision. It took him a year.

Thaler's lovely plight was that he was the kind of scholastic phenomenon that comes under a dedicated teacher's influence once or twice in a lifetime, and sometimes not at all. To a teacher who is devoted to the welfare of his own instructional specialty, such a phenomenon is a challenge and, consciously or unconsciously, he tries to swing the student into his own orbit.

Two of Thaler's teachers, who scarcely knew of each other's existence, nevertheless contested for him, one a priest, the other a layman. The layman had the first try. He was Victor J. Lugowski, then instructor in ancient Greek at Loyola High School. Lugowski was an inspired performer in the classroom and he drove his students hard. He had a knack in his lectures of spanning the centuries and bringing the Greeks back to life, and he missed no opportunity to demonstrate that their culture was the taproot of western civilization.

Lugowski never sat. He paced back and forth, hands clasped behind him, and this seemed to give his sessions a quality of high drama. When recitations were going on, Lugowski's textbook lay closed on his desk. He corrected his students' translations from memory.

"He seemed to know Homer and Xenophon by heart," Thaler says of him. "He could trip you up even on the punctuation marks. An absolutely fantastic scholar. We used to call him The Maestro."

Young Thaler was deeply moved by Lugowski's revival of the glory that was Greece. Unable to get his fill of it, he took to dropping in at Lugowski's office after classes and chatting for an hour or so. On graduating in 1943, Thaler moved on to Loyola College. He now had behind him three years of Greek and four of Latin, and he intended to follow in the resolute steps of Lugowski and become a classicist.

But in his freshman year he encountered another inspired teacher in the person of the late Rev. John P. Delaney, S.J., professor of physics. Being a Jesuit, Father Delaney respected the classical languages, but was an enthusiast for the glories of science, particularly his own branch of it. Thaler, who had had no prep-school physics, found Father Delaney's freshman class an exciting eye opener, and he sat at his feet in the late afternoons as he had sat before Lugowski.

The result of all this was that Thaler was in a quandary when in 1944 he was inducted into an ambitious Army Air Forces project known as a cadet training program. The interruption of his formal education, or so he thought at the time, would give him a chance to reflect upon his civilian future—assuming that he came back from the war in one piece.

His introduction to the military life was rough. Eighteen of his teeth had fillings, and the authorities running the physical examinations decreed that the materials used by the family dentist would have to go. As Thaler remembers the reason, it was either that his fillings would tend to shrink and come loose at high altitudes or that they would expand so much that the teeth would crack. Anyway, they removed the offending eighteen fillings one morning and refilled the cavities that afternoon with an approved material.

The rest of Thaler's military career was a stew of boredom and snafu. Because of poor planning, or none at all, his cadet detachment became a kind of lost battalion. For weeks it was shunted around the South in shabby day coaches with cane seats. Finally in Arkansas the cadets were permitted to land, by one of the many commandants who had not been tipped off of their impending arrival. He restricted them to the base for a month, though, with nothing to do but eat, sleep and sit around moping.

Thaler's recollections of his life in the armed forces, except for the initial rape of his fillings, are today a cloudy montage, but he thinks it was in the depth of Arkansas that he reached a decision about his life work. The present, with its desultory enforced loafing, was too ignominious to contemplate, so between yawns he had plenty of time to meditate upon the glorious past as preached by Lugowski and the glorious scientific future as preached by Father Delaney. He had a passion for exactness, and Latin and classical Greek had exactness. The physical sciences had exactness, too, and they also promised the adventure of seeking keys to great questions about the universe. Reluctantly turning his back on the Periclean and Augustan ages, Thaler opted for the future.

His last post was a base in Ohio, where his duties consisted mainly of handing tools to mechanics at work in the bowels of heavy bombers. The war ended not many months later, and Thaler got out in time for resumption of his studies at Loyola College. Shouldering an accelerated course, ex-cadet Thaler majored in physics and took, among his other studies, heavy doses of advanced mathematics. He seemed tireless. He was active in sports—track, basketball and tennis—and was a leader in the glee club, in the chemistry and mathematics clubs and in the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. On graduation in 1947 he was awarded gold medals for excellence in philosophy and theology. From there he went on to begin his doctoral studies at Catholic University.

"Needs a little more turpentine."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Among the many persons to be sharply impressed with Thaler's aplomb was a San Francisco girl named Barbara Jarnagin, a graduate student in Catholic University's speech-and-drama department. Up to that point in her life Miss Jarnagin's dreams for herself had been built around the theater. She had vivacity, a pleasing soprano voice, some acting talent and lots of ambition. Her roommate worked as a part-time secretary in the ultrasonics laboratory of the late Dr. J. C Hubbard, to whom Thaler was research assistant. Through the roommate Miss Jarnagin met Thaler, and from that moment on it was a sure thing. After three or four months Thaler broached the subject of marriage in this fashion: "We're both eligible for it. We both want it. This is not a proposal officially, but it will become official when you say the word—if you do." After a suitable interval of feigned indecision, she made it official; and in June, 1951, they were married, with one of the bridegroom's Redemptorist uncles officiating.

The marriage has proved to be a happy balance of opposite temperaments. Thaler, an inveterate pipe smoker, is affably unruffled at all times, even when the baby awakens in the middle of the night and he has to walk him back to sleep.

His work schedule permitting, Thaler devotes his Sundays to the three older children. He attends the children's Mass with them and in the afternoon takes them to the Washington zoo or a ball game or a movie. Mrs. Thaler, after a lapse of almost a decade, has resumed singing instructions with a private coach and she sings in the parish choir. In addition, she is taking a course in ballet dancing.

Both of the Thalers are fond of reading poetry aloud or reciting it to each other. Thaler's favorites are Rupert Brooke and Omar Khayyám. "They were real rebels," he says of them admiringly, possibly having in mind his own battles with some echelons of the Pentagon.

Thaler's pet long-range enthusiasm is space travel on a big scale which, he is confident, will someday—though probably not in his lifetime—become a reality, despite bureaucracy and even more dreadful obstacles. As he envisions it, large space ships capable of carrying whole communities will be assembled on the moon from prefabricated parts hoisted from the earth. Each ship will be completely enclosed and have its own atmosphere, its own renewable food supplies, its own school and recreation facilities—everything, in fact, that the earthling needs for survival and entertainment. When it shoves off from the moon it will be timed for a cruise of many centuries, with reproduction and death going on just as they do on earth.

He is confident that thousands of people would sign up for such cruises in behalf of themselves and their heirs and assigns. Thaler could, of course, be right; though to some thinkers it all sounds like spending one's life in a self-sufficient, intergalactic Y.M.C.A., under house arrest. Perhaps the second generation might feel better about it. THE END

A Visit With Robert Frost

(Continued from Page 27)

At eighty-six he is neither radical nor conservative. He is simply Robert Frost, one man unique in his time and in ours.

Come with me then for a visit on a cool, pleasant afternoon when Vermont summer is changing into fall. The route, up from the south, leads past mountains and farmland almost into Middlebury, the college town. Then you turn off the main highway into a side road that runs through the village of Ripton and, for a time, follows the course of a swift-running stream. A few miles beyond Ripton, approaching a spine of the Green Mountains, you turn down a dirt road, and when the dirt road stops, you get out of the car and walk up to the brow of a hill. There, in an unpretentious house of weathered timber, Frost lives by himself.

Two old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Morrison, live in a large farmhouse at the bottom of the hill. Morrison is a novelist and a member of the English faculty at Harvard. Mrs. Morrison is unofficial secretary to Frost, handling his correspondence, screening visitors to provide the privacy he needs, helping the poet with such mundane matters as income-tax returns. The Ripton farm is Frost's home from May until October. During the winter he lives by himself at Cambridge, Massachusetts, when he is not traveling to recite and talk about poetry.

"Are you going to use a tape recorder?" Mrs. Morrison asked in the farmhouse. She is a sprightly, cultured lady who has been close to, and perhaps suffered, writers for most of her life.

"No, I thought I'd set up my typewriter and just type as he talks."

"Good," Mrs. Morrison said. "He's had a lot to do with tape recorders, and he doesn't like them very much. He feels they make one watch every word, make every word permanent, whether it's really meant to be permanent or not. Come. Let's start up the hill."

Entering Frost's home, one walks into a small, screened porch. The porch leads to a rectangular living room, with a stone fireplace on one long wall and a window, opening onto the countryside, opposite. Above the hearth, two red roses sat in tiny vases. "We're here," Mrs. Morrison called.

Frost emerged from the bedroom, walking very straight, and shook hands firmly. He was wearing blue slacks, a gray sweater and a white shirt, open at the throat. He is not a tall man, perhaps five feet seven, but his body is strong and solid as one might expect in a man who has spent years behind a plow. His hair, once red, is white and luxuriant. His face, with its broad nose and resolute chin, is marked by time, but firm. It is a memorable face, mixing as it does strength and sensitivity.

"No tape recorder," Mrs. Morrison said.

"Good," Frost said. "Very good."

Mrs. Morrison helped set up my typewriter on a table she uses when taking dictation and excused herself. The poet walked to one of two large chairs in the room and motioned for me to sit in the other. "You're a journalist?" Frost asked.

"Yes, mostly. I write a few other things too."

"Nearly everybody has two lives," Frost said, smiling. "Poets, sculptors. Nearly everybody has to lead two lives at the least."

"What life have you been leading recently?" I asked. "What have you been doing?"

"I never am doing anything, really," Frost said, "and I can't talk about my plans until I see how the plans work out. If I were writing a novel or an epic, I could tell you what I've been doing, but I don't write novels or epics."

Frost cannot be sure whether a poem he is trying will find its way into his wastebasket or into an anthology of great verse. He prefers to keep his counsel till he knows, but he is still writing, still an active poet.

"I don't have any routine," Frost said. "I don't have any hours. I don't have any desk. I don't have any letter business with people, except I dictate one once in a while. Lectures? Lecture is the wrong word. I'm going to about twenty or twenty-five places from here to California, but lecture is the wrong word. I talk, and then I read. I never wrote out a lecture in my life. I never wrote a review, never a word of criticism. I've possibly written a dozen essays, but no more. You couldn't call mine a literary life." Frost chuckled and gestured at the typewriter. "You use that thing pretty well," he said.

"Thanks," I said.

"Never learned to type, myself," Frost said a little archly.

"The world," I said. "Khrushchev and Castro—what do you think about what the world's been doing lately?"

"I wonder," Frost said, "if God hasn't looked down and turned away and said, 'Boys, this isn't for me. You go ahead and fight it out with knives and bombs.'"

Frost runs a conversation as a good pitcher runs a baseball game, never giving you quite what you expect. There are semihumorous answers to serious questions and serious answers to semihumorous questions. Frost is a master of the conversational change of pace.

"The world," he said, earnest now, "is being offered a choice between two kinds of democracy. Ours is a very ancient political growth, beginning at one end of the Mediterranean Sea and coming westward, tried in Athens, tried in Italy, tried in England, tried in France, coming westward all the way to us. A very long growth, a growth through trial and error, but always with the idea that there is some sort of wisdom in the mob. Put a marker where the growth begins, at the eastern end of the Mediterranean, and there's never been a glimmer of democracy south of there. Over east, in Asia, there have been interesting ideas, but none bothered by the wisdom of the mob.

"Our democracy is like our bill of fare. That came westward, too, with wheat and so on, adding foods by trial and error and luck. I think, when corn comes in good and fresh, what would I have done if Columbus hadn't discovered America?" Again the poet had thrown a change of pace.

"What is this Russian democracy?" Frost said. "Ours, I say, is like our bill of fare, kills a few people every year probably, but most of us live with it. The Russian democracy is like a doctor's prescription or a food fad. That's all there is to that. That finished them off." Frost laughed.

"I have pretty strong confidence that our kind of democracy is better than a trumped-up kind," he said. "I'm pretty sure we're going to win. I'm on our side, anyway."

After Boris Pasternak, the late Russian poet and novelist, won the Nobel prize for *Dr. Zhivago*, a book reflecting disillusion with the Soviet system, but was prevented by commissars from accepting the prize, Frost was asked to issue a personal protest. "I couldn't do that," he said. "I understood what it was he wanted. He

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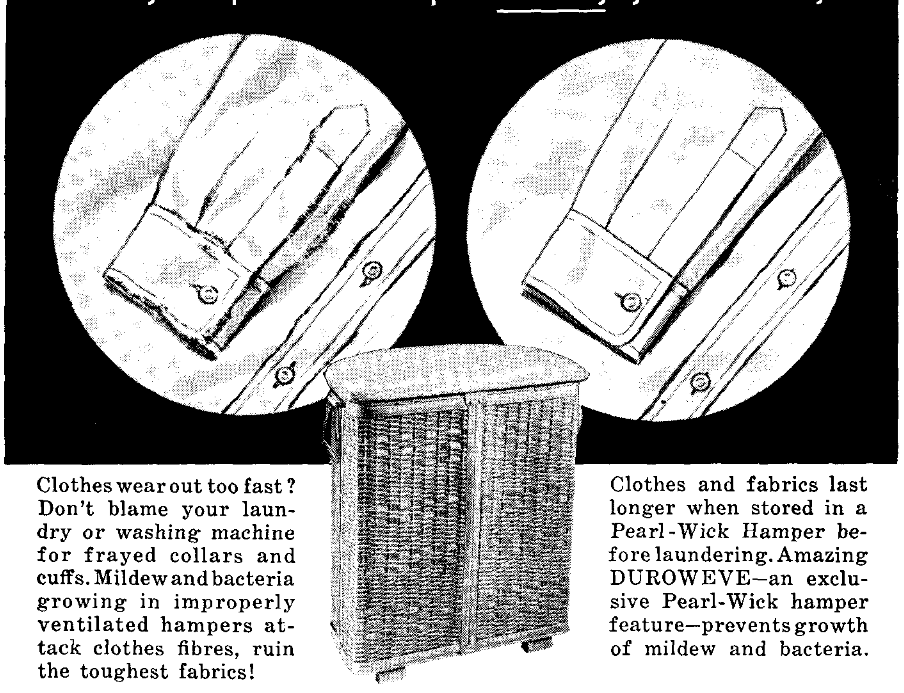

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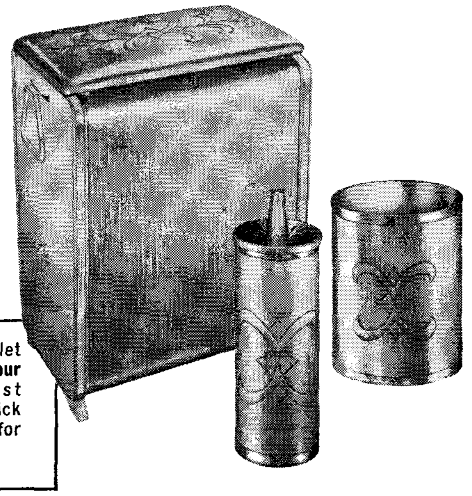

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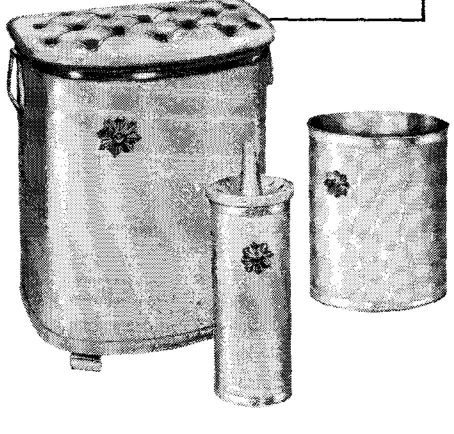

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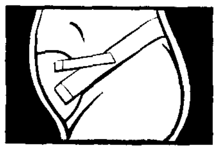

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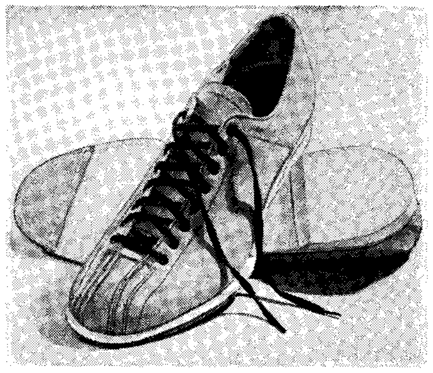

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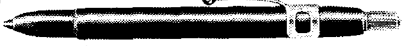

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wanted to be left alone. He could have gotten out and gotten the (Nobel prize) money, but he didn't want to. He had done what he wanted. He'd made his criticism. He lived in a little artist's colony outside of Moscow, and that was where he wanted to live and be left alone, and I had to respect that. I'm a nationalist myself."

Frost paused then to ask a question. "Have you noticed," he said, "that every bill up before Congress lately, bills on horses, men, everything, winds up: 'This would tend to promote international peace'?"

It was a short hop from Pasternak and Khrushchev to Castro. "I'd be in favor of leaving Castro alone for a time," Frost said, "and seeing if he can make it. We've gone past the time when we can fight to protect foreign investments. You know what I'd do? I'm protected up to $10,000 on what I put in the savings bank. We could protect anyone who wants to invest in foreign countries up to half a million. A sort of insurance. Then we beg these investors to behave themselves. Try to make friends. Explain to Castro, 'I want to help you help me and your people make money.' If that doesn't work, pack up, come home, prove your failure and collect your insurance."

The idea delighted Frost. "I'm going to propose that," he said, "the next time I'm in Congress. The general policy of the past—backing foreign investments—is over. Protect them with insurance, but not with army, navy and diplomacy. That doesn't work any more.

"Belgium was the most selfish of all nations. They're getting their reward for that now. England was a little loftier. The English brought nice Indian boys back to Oxford to see what freedom was. Castro is a puzzle to me, but he ought to see that we are a well-meaning nation. He needn't blackguard us all the time."

Frost placed one hand before his eyes, and when he spoke again his voice was very soft. "Unfinished business," he said. "I'm very much in favor of unfinished business. Some of them aren't, but every single heading in the newspaper represents a whole lot of things that have got to stay unfinished, that can't be finished. Us and Russia, that might take a couple of hundred years before it's finished. That's one of the hard things about dying, wondering how the unfinished business will come out.

"Oh, you could go crazy with too much unfinished business. You'd feel unfulfilled. You make a finished article out of this, and I make a finished poem. But take anyone's career. That has got to be suspended and thought a great deal, and you're not saying much about it till you see how it comes out. You suspend judgment and go to bed."

Outside, beyond the window, a lawn stretched down the hill. To the far right lay a brown field, newly turned by the plow. Beyond the valley, mountains rose, deep green. "Three things have followed me," Frost said. "Writing, teaching a little and farming. I lived by farming for ten years. I get a queer unhappiness when I don't have a little land to farm. Writing, teaching and farming. The three strands of my life."

"About writing," I said.

"A boy called on me the other day and said, 'I'm a poet,'" Frost went on. "I said, 'That's a praise word. I'd wait until somebody else called me that.'" Frost laughed a little now. It had been a long and lonely time before many people called Robert Frost a poet.

"I started life by the ocean," Frost said. "San Francisco. My father was a newspaperman there. He went to Harvard, finished first in his class, but he never talked much about that. Once he got West he put the East behind him, never mentioned it, died young. My mother was born in Scotland, raised in Ohio."

"Did you grow up amid books?" I asked.

"Didn't you? Didn't you?" Frost said, his voice almost a chant. "Oh, I never got the library habit much. I have an interest in books, but you couldn't call me a terribly bookish man."

There are two bookcases in Frost's living room, and on the window seat between our chairs, books rested in three small stacks. They were his recent reading and ranged from Latin poetry to a work about contemporary architecture. But the room was not overrun with books. The average publishing-house editor lives among more books than does Robert Frost.

"We came to Southern New Hampshire after my father died," Frost said. "I escaped school until I was twelve. I'd try it for a week, and then the doctor would take me out. They never knew what the matter was, but I seemed to be ailing. I got so I never wanted to see school. The first time I liked it was in New Hampshire. I liked the noon hour and the recess. I didn't want to miss what went on then, and so I became interested in the rest of it, the studies.

"It was a little country school. There was no grading. I could go as fast as I wanted, and I made up the whole eight years in a year and a half without realizing I was doing it. Then they sent me down to Lawrence (Massachusetts) to live with my grandfather and go to the high school where my father had gone. It was just the luck of that year in the country, that country school. Otherwise, I might not have made it.

"In high school I had only Greek, Latin and mathematics. I began to write in my second year, but not for any teacher. There were no English teachers. We had an active school magazine that the teachers had nothing to do with. I must have been reading Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, because my first poem was a ballad about the night the Indians fought Cortez. People say, 'You were interested in Indians the way children are interested in cops and robbers.' But it wasn't that way at all. I was interested in Indians because of the wrongs done to them. I was wishing the Indians would win all the battles.

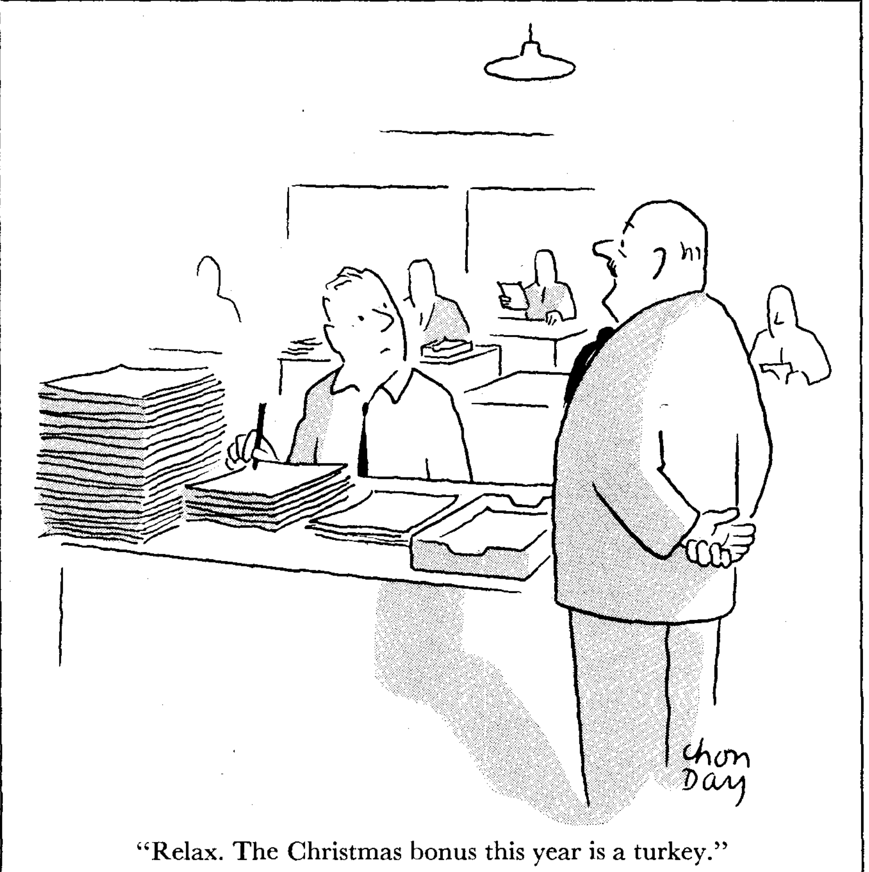
"The magazine would surprise you if you saw it. We did it for pleasure. When they do it nowadays they have teachers, and that spoils the whole thing. They say 'I can't finish this, teacher, help me.' That spoils it. We had poems, stories, editorials, and we did it all ourselves. I edited the magazine the last year, and I had eighteen assistant editors. One day I got mad at them. They weren't giving me enough material. I got sore and went down to the printing room, and in a day or two I wrote the whole damn thing. I wrote it all. I even made up a story about the debating union and wrote the whole debate. I wrote it all, the whole thing, then I resigned." Frost smiled at me as he remembered something he had done seventy years ago of which he is still proud.

"Dartmouth is my chief college," he said, "the first one I ran away from. I ran from Harvard later, but Dartmouth first. In a little library at Dartmouth I saw a magazine, and on the front page there was a poem. There was an editorial inside about the poem, so evidently that magazine was in favor of poetry. I sent them a poem, *My Butterfly*. It's in the big collection. They bought it so easily I thought I could make a living this way, but I didn't keep selling 'em as fast as that. The magazine was called the New York *Independent*, and after they bought the poem they asked that when I sent them more, would I please spell the name of the magazine correctly. I'd made a mistake, but they bought my poem."

Although Frost was a straight-*A* student, he did not linger long at Dartmouth or Harvard and, of course, never received a degree. He has since been awarded two honorary degrees by Dartmouth and one by Harvard.

"When I told Grandfather Frost I wanted to be a poet, he wasn't pleased," Frost said. "He was an old-line Democrat, the devil take the hindmost, and here I was, making good grades, and wanting, he thought, to waste my life. 'I give you one year to make it, Rob,' he said.

(*Continued on Page 97*)



"Relax. The Christmas bonus this year is a turkey."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Carthage-Watertown, New York	WCNY-TV	7
Cedar Rapids-Waterloo, Iowa	KCRG-TV	9
Charleston, W. Va.	WCHS-TV	8
Chicago, Ill.	WGN-TV	9
Cincinnati, Ohio	WLW-T	5
Clovis, N. M.	KVER-TV	12
Colorado Springs-Pueblo, Colorado	KKTV	11
Columbus, Ga.	WRBL-TV	4
Columbus, Ohio	WLW-C	4
Corpus Christi, Tex.	KRIS-TV	6
Dayton, Ohio	WHIO	7
Denver, Colo.	KLZ-TV	7
Detroit, Mich.	WJBK-TV	2
El Paso, Tex.	KTSM-TV	9
Ensign, Kan.	KTVC	6
Eugene, Ore.	KVAL-TV	13
Evansville, Ind.	WFIE-TV	14
Fairbanks, Alaska	KTVF	11
Fargo, N. D.	WDAY-TV	6
Ft. Wayne, Ind.	WKJG-TV	33
Fresno, Cal.	KFRE-TV	12
Great Falls, Mont.	KFBB-TV	5
Indianapolis, Ind.	WISH-TV	8
Klamath Falls, Ore.	KOTI-TV	2
Lexington, Ky.	WLEX-TV	18
Little Rock, Ark.	KTHV	11
Los Angeles, Cal.	KRCA-TV	4
Louisville, Ky.	WAVE-TV	3
Lubbock, Tex.	KCBD-TV	11
Medford, Ore.	KBES-TV	5
Milwaukee, Wisc.	WTMJ-TV	4
Mobile, Ala.	WALA-TV	10
Nashville, Tenn.	WLAC-TV	10
New Haven-Hartford, Connecticut	WNHC-TV	8
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New York City, N.Y.	WABC-TV	7
Odessa-Midland, Tex.	KOSA-TV	7
Orlando, Fla.	WLOF-TV	9
Philadelphia, Pa.	WFIL-TV	6
Phoenix, Ariz.	KPHO-TV	5
Pittsburgh, Pa.	WIIC-TV	11
Portland, Me.	WGAN-TV	13
Portland, Ore.	KGW-TV	8
Presque Isle, Me.	WAGM-TV	8
Rochester, N. Y.	WROC-TV	5
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Roswell, N. M.	KSWS-TV	8
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San Angelo, Tex.	KCTV	8
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Seattle, Wash.	KING-TV	5
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for your enjoyment

All across America a new television series is being praised in its long-awaited debut. It stars the "best" known names of Broadway and Hollywood in the "best" stories to appear in The Saturday Evening Post. The Editors, themselves, selected these works by Stephen Vincent Benet, James Warner Bellah, MacKinlay Kantor, Conrad Richter, Kay Boyle and many, many others for "BEST OF THE POST," the series that Daily Variety says is *"destined to be one of the highlights of the season."*

"BEST OF THE POST"

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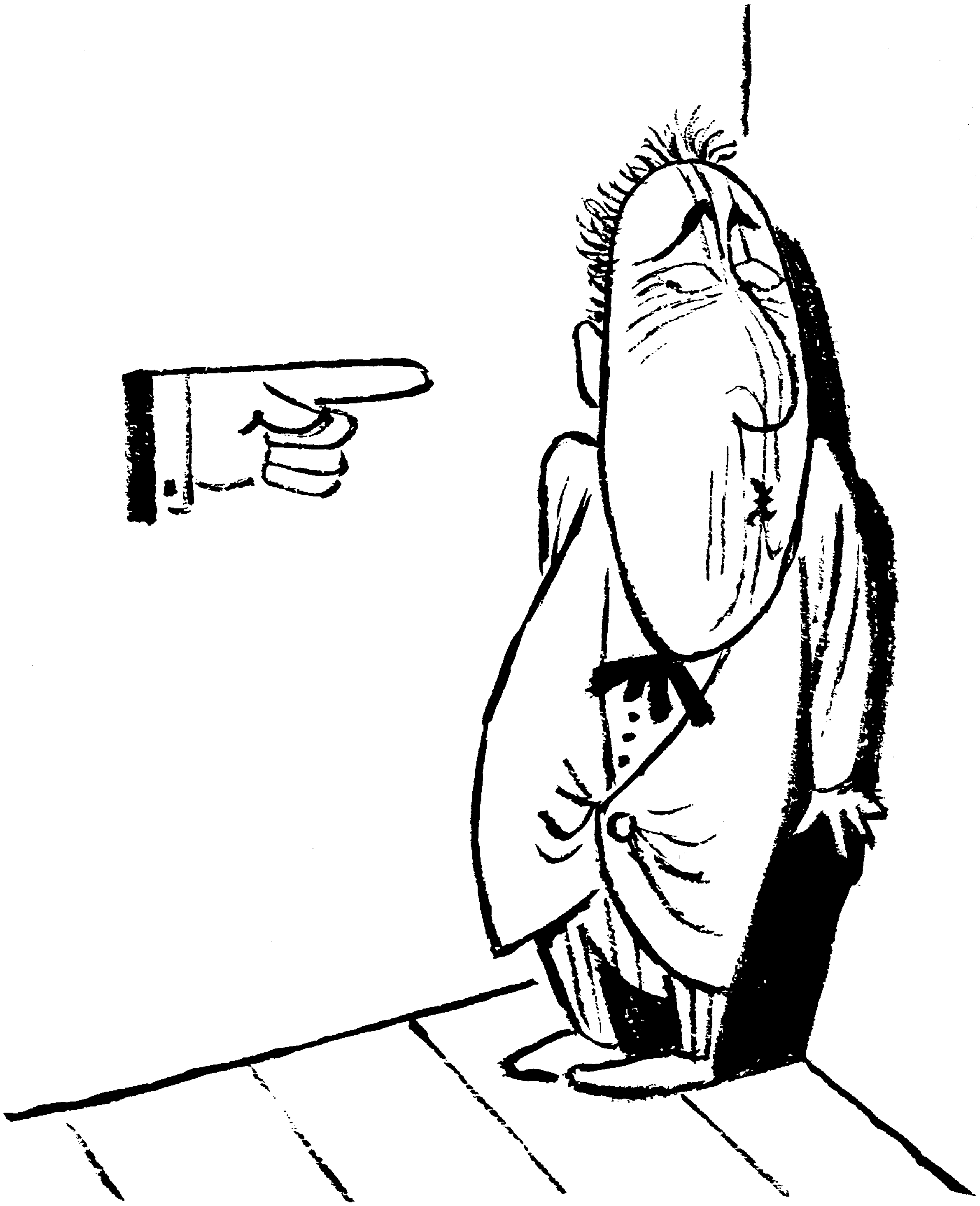

When you feel as if you're cornered, have a cup of tea; most cheerful stuff in the world. Try drinking tea with your evening meal for a week; see if the world doesn't look a little brighter. Tea psyches you up.

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TEA
AND SEE

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TEA COUNCIL OF THE U.S.A., INC., A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION

(*Continued from Page 94*) "I put on an auctioneer's voice. 'I'm offered one, give me twenty, give me twenty, give me twenty,' I said. My grandfather never brought up poetry again."

Frost married Elinor White, his co-valedictorian at Lawrence High, in 1895, and set about rearing a family and dividing his life among poetry, teaching and farming. "I had to find other means than poems," he said. "They didn't sell fast enough, and I didn't send my poems out much. Oh, I wanted them to want my poems. Some say, 'Do you write for yourself entirely?' 'You mean into the waste basket?' I say. But I had pride there. I hated rejection slips. I had to be very careful of my pride. Love me little, love me long. Did you hear that? Were you brought up on that? Love me little, love me long." Frost smiled. "But not too little," he said.

He placed a hand before his eyes again. "One of the most sociable virtues or vices is that you don't want to feel queer. You don't want to be too much like the others, but you don't want to be clear out in nowhere. 'She mocked 'em and she shocked 'em and she said she didn't care.' You like to mock 'em and to shock 'em, but you really do care.

"You are always with your sorrows and your cares. What's a poem for if not to share them with others. But I don't like poems that are too crudely personal. The boy writes that the girl has jilted him, and I know who the boy is and who the girl is and I don't want to know. Where can you be personal and not in bad taste? In poetry, but you have to be careful. If anybody tries to make you say more—they have to stop where you stop.

"'What does this poem mean?' some ask.

"'It means what it says.'

"'I know what it means to me, but I don't know just what it means to you,' they say.

"'Maybe I don't want you to.'"

Frost was sitting back comfortably, his mind at work. "We have all sorts of ways to hold people," he said. "Hold them and hold them off. Do you know what the sun does with the planets? It holds them and holds them off. The planets don't fall away from the sun, and they don't fall into it. That's one of the marvels. Attraction and repulsion. You have that with poetry, and you have that with friendships."

For a time in his youth, guarding his pride, developing his art, Frost expected to work as a New England farmer for the rest of his life. "But people asked me out to read," he said, "and that kind of checked that. Then, when I was teaching in academies, having a successful time, it would be eating me all up, taking me away from poetry too much. Whenever it got like that, I'd run away.

"I didn't have any foundation to help me, but I had a tiny little bit of money saved up, and I went to England. Not for the literary life. I didn't want that. But we could live cheaper there. The six of us [including his wife and four children] went to England, and we stayed for three years for thirty-six hundred dollars, fare and everything. We lived poor, but we had a little garden, and we got something out of it, and we had some chickens. We lived very much like peasants. I was thirty-six years old or so, and I'd never offered a book. My poems were scattered in magazines, but not much. Then one day I thought I'd show a little bunch of poems. I left them with a small publisher, and three days later I signed the contract. Funny, it had never occurred to me to try a book here. *A Boy's Will*, that was the book."

This is a time when beatniks, masquerading as poets, recite their work at you, pinning you to the ground first, when necessary. Frost, mentioning his first book, which brims with poems that have become classics, offered no recitations. Only when I urged him did he nod. Then, looking at me intently, he spoke this stanza from his poem *Reluctance:*

Ah, when to the heart of man
  Was it ever less than a treason
To go with the drift of things,
  To yield with a grace to reason,
And bow and accept the end
  Of a love or a season?

He speaks his poetry surely, clearly, with perfect command of the cadences. It is poetry written to be heard aloud and, when you hear it in Frost's voice, you feel that somehow it reaches its final measure of beauty in these fine New England tones.

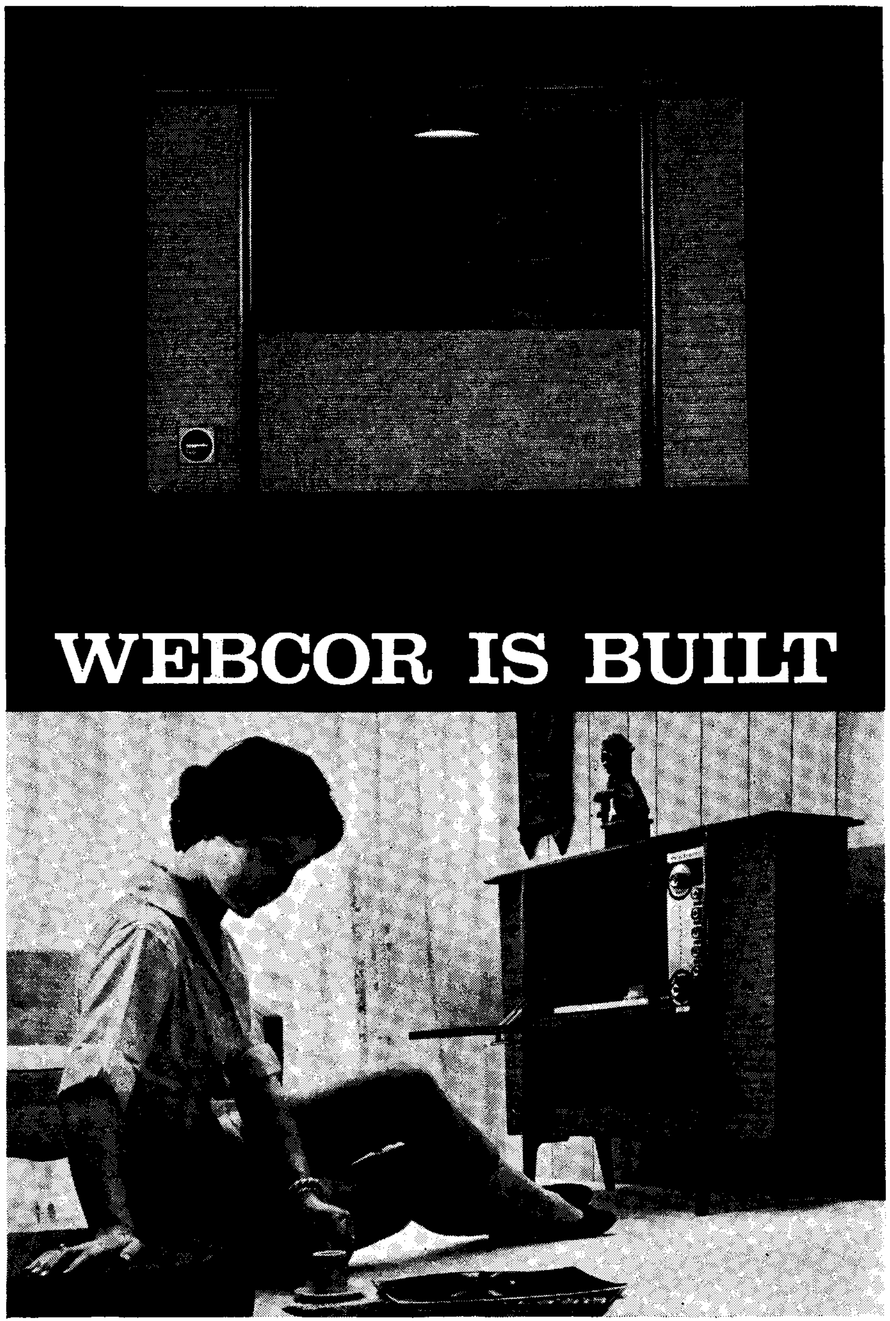
"I once thought I'd like to have my lyrics seen as well as heard," Frost said. "I had some booklets made up and given out to audiences who came to hear me. That lasted two nights. The second night so many wanted me to sign the booklets that the police had to get me away. Now I sign anything of mine that they type out or write out. Without money and without price, you see. There's quite a little of that in me."

After Frost returned from England with his family, he had to go back to farming and teaching. He was forty before he gained much recognition as a poet, and he was nearly fifty before his volume *New Hampshire* won him his first Pulitzer prize. It struck me then, sitting in the little living room, that Frost has gone from complete obscurity to great fame without changing his way of life. The Vermont house is as simple as the houses where he dwelled when there was no choice but to live simply. One difference is that now a sizable portion of the world tries to beat a path through the woods and up to Frost's door.

"You have to be careful about idolizers," Frost said. "Emerson calls an unwanted visitor a devastator of a day. It's a cranky Yankee poem, but I suppose he was pestered all the time by people who wanted to go deeper into him than he could go himself, and, goodness, he was such an artist they should very well have left it where he did. They think, the idolizers, that you've injured them. Whether they injure you or not, the idolizers always think you've injured them.

"How much do you need someone who always thinks you're a hero? How

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



for the slim silhouette in stereo

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much do you need being thought a hero all the time? People say, 'I got over this, I got over that.' They are a lot of fools, the people who say you get over your loves and your heroes. I never do. I don't change very much."

"Has your method of writing changed?"

"If I'm not in shape so I can strike it out, like a good golf stroke or a good stroke of the bat, there's not much I can do," Frost said. "Oh, you get so that some days you can play a beautiful game, but there are always days when you can't. Those days, I can't redo them. They're done. Down the sink.

"What some seem to do is worry a thing into shape and have others worry with them. Not to say I don't have the distress of failure, but the worry way isn't for me. There are the days you can and the days you can't, and both are training toward the future days you can. Do you know the story about how the bear is born?"

I didn't.

"The bear is born shapeless, says the story, and the mother licks it into shape. That's the way it is with some people's writing. But no good piece is worried into shape. A child is unfortunate that needs to be reshaped just after it's born. Is a poet made? A poet might be through all the years of trial and error, but any good poem is not made. It's born complete."

In many of Frost's poems, loneliness is a strong theme. His wife died in 1938, and only two of his five children survive. I wondered how he had come to terms with solitude.

"In the big newspaper office," Frost said, "where everyone sits alongside the other and writes—I couldn't do that. Even reading. I've got to be totally absorbed when I read. Where there are other people reading, too, I don't feel very happy.

"Alone you take all your traits as if you were bringing 'em to market. You bring them from the quiet of the garden. But the garden is not the market place. That's a big trouble to some; how you mix living with people with not living with people; how you mix the garden with the market place.

"I like the quiet here, but I like to have a big audience for my talks, to have a few turned away. I like to feel all that warmth in the room. At Kansas City once they told me, 'You see that hazy look down the end of the hall. That's whiskers. Them's beatniks.' They came and I wish 'em well, but I do like some form in the things that I read."

Suddenly Frost sat up straight. "I'm sorry I can't entertain you," he said. "I'm not set up here for that sort of thing."

He meant drinks, and I asked if he took a drink himself.

"A daiquiri once in a while," he said, "but not much, and not serious. I don't care for those parties where everyone does. They take just a little too much, and they say just a little too much. I've always been shy. I get uncomfortable."

Outside, in the late-afternoon sun, the grass looked bright and fresh. "Used to play softball out past there," Frost said. "I pitched. They don't let me do all the things I want to anymore, but if we had a ball, I'd pitch to you a little, and I'd surprise you." He grinned.

"You like sports?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he said. "You get a certain glory out of being translated, but no, no, it doesn't work. So much is lost. There are other arts that are international. Boxing, and high jumping seven feet two inches. Anyone can understand that. Just think of that boy from Boston (John Thomas) going right up in the air higher than anybody but a basketball player."

Then we were serious again, and I asked about another strong theme in Frost's work, the theme of God. "Don't make me out to be a religious man," Frost said. "Don't make me out to be a man who has all the answers. I don't go around preaching God. I'm not a minister. I'm always pleased when I see people comfortable with these things. There's a rabbi near here, a friend of mine, who preaches in Cincinnati in the winter. He talks at the Methodist Church here sometimes and tells the people in Cincinnati that he's a summer Methodist.

"People have wondered about him at the Methodist Church. One lady was troubled and said to me, 'How do they differ from us?'

"'What you got there on that table?' I said.

"'That's a Bible,' she said.

"I didn't say any more.

"'Oh,' she said. 'Oh, the Old Testament. Why can't you have a Jew in church?' she said, and she understood."

Frost's voice was strong. "There's a good deal of God in everything you do," he said. "It's like climbing up a ladder, and the ladder rests on nothing, and you climb higher and higher and you feel there must be God at the top. It can't be unsupported up there. I'd be afraid, though, of any one religion being the whole thing in one country, because there would probably come a day when they would take me down to the cellar and torture me—just for my own good."

He smiled briefly. "There is more religion outside church than in," Frost said, "more love outside marriage than in, more poetry outside verse than in. Everyone knows there is more love outside the institutions than in, and yet I'm kind of an institutional man."

We turned back to poetry then. "They ask me if I have a favorite," Frost said, "but if a mother has a favorite child, she has to hide it from herself, so I can't tell you if I have a favorite, no."

I mentioned rhythm in poetry, and how children respond to it.

"Yes," Frost said, "because their hearts beat, and they see the waves."

"Is there one basic point to all fine poetry?" I asked.

"The phrase," Frost said slowly, clearly, "and what do I mean by a phrase? A clutch of words that gives you a clutch at the heart."

His own phrases, his own words, were all about me in the little house. Afternoon was fading, and I realized how much we had discussed; and how Frost had ranged from the profound to the simple, as his own life, which seems so simple, has in reality been so profound. I remembered his poems too.

Some summing up seemed in order and, for want of a better term, I intended to say that this visit had brought me into the presence of greatness. "I feel as though ——" I began.

"Now, none of that," Frost said, anticipating. "We've had a fine talk together, haven't we? And we've talked to some purpose. Come now, and I'll walk with you down the hill." He got up from his chair and started down the steep path, pausing to look at the sunset as he went.

Moresby's Goddess

(Continued from Page 37)

did knife somebody. That was a couple of years ago."

"It figures," said Moresby.

She set down her glass, looked at him out of steady brown eyes. "Just why are you all of a sudden so interested in Rocco, Paul?"

He feigned disinterest, shrugged. "Wally was briefing me on the picture and was telling me how the extras aren't too co-operative in the battle scenes."

"Frankly," said Martha, "they stink. The Our Gang Comedy Kids could put on better battle scenes than they do. Boy, is this picture being a headache." She snorted. "It's usually some second-rate star who holds things up—to draw attention to herself. I don't know *what's* the matter around here." She looked into his eyes. "Is that by any chance part of your job here?—along with telling Wally and Jerry what kind of garter belts the Greeks really wore three thousand years ago?"

Moresby grinned. "Well," he said, "yes. You see it's technically all wrong for Greek soldiers to look like lousy fighters."

She laughed again. "They make up for being lousy fighters by being terrific eaters. Boy, you should see the commissary bills for feeding that bunch! They're twice what they would be on location back home. I swear I think Wally's being gypped somehow."

Moresby's eyebrows arched. He put a hand reflectively to his chin. "My gosh!" he murmured. "I never thought of that angle."

He could have kicked himself for not thinking of it. Nick Samos, the liquor man, had practically told him he had to split everything he made with Rocco. If Rocco had muscled in on the food and was doubling the cost of that the way he did the labor —— He did a quick calculation in his head, adding half the cost of feeding three thousand men every day to the labor graft. The figure he arrived at was astronomic. Gradually it began to dawn on him that Rocco and his outfit were not going to take at all kindly to the idea of their beautiful flowing river of dollars being abruptly dammed. He thought, *If I were Rocco I'd fight. I'd fight like hell not to be shoved out of this! Moresby, you'd better watch your step!*

He was silent so long that Martha reached out an elbow and nudged him in the ribs. "Come back, little Sheba!" she said.

He started. "What?"

"Come out of Dreamsville," she said. "I'm still here—being a hospitality committee of one, remember? I can't do my appointed job if you're not here to be hospitable to, can I?"

"Sorry," said Moresby.

She put her hand over his again. "Look, Paul," she said. "Let's knock off worrying about the movies, and you tell me about some of the more repulsive mummies and things you've dug up, huh?"

He grinned. "O.K. There was one time in Egypt that I hit a really repulsive one. I was working for Doctor Traumann. We'd dug up the sarcophagus of one of the more modern, dime-a-dozen pharaohs. We finally got everything all set and lifted the lid, not at all sure we'd find a mummy in it because we knew the tomb had been rifled. We found a mummy all right. As we slid the lid off, very slowly, it began to sit up, raised one arm, wrappings and all, and pointed to the door of the tomb. We ——"

"That's enough!" Martha cried.

"It was ——"

She sprang to her feet, hurried to the doorway.

"Listen," he said, "it was just ——"

"Good *night!*"

She was gone. Moresby began to laugh. "Women!" he said aloud. "Why couldn't she have waited and let me explain it was just Doctor Traumann's wife wrapped up like a mummy to pull a gag on us?"

He laughed again remembering the expression on the old archaeologist's face, remembering how he himself had felt until the mummy began to laugh, and they recognized Mrs. Traumann's voice. He finished his drink and sat quietly for a few minutes. Then he got to his feet and, stepping to the fly that separated the front and back sections of the tent, he peered cautiously around it. The bedroom was empty. There were two comfortable-looking camp cots there. On one of them were the suitcase containing his good clothes and the duffel bag that held his field equipment. He opened the duffel bag, took from it a battery-powered electric razor, a compactly folded sleeping bag and, finally, a snub-nosed thirty-eight caliber revolver and a box of ammunition. He loaded the revolver. It fitted easily into his right-hand trouser pocket. He put out the lights there and in the living room and stepped quickly out into the street and around the corner of the tent.

Ten minutes later he was riding the gray horse up the trail that led into the mountains.

In the morning Moresby rode down from the aerie in the rocks he had picked as likely to be a more private—and thus a safer—bedroom than the one in the camp. He had slept well, as he always did outdoors and, since the cave had entirely kept out the sunlight, he had slept long. It was almost nine when he reached the foot of the mountain, expecting to see the same bustle of activity he had seen the afternoon before. There was no sign of any activity at all. He leaned forward in the saddle as if by doing so he could see the camp more closely. Gradually, as he drew nearer, he began to sense an air of desertion. No sound of voices rose through the clear, hot morning air. No soldiers dotted the hillside. He felt the short hairs at the back of his neck begin to tingle. A sense of alarm, faint at first as if merely the warnings of instinct, grew as he reached the outskirts of the camp and saw that it was, in fact, all but deserted.

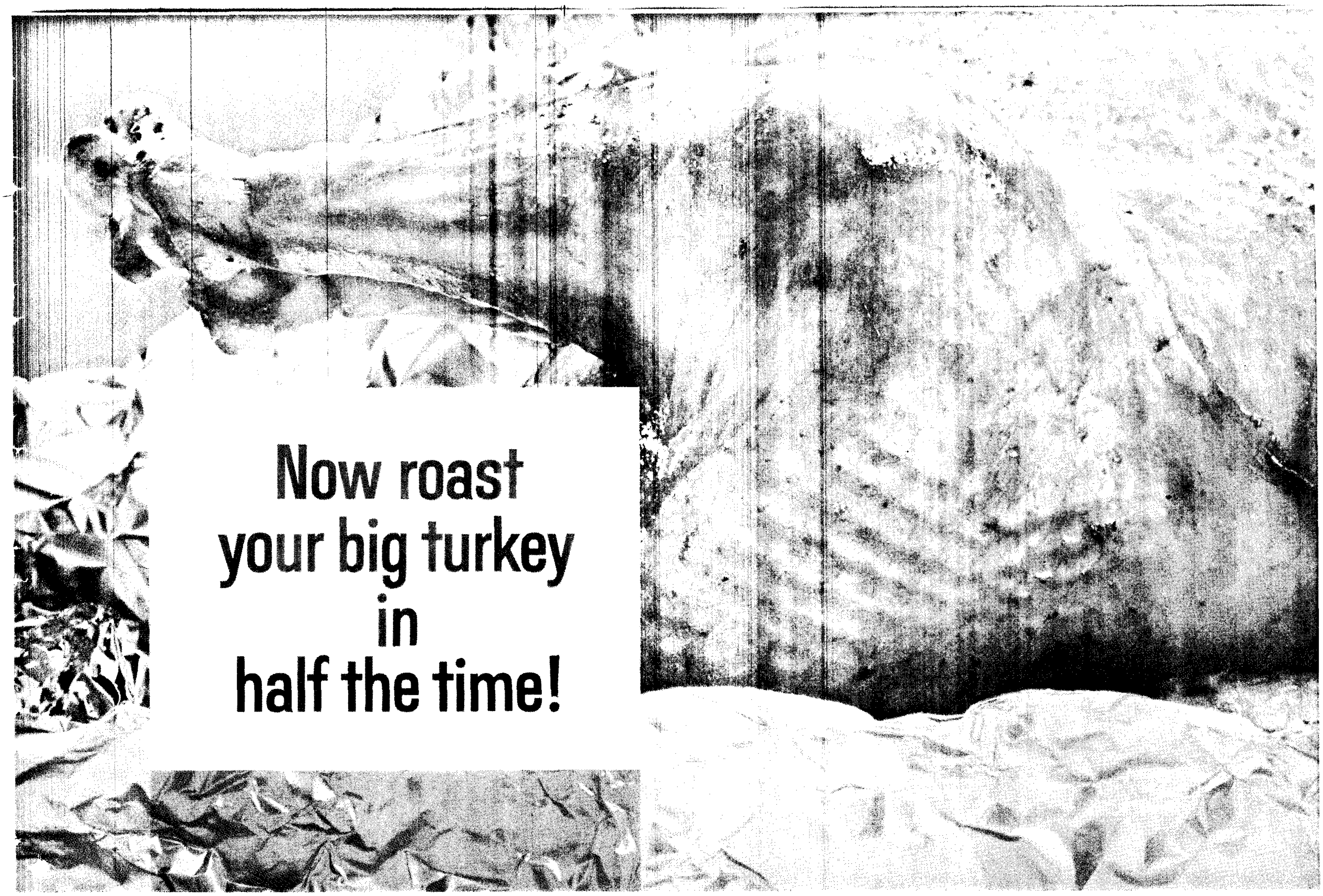
He pressed his heels into the horse's flanks, cantered noisily along the street. He passed no one. He pulled up in front of the Romanoff tent, swung to the ground and went inside. Harry Belden, the assistant director, was sitting alone at the long table, lingering over a cup of coffee and studying a sheaf of papers. He looked up as Moresby entered.

"Hi," he said, "where did you sleep last night?"

"Outdoors. Up in the hills. Why do you ask?"

Harry Belden gave him a long, amused look. "You disappoint me, Mr. Moresby," he said. "I have a vivid imagination. When I went to wake you up early this morning to ask if you wanted to drive into Candia with the rest of the gang, you weren't there and the beds hadn't been slept in. My vivid imagination was faintly stirred." He turned in his chair and shouted,

(*Continued on Page 100*)



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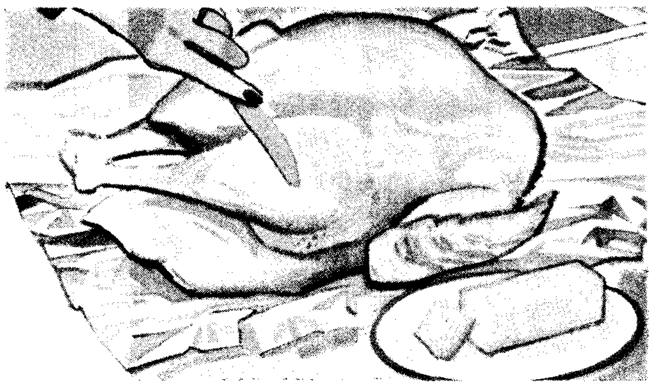

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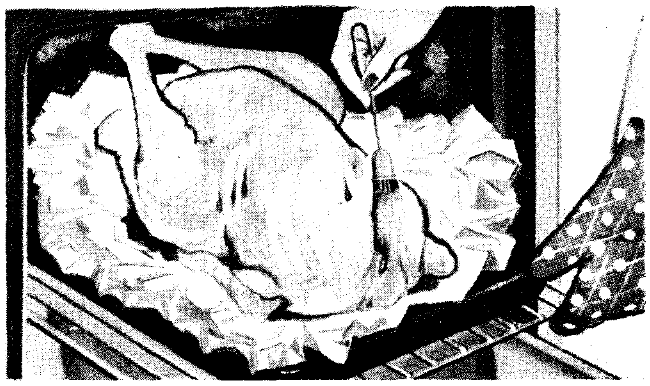

***GOLDEN TURKEY RECIPE: 1.** Spread turkey evenly with 1 to 1½ quarter-lb. bars (4-6 ounces) of softened Nucoa Margarine. Wrap bird completely in Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap—taking care not to puncture foil. Place in shallow open pan and roast in hot 450° oven according to the Roasting Time Table.

2. Remove turkey from oven 20 minutes before done. Turn back foil and brush turkey with juices. Return to oven (with foil still turned back) to become an appetizing golden brown. Final test for doneness: when drumstick can be moved back and forth very easily, your turkey is tender and juicy—*perfectly* roasted.

Spread with new NUCOA—roast in REYNOLDS WRAP

Holiday turkey ahead? No reason to face a fiery oven—roasting and basting for hours and hours. Now a simple recipe cuts average roasting time *in half* for big turkeys (over 17 pounds)—saves you precious time even with smaller-size turkeys. How? *Spread with new Nucoa, roast in Reynolds Wrap.* Spatter-free roasting in Reynolds Wrap seals in flavor, reduces shrinkage, assures success. And Nucoa's delicious flavor secret provides the extra goodness you need for an old-fashioned perfect turkey every time. What's more, quick-roasting your turkey frees oven space for fixings like candied yams or pumpkin pie—gives you more time to share the holiday with your family!

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**Roasting Time Table*

Roasting Time Table	Ready-to-Cook Weight†	Total Cooking Time (Hours—approximate)
FOR ROASTING TURKEY IN REYNOLDS WRAP WITH NUCOA Oven Temperature 450°	6 - 9 lbs.	2 to 2½
	10-13 lbs.	2¾ to 3
	14-17 lbs.	3 to 3¼
	18-21 lbs.	3¼ to 3½
	22-24 lbs.	3½ to 4

† These cooking times are based on weight without stuffing. If turkey is stuffed, roast 20 to 30 minutes longer. Or if desired, stuffing can be baked in separate foil package for 45 minutes.

**This recipe was kitchen-tested for use only with Nucoa Margarine and oven-tempered, flexible strength Reynolds Wrap. For best results, please avoid substitutions.*

(*Continued from Page 98*) "Hey, Knarkos! Bring Mr. Moresby some breakfast."

Moresby, frowning with thought, dropped into a chair beside Harry Belden. The servant came into the room. In fluent Greek Moresby told him what he wanted. Knarkos, nodding, said, "Yes, yes, Mr. Moresby," bowed and withdrew. Moresby turned to Harry Belden.

"Now just what do you mean, did I want to drive into Candia with the rest?"

"They've gone in for the day. At least Jerry and Niles and Martha and Marianne have. Wally went there to catch the plane to Athens. He'll be back tomorrow, I guess, I hope."

Moresby's expression showed his surprise. "Wally's gone to Athens?"

Harry Belden nodded. "A guy arrived on a motorcycle with a cablegram for him from Parsons at the American Athenian. It was short and to the point. Natch he went. The others went along. Whenever there's a holiday around here they always do. Wally encourages it. It keeps them from getting cabin fever. I stayed home to keep store."

Moresby took out a cigarette. He took a long time lighting it. He was thinking. He was thinking that if Parsons had wanted to see Wally Waltham, he would have known about it. After all, he'd been with Parsons in Athens only two days before. He drew deeply on the cigarette and exhaled. The instinct of alarm was growing in him second by second. "Could I have a look at that cablegram?"

"Sure," said Harry Belden. He reached into a briefcase that lay on the carpet beside his chair, brought out the flimsy telegraph form and handed it to Moresby. He took it, opened it and read:

COME ATHENS FIRST PLANE MEANWHILE STOP ALL SHOOTING AND I'M NOT KIDDING AROUND—PARSONS.

As he read the message, the feeling of alarm flared into near panic. He felt his heart thumping hard in his chest.

"Belden," he said in a flat voice, "this is not good. I *know* Henry Parsons. He couldn't force himself to be that rude if he tried. He just doesn't use phrases like 'I'm not kidding around.' Henry Parsons did not send that cablegram."

The assistant director suddenly sat up very straight. "All right," he said. "Somebody wanted everybody out of here. I'll bite. Who and why?"

"Your labor contractor or personnel chief, or whatever you call him," said Moresby. "One of his boys overheard Wally and me talking last night and found out I was going to blow the racket he's been working here sky-high. I guess he wanted a chance to—er—regroup his forces. Has he gone off too?"

Belden nodded. "Yeah. He got in his car and went off in a swirl of tail fins right after the gang left. Gave all the extras a two-day holiday too." A delayed reaction reached him. "Say, listen! Just what racket are you talking about?"

Moresby told him. Belden listened with rapt attention. When he finished, Belden looked at him and whistled.

"Now that you've blown the lid off," he said, "what happens next? Why don't we send Wally a wire in care of the bank and say, 'Rocco's quit, all is forgiven, come on home and go to work'?"

Moresby looked at him level-eyed. "Belden," he said, "Rocco hasn't quit."

"What's that?"

"If he had, he wouldn't have pulled this stunt of sending Wally a fake cablegram to get him out of here and chasing the extras off the reservation so I wouldn't have a chance to tell them he was taking them to the cleaners along with Wally and the bank." A thought he did not like at all came to him. He tensed. "Belden, did Rocco know Marianne was going into Candia?"

"Why, sure, I guess so."

Moresby got to his feet. "I'll skip breakfast for now," he said. "Can you fix me up with a car or a jeep while I change my clothes? I'll drive myself."

Belden gave him a frowning, puzzled look. "Of course you can have a car, Mr. Moresby," he said, "but would you mind telling me what notion just bit you?"

Moresby smiled. "I'd mind very much," he said. "I wouldn't want you to think I'd suddenly lost my mind." The smile grew to a grin. "That would make it so hard for us to work together."

He went to his tent and changed to a white shirt, custom-made light-gray flannel suit and a maroon tie. For a moment he hesitated, then slipped the snub-nosed pistol into his hip pocket. By the time he was ready Belden had a small European open-roofed sedan waiting for him.

It was a two-hour drive into Candia, first over dirt roads that led through the grain fields and olive groves across the plateau to Pérama, then to the right on the motor road that skirted the coastal mountains to Márathos, then up through a winding pass to Tílisos, down again toward the port city that looked, from the heights, like a picture on a post card. An incredibly blue sea sparkled in the late morning sunshine. White houses with green blinds were strewn in a crazy-quilt patchwork at its edge. The white, thin minarets of mosques and the fat basket-like balconies sticking out from the upper stories of the houses gave the town an oriental aura. Moored at the quaysides and anchored in the open harbor were a multitude of small ships; sponge boats, lateen-rigged trading Xebecs, chubby steamboats, yachts.

It was a scene to make the tourist catch his breath with excitement. To Moresby, who had known Candia since boyhood, it was simply a town. Its only distinctions to him were its museum and the fact that it was within walking distance of Knossos and the partly restored ruins of King Minos's magnificent palace with its memories of Athenian maidens sacrificed to the Minotaur monster.

The little car rolled into the outskirts of the town, and Moresby slowed to a snail's pace, weaving through swarms of picturesquely dressed, fezzed natives on bicycles, on donkeys, on horses, walking and shoving pushcarts loaded with fruits and olive oil, sweetmeats, fish, leather goods and squawking chickens. All tourists, he knew from experience, went either to the new Nirvana Hotel, the Museum of Antiquities or the waterfront. Except for possibly Marianne, the picture people didn't seem to Moresby exactly the museum type. Since they had every conceivable luxury at the camp, he didn't think they'd go to the hotel. He drove to the waterfront and then drove slowly along its length.

By the simple expedient of looking for the small crowd of natives that invariably follows American tourists wherever they go in Candia, he located them on the water front.

Moresby parked the car, locked it and followed them on foot. As he came up to them, he saw with a twinge of unreasonable jealousy that Marianne and Jerry, entirely oblivious of the crowd, were walking hand in hand. The stab of jealousy annoyed him. Marianne was wearing a white piqué dress that came a little below her knees and was fitted to accent her most feminine figure. She looked so diminutive and dainty and pretty that beside her Jerry Milzner in ill-fitting shorts, his sport shirt, dangling black silk socks exposing hairy legs, looked gross.

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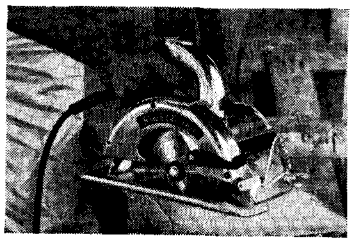

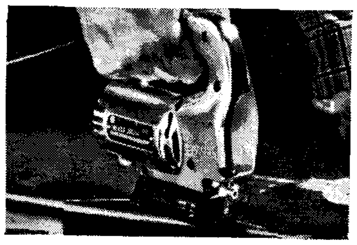

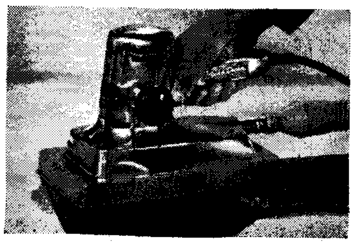

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Ahead of Jerry and Marianne, Martha was wearing the same outfit she had worn at dinner the night before. Niles Gregory in white Bermuda shorts, white shoes and white stockings looked like a fashion plate. Moresby came abreast of them. Marianne, recognizing him first, nervously disengaged her hand from Jerry Milzner's. Milzner turned, inspected Moresby from head to toe and said, "Well! Looks like Tonto struck oil!"

Marianne saw the sudden fury rise in Moresby's eyes. She took Milzner's arm, shook it and whispered, "You stop that, Jerry, or you will be sorry, I think!"

Milzner managed a smile. "I told you I'd rewrite the Tonto gag last night, Moresby," he said. "No offense meant, but why the Easter parade?"

"I felt since I was going to be in such distinguished company when I came to town, I'd better tidy up a bit, that's all."

••• ••• ••• ••• ••• ••• •••

Two's Company

By Jean Carpenter Mergard

While winter still withholds its might
Beyond a doubtful cirrus dome,
This is the time we take to flight,
My dog and I, through woods near home.
Now less by sight and more by smell,
He zigzags down and up each hollow
Where pink eyes peek, crows see and tell,
As four legs race and two just follow.
Despite twig snap and brown-leaf crackle,
We sense a distant change, and turn
Homeward to find we now must tackle
A fall of snowflakes. We adjourn
Our tour and, still with shared desire,
Toast six cold feet before the fire.

••• ••• ••• ••• ••• ••• •••

They had stopped. The crowd circled them. Niles Gregory also looked Moresby up and down. He nodded approval, like an art critic standing before a fine painting. "Tailored in London, I take it, Moresby?"

"No," said Moresby, "made in Rome."

Niles Gregory looked shocked. "I simply can't believe it," he said. "You're pulling my leg, old boy."

Moresby grinned. "By an English tailor."

Niles came to attention. "God save the Queen!" he shouted. "For a moment there you had me worried. World threat to our trade and all that. Thank you for relieving my mind."

"What mind?" said Martha.

Gregory gave her a scathing look. "Oh, Peak," he said, "you are so superfluous."

Martha wrinkled her nose at him, turned to Moresby. "How was everything in Weirdsville when you left? Quiet?"

"As the grave," said Moresby. "In fact, things were so ominously quiet that I thought I'd better come on into Candia and see if everyone was still alive."

Marianne gave him a quick, covert look. She was standing close beside him. She leaned toward him now and spoke very softly. "The good shepherd is especially worried today about the little lambs?" she asked.

He smiled down at her. "Two of them," he said, "just happen to be extraordinarily valuable little lambs."

"And you are afraid the wolves might eat them up?"

Moresby laughed. Here in the bright summer sunshine, the blue water lapping at the sea wall at their feet, the feeling of alarm that had driven him out of the camp to find Marianne seemed ridiculous.

"Just afraid they might get ideas," he said. "In this part of the world it's always a mistake to leave valuables lying around unguarded." He lifted his head and spoke loudly enough to include the others. "I hope you don't mind my joining you. I got bored all by myself out there in the camp. What's the line of march? Any special plans for the day?"

"Well," said Niles, "cocktails, of course, then lunch. After that things are somewhat in abeyance. We haven't decided. Perhaps we'll get in a spot of sailing."

"Come again?" said Moresby.

"It's like this, Paul," said Martha. "When we first got in town and were at the Nirvana powdering our hair and combing our noses a man came up to us and wanted to rent us his boat and take us out skin diving this afternoon. He made us an awfully good price." She laughed. "He's the only person we've met in the month we've been here who hasn't tried to steal the strontium out of our teeth. He made it sound easy and exciting. We thought we'd just do that maybe—for the hell of it."

"Be a good idea, don't you think?" said Niles.

Moresby felt a shuddering sensation. He thought it would be a perfectly horrible idea.

"Well," he said, "that would depend a little on the man. If I were going skin diving for the first time, I'd want to be damn sure who was taking me. What sort of a man was this?"

"Oh, nice enough chap," said Niles. "Not strictly our type, of course, but you wouldn't expect that here, you know."

Moresby thought fast and decided delay was the best he could hope for.

"Why don't I check up on him?" he suggested.

Jerry Milzner looked annoyed. "Look here, Moresby," he said, "you may feel you're a self-appointed vice president in charge of everything around here. That's how you act. But let's get something straight. You're not."

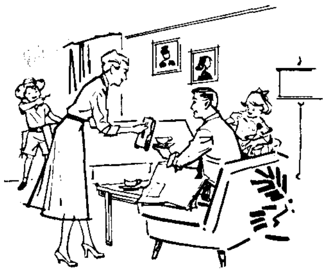
"Oh, Jerry!" cried Martha. "Don't act like such a jerk!"

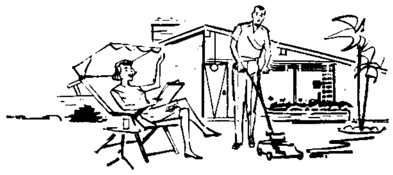
"Frankly," said Niles, "it seems to me old Moresby here's just trying to be helpful. I mean he does know his way around this part of the world. We don't. What?"

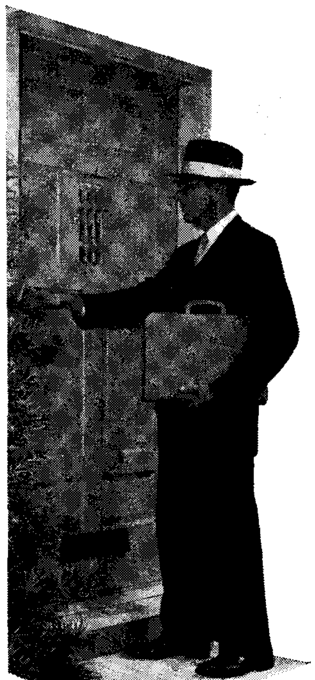
Marianne had been looking thoughtful again. Now she stamped a small foot. "I will not have this quarreling in public!" she cried. "I have a good idea. You—Moresby. You have a car?" He nodded. "Then you will take me to Knossos for luncheon, and then we will go and visit the labyrinth in the restored palace and you can tell me ancient stories about it. Yes?"

Moresby grinned and nodded, vigorously. "I'd love it!"

"*Bien!*" Marianne thrust her arm through his and turned to the others. "Let us meet at the Delos Café down the street here for dinner—the one where we had the *langouste* before. Yes?" The others nodded in a dazed fashion. "Come along, you—Moresby."







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They walked off up the waterfront street toward Moresby's car. Niles and Martha and Jerry stared after them. Jerry Milzner's thick lips formed an angry, pouting expression. Martha said, "Fast worker little Miss Springtime in Paris, isn't she! Jerry, I told you not to act like a jerk."

"I'll jerk him," said Milzner.

"This outing," said Niles, "is more and more beginning to resemble the Russian notion of a peace conference. Well, chaps, what shall we do—now that we're alone?"

"I'm going to hire that boat and go skin diving," said Milzner. "You coming?"

Niles cocked his head to one side, a speculative look coming into his handsome eyes. "I dunno," he said. "I got the feeling that the mere idea of us famous picture stars going out in that chap's boat fair got the wind up old Moresby."

"What do you mean—the idea of you and Marianne going out in it? What about us?" asked Martha.

Niles smiled. "Well," he said, "it's this way, Peak. Moresby knows damn well you can take care of yourself. He couldn't possibly care less, I should imagine, what happens to old Jerry here. That leaves only Marianne and me to worry about. And he was amply worried. I saw his face when you suggested it. No, you can count me out, thanks."

"Oh, all right," said Milzner. "Leave us go and get mildly fractured in some cozy little saloon. Then maybe we can find a movie to go to."

"Preferably," said Niles, "one of mine."

They crossed the street away from the sea wall and turned into the nearest restaurant.

In a strange, quiet way that afternoon was one of the high spots of Moresby's life. A man dedicated to his work, which kept him in remote places, he had had little time for romance. Most of the women he had known well enough to call friends had either been simple peasants, or really great ladies, the wives of statesmen, of millionaires, of princes and kings who entertained him because of his scholarly achievements and prominence. In either case there was no common bond.

With Marianne, from the moment they sandwiched themselves into the little car, he felt completely at home. At lunch, which she downed with gusto in enormous quantities, they talked easily and with no sense of restraint about all manner of things. They talked sometimes in English, sometimes in French and sometimes in both at once. The range of their common interests seemed limitless. As time passed he began to have the same elated feeling that came to him when in the course of his work he stumbled on something rare and exciting and beautiful—like the little gold statue of the goddess.

After lunch, as they walked through the heat of the day to the restored palace, he asked her about her work. He found himself on the verge of dreaming. A practical man, he knew the dangers of dreaming of the unattainable.

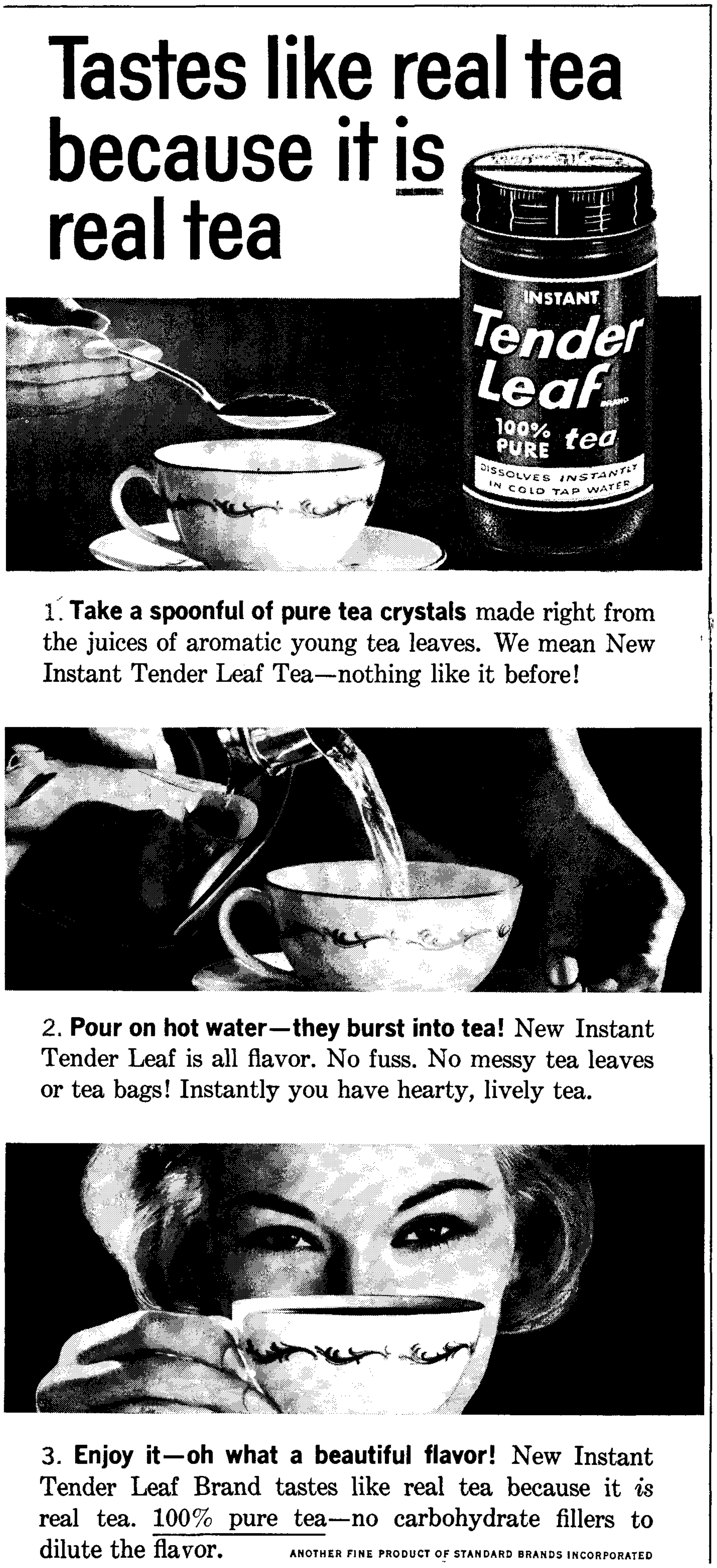
"Marianne," he spoke softly, "when Wally introduced us, he said that this picture is going to make you a great star. How do you feel about that?"

The gaiety of laughter bubbled in her voice as she answered. "Wonderful!" she said. "But then, why would I not? After all, I am a woman."

The answer left him exactly where he had been before he asked his question. He wondered whether its cleverness was accidental or deliberate. He tried again. "Is being a great actress what you want more than anything else out of life? I mean are you one of the people who will sacrifice anything and everything for your profession?"

He was walking along looking at the ground so he

(Continued on Page 104)



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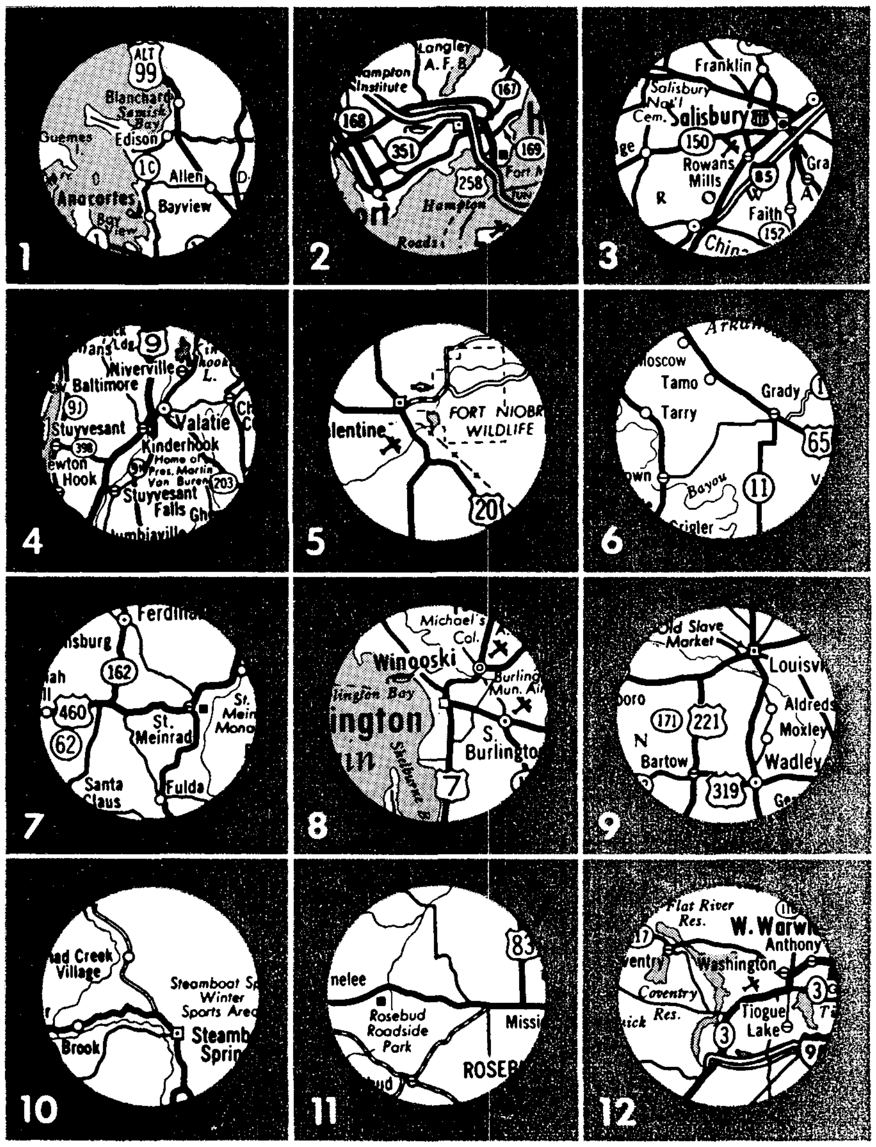
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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Harley P. Cook

(*Answers on Page 104*)

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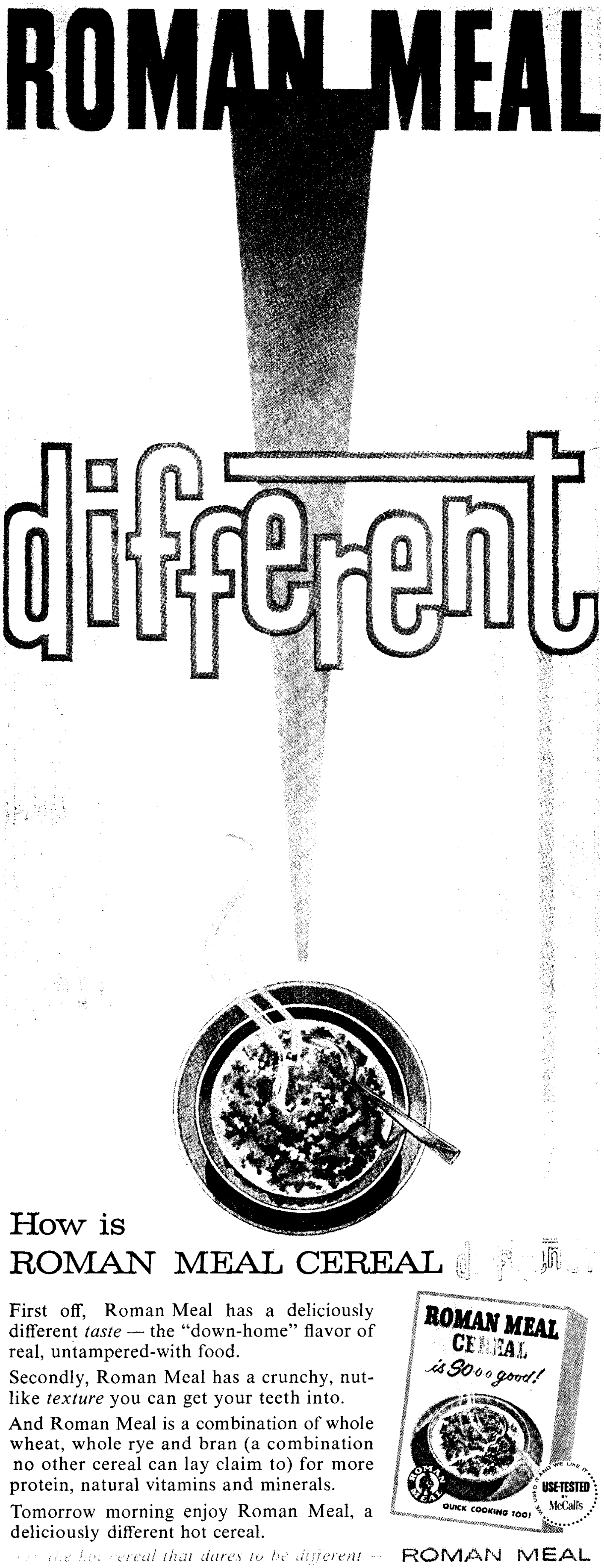
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Tomorrow morning enjoy Roman Meal, a deliciously different hot cereal.

— the hot cereal that dares to be different — ROMAN MEAL

(*Continued from Page 102*) did not see that her lips were moving with amusement she was trying to hide.

"You mean like you, Moresby?" The shaft struck home. He blushed. "And don't tell me that it is altogether different because you are a man, because that is too old-fashioned for me to accept as truth."

He grinned sheepishly. "I guess I'm sorry I brought the subject up at all."

"But of course," she said. "I meant you to be. It is enough for today that you are you, and I am I and we are having a holiday together."

They walked on into the ruins of the enormous palace that wandered in a series of great stairways and labyrinthine passages and corridors where oil jars big enough to conceal a man still stood in a state of perfect preservation 4000 years after the men and women who used them had been gathered by their gods. As Moresby and Marianne started up the first of the stairways leading to the great stairs that in turn led to the huge restored throne room of the Minoan kings, the gaiety between them was gone. Moresby's questions, the purpose of which Marianne had understood perfectly, and her evasive answers had changed something in their relationship. It was no longer casual. Now, as they penetrated deeper and deeper into the past that here seemed mysteriously still present, the architectural perfection and the solemnity of their surroundings held them both to silence.

It was only when they reached the throne room that Moresby spoke again, talking with the voice of knowledge, telling her the little, generally unknown things that had happened here, bringing to life, almost before her eyes, the strange, barbaric exoticism of the lives that had been lived out in this place.

Marianne listened with the expression of a charming child being read to. They left the throne room and, walking close together now and hand in hand, wandered down into the cellars where Moresby led her from room to room and passageway to passageway as Theseus had followed Ariadne's thread to safety. He made the scene of the escape just before the earthquake and fire that had destroyed the palace and most of its people so real that Marianne felt it was she who was fleeing. When, finally, they emerged into the dusk that was the end of the day, she was surprised to find she was trembling and was clinging tightly to the hand of this big man at her side as if actually seeking the safety that lay in his strength. Deeply moved by the strange haunted spell of the ruin that touches everyone who goes there, they paused in the cool evening air of the courtyard before going back into the normal everyday world, as divers who have been deep in the sea pause before surfacing so the change in pressures will not be too sudden.

"Look!" Marianne cried huskily in sudden fright. "That statue on the broken wall! It is moving!"

Moresby looked where she pointed, laughed softly. The "statue" was a very modern cat, come out to await the rising moon. At that moment, as the moon broke the horizon, the cat let out an unearthly howl. A second later Marianne was in his arms, clinging to him in panic. He held her gently, his head bowed over hers, the scent of jasmine from her hair filling his nostrils, and found that his heart was pounding in his chest and that her nearness was making his blood run hot and fast. He felt her trembling stop. Then, without warning, the lush lips raised to meet his in a long and lingering kiss that was sweeter, more filled with rich promise than anything he had ever known. Their lips parted.

"Marianne!" he murmured. "Oh, Marianne, you are so lovely."

Unconsciously his hand moved over her body and pressed her more tightly against him. Once again, but briefly now, their lips met, then she thrust him away.

"You, Moresby," she said. "You do very strange things to me, and I like them, but—" and now her laughter rippled in the stillness "—but the helpless little lambs are placed in a position of too much peril when the good shepherd himself turns out to be a wolf."

He laughed with her. "I'm not a wolf, Marianne," he said. "I think you know that."

She looked at him thoughtfully for a second. "No, Paul Moresby," she said, "you are not a wolf. But even so it is definitely time for this valuable little lamb to be taken back to Candia." Her eyes glistened. "*Langouste!*" she said. "For dinner! Remember?"

He looked at her steadily.

"I will always remember," he said. "And you know it."

Hand in hand they walked out of the palace area and to the car and drove back along the shore road, with the rising moon carrying the spell of magic with them. Their eyes still held its light and the light of the stars when they parked the car in front of the Delos café and went into the dark, candle-lit private dining room to join the others, who were just settling themselves at a table. A waiter appeared instantly, set a bottle of native white wine on the table and, without waiting for orders, filled the glasses.

The conversation was sticky, since this was their first meeting since Moresby's open quarrel with Milzner. As though grasping at life preservers to save them from the sea of social discomfort, all of them reached out for their glasses and drank deep. The waiter returned and, talking volubly to hide individual embarrassment, they ordered. *Langouste*, artichokes, mushrooms—a most elaborate and mismatching mélange of native specialties. The waiter left, and they drank again, making sporadic little attempts at conversation, but the words fell like raindrops on dry ground, a meaningless splashing.

A half hour later they began to nod—at first as though overcome by a surfeit of fresh air—and then to sway. Moresby, in keener health than the others, felt it last. He tried to fight off the crushing drowsiness. As one by one the others sprawled forward onto the table, heads pillowed on folded arms, the hideous significance came to him. The wine had been heavily drugged.

Oh, no! he thought crazily. *But it's happening!*

He struggled against the drug. With a frantic spending of will power and strength he got to his feet, gathered Marianne in his arms, took a few steps toward the door of the restaurant, staggered and fell heavily to the floor.

TO BE CONTINUED

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 102)

1. Wash.	2. Va.	3. N.C.
4. N.Y.	5. Nebr.	6. Ark.
7. Ind.	8. Vt.	9. Ga.
10. Colo.	11. S.Dak.	12. R.I.

The Whale Killers

(Continued from Page 29)

panted like swelling bellows, and his muscles leaped and quivered all along his salt-stained arms, and the oar seemed to have the heft of a main upper topsail yard.

"Pull till your tongues turn to black leather, till your eyes roll red! No! Don't look! I'll stove the head of any man that looks around! Look aft at me! I'm your eyes. Pull!"

Suddenly Jesse heard a new sound mingle with the gasping and creaking and the muffled thumping of the oars—a great sharp sucking in and a slow expelling of a ton of air. He glanced at Star, saw the mate in a crouch staring straight ahead, and decided he must risk one look. He rolled his head and eyes forward.

A great slick black hill sprawled before them, so close it did something in his heart—a catch and miss. And he had a flickering glance in the corner of his eye of Benjy rising to his feet, bringing the long harpoon up high over his right shoulder.

Jesse snapped his eyes around, looked at the tub just behind his thwart, at the line leading from it to the loggerhead in the stern and then running forward between the oarsmen to the bow chock and the harpoon. In a moment that line would start to life, would sing; any foul turn, just a single kink or loop, could whip about a man's neck, ankle or wrist and snap him from the boat, pull him down deep in the sea. Jesse swallowed and edged an inch outboard on the thwart.

Star's voice was like a girl's whisper of love. "Oh, it's beautiful! Beautiful. Benjy, if you love me, Benjy. . . . "

Abruptly he jammed the steering oar to starboard, sheering the boat into the whale hill, his face contorted in total frenzy. "Pull all! Beach me on yon hump! Beach me, damn you!"

Jesse's rump left the thwart as he lunged back on the oar. The boat leaped, jolted, canted up slightly in the bow.

"Yah!" Benjy screamed, and they all heard the *tunk!* of the harpoon spitting into blubber.

Everything was chaos. Alongside, the hill of whale became an earthquake, rolling violently sidewise; a wall of green-white water built up, washing the boat to a high precarious platform; then they slid down, tumbling and clutching, with the line whirring overhead. Something black, gigantic and reaching came out of the sea and arched into the sky—forty feet of it. The boat was spinning crazily in a wild trough.

"She flukes!"

Jesse looked up. The massive black tail stood high above them, cutting out the sun and casting a shadow over them with its flukes like a dark omen. Everything inside the boy sagged into limbo. He opened his mouth.

"Stern all! Stern for your lives!" Star bellowed.

Jesse didn't know that he was making a decision. What he did was without physical effort, without conscious direction of his will. He scrambled up from the floor boards and jumped overboard.

He couldn't understand when he came to the surface why he was alone. He looked around for the bobbing heads of his shipmates, for the boat wreckage, but saw nothing.

Then he heard a distant shout behind him. He finned himself about and, rising sharply on the crest of a swell, he saw Star's boat skimming off across the sea. The harpooned whale was taking the mate for a "Nantucket sleigh ride."

Jesse was alone in the water. The others hadn't jumped.

The third mate's boat had caught a breeze and came heeling by with its lugsail fat and proud. None of its crew paid the slightest attention to the boy treading in the water, though he raised a hand to them and called on Mr. Hussey, the third mate.

He watched them going after Star's runaway boat as he rose and fell with the roll of the water and he couldn't understand. *Didn't they see me?* he wondered. *Couldn't they hear me?*

Hays, the pipe-mouthed, reflective second mate, picked him up. A starboard whalerman poked his oar at Jesse and let him haul himself up the shaft to the gunwale. None of them offered a hand, none of them spoke to him. It surprised him. He'd expected them to josh him about his narrow escape, as was the way with the rough-humored seamen. They didn't even look at him.

Jesse slumped on the bottom at Hays' feet, gasping and spewing water. When his breath was recovered he tried to make a joke of it himself, saying, "Well, I didn't know it would be like that—not like a hurricane with a twister thrown in."

The stroke oar looked at him, a flat cold study.

"Give way," Hays ordered quietly.

Jesse pulled his eyes from the stroke oar and looked up at Hays.

"What's wrong?" he asked anxiously. "Was someone killed?"

Hays removed his pipe from his mouth and looked at it, top and bottom, as though he saw something strange in it. "No," he said tonelessly, "no one's been killed—no thanks to you."

Jesse stared. "What, sir? I don't understand what ——"

"When a whale raises his flukes over a boat it doesn't do any good to jump. It's the duty of every oarsman to stick to his station, to backwater and get the boat clear of the flukes. You didn't stick. That left only three oarsmen; they all might have been killed."

Jesse looked at his blistered hands. A coppery taste came into his mouth.

"I didn't know," he whispered. "I thought it was the only thing to do, thought they were all doing it." He put his hand on Hays' knee. "I didn't know, Mr. Hays. Before God, I didn't!"

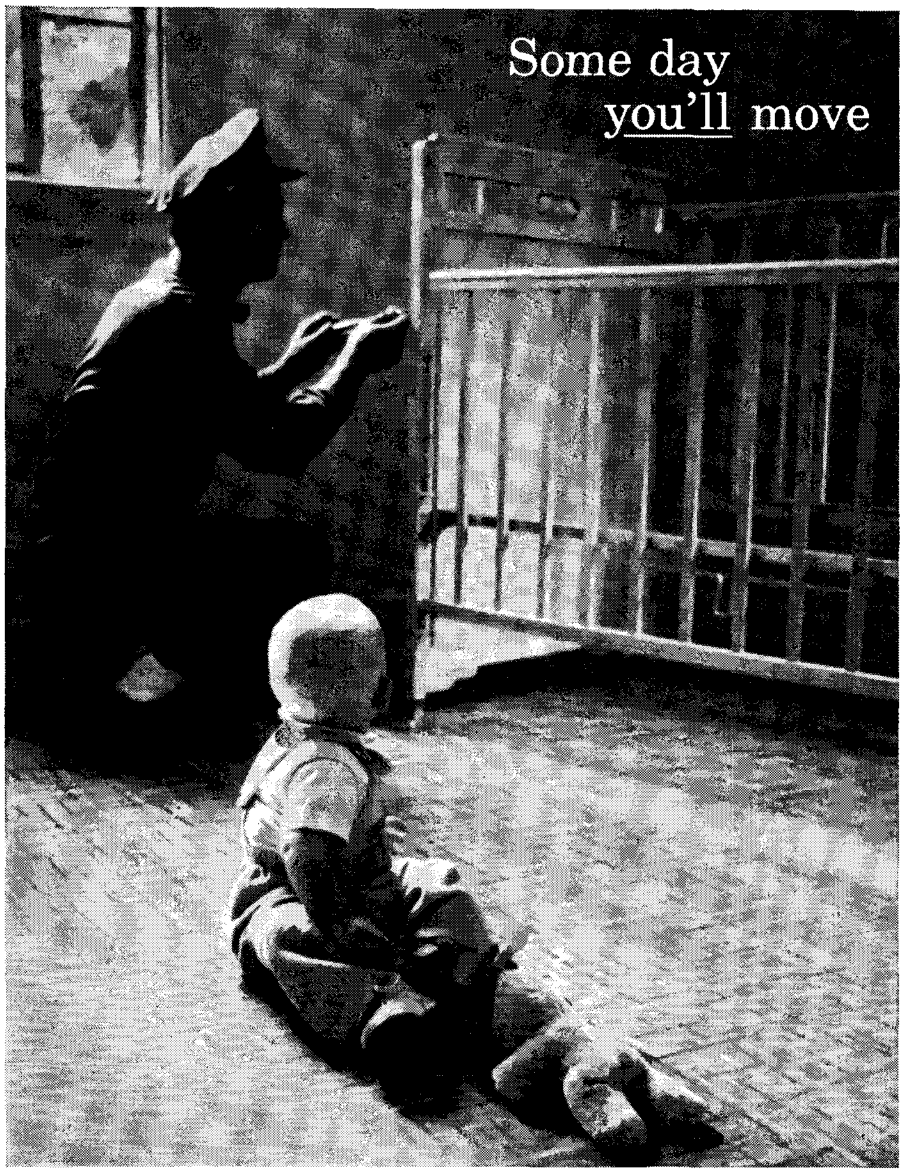
Hays returned the pipe to his mouth and slanted his eyes at the sea.

He became the try-pot boy, and that was all they would let him be. It was done on Star's order. Old Captain Perry had suffered a stroke two weeks out of Nantucket and was now nearly infirm—scuttlebutt said it was more than physical. More and more he was becoming a figurehead skipper. Star's iron will held the *Bunyan* afloat and in business.

When a whale or pod was sighted, Star's standing order was, "Keep that Jumping Jack clear of the boats."

Jesse said nothing; there was nothing to say, no one to say it to. He created a little island of silence. Where he went a hush followed; talk ceased, laughter broke short, eyes turned to the sea or to palm and fid with exaggerated contemplation, and the boy passed on alone.

After a whale was killed, it was lashed to the *Bunyan*'s hull and the cutting in began. The seamen swayed out catwalks and went to work on the dead leviathan with their flensing spades, cutting into the fatty layer of blubber. Huge blankets of blubber were unrolled and hoisted by block and tackle to the deck; there it was minced and dumped into great tubs, and from the tubs it went to the tryworks.



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The tryworks were two gigantic pots set in a brick frame amidships, and under each pot was a kiln that needed constant feeding and ate only cast-off chunks of blubber. At one side of the tryworks was a wooden hopper containing the raw minced blubber; at the other a copper cistern into which the prepared oil was bailed to cool.

It was there that Jesse worked, with the red mouths of the two furnaces scolding at him for more fuel, with the boiling oil sloshing and exploding and the gray smoke—greasy and sickening—kicking about sluggishly underfoot. He stuck at it grimly, half blinded and gasping from smoke; speaking to no one and trying to pretend he didn't notice his shipmates, who were pretending not to notice him.

Off Trinidad, Hays's harpooner was caught in a coil in the line as a right whale sounded and was whisked into eternity without a cry. In the Falklands Star's new stroke oar was crushed to death in a sperm whale's jaws, while his shipmates, swimming right below him in the wreckage of their boat, watched.

"Why don't they blame it on me?" Jesse had said bitterly to Hays when they were sharing a watch. "After all, he took my place."

And Hays, removing his pipe, inspecting it for flaws, had nodded. "They do. They think it should have been you. You see, they liked 'Lisha."

Then there was the Horn; and that cost them a man along with a larboard boat—both swept overboard at night. After that there was a stove boat and a whaler with stove ribs in the antarctic current. And finally, inevitably, came the murmurings of a "Joner" being aboard.

Hays put his pipe completely away that day, tucked it out of sight in his jacket and faced the crew like a kindly schoolmaster reprimanding a class of rowdy children. "Stop it," he said to them quietly. "What do you expect when you try to make a pincushion of a whale? There's always a stove boat and a drowned man, and the Horn's always the Horn. Jonah? Your Jonah is your own superstition."

Jesse thanked the mate that night under the after boat rack. "I know who they had in mind," he said angrily. "If they had their way, they'd ship me overboard."

"You can't really blame them," Hays said. "And for that matter, you're not doing yourself any good by staying with us. Star will never let you taste blood now. You'll be the try-pot boy for the next two years. The next time we speak a whaler—why don't you ship over? You'd go with a clean slate."

But the boy shook his head doggedly. "No. I can't run away from it—couldn't live with it. I've got to make it up to these men." He turned to Hays. "Look"—and held out his arms, long, muscular and gleaming in the moonlight—"look what the tryworks have done for me. I'm twenty pounds heavier. I think I can lick any man aboard this ship, and would, too, if it would prove anything to them."

"It wouldn't."

"But don't you see? I'd make the best stroke oar of all. And, Mr. Hays, I wouldn't jump. I wouldn't, sir—no matter what happened to the boat. Help me. Help me convince the mate."

Hays slapped the bowl of his pipe into his palm. "I've already tried that; brought it up again this evening."

"And?"

"Better try another whaler when we speak one."

The old spouter hammered along close-hauled through head seas, aiming northwest. On the days and nights when there had been a kill, Jesse would work at his try-pots. When they didn't bring him blubber, Star would have him inside the pots scouring them with soapstone.

The need for atonement had become an obsession with him. His berth was a blanket mangle of restless frustration. He would toss out of it at any hour of night and go topside to prowl the deck, to stare at the darkly rolling sea. He ate his food squatting off alone. He scoured and bailed, fed blubber to fire and sweated through smoke that was like hot rancid butter. And sometimes he would be found standing in the waist doing nothing—standing with his fists clenched, staring down at the holystoned deck.

When they would speak another whaler, the boy would turn from the rail and go below. And because of this the seamen said they "knew it all the time." He was a coward—afraid to join another ship where he would be expected to "taste blood."

He never defended himself. He waited, waited a year and then felt he could wait no longer. He went below to the master cabin.

"Come!" Captain Perry squeaked at his knock.

Jesse opened the door and stepped into the cabin—the forbidden place for seamen. It was roomy, clean and airy, bright from the skylight overhead and the windows in the stern. The old captain was padding about in his slippers and nightshirt; shuffling and pausing as though not quite certain where he was going next.

"Yes? Yes?" his reedy voice piped. "What now? Who are you?"

"Jesse, sir. I've come to ask you to put me in one ——"

"Who? Who? Who? Jesse Who?" The old man scuffled around the table, peering and blinking at the boy. "Jesse—Oh! You're the boy they call the Jumping Jack, aren't you? Yes, yes, that's who you be! Jumping Jack! He-he-he!" His cackling seemed to lead his mind astray. He bumped against the table and stared at it vacuously, as though surprised to find it there. "Jumping Jack," he murmured.

"Sir," Jesse said, "it was a mistake. I was young. I didn't know better. I'd never jump again. I want another chance, sir. I want to be in a boat again. I thought ——"

The old man pushed at the table, but it wouldn't go away. "Star," he said abruptly. "Star handles the boats. See the mate. I'm not feeling well." He started hobbling aft around the table.

Jesse went after him, holding one hand out. "Please—the mate won't let me near the boats. I thought you—you're the—I mean ——"

The old man approached his berth like a rudderless derelict drifting onto a lee shore. His brittle fingers fumbled across a blanket as though searching. "My Bible is missing," he muttered childishly. "Someone took my Bible; can't find it anywhere. I told Star; told him it was missing. Said he'd find it for me, but ——" He hauled himself over the berthboard, mumbling and chuffing, and lay down like a scuttled ship settling on the bottom stern first.

Jesse looked at the old man, touched his shoulder in desperation. The old man stared at the beam overhead. "A man shouldn't be at sea without his Bible. You remember that, lad. My wife gave me mine—forty years ago, I think it was. Star said he'd find it."

Jesse let his hand drop. He nodded. "Yes, sir," he said quietly. "He'll find it for you."

He met the mate in the companionway. Star's eyes had the cold stare of two long guns before they broadside. "What're you sogering about down there, Jumping Jack?" he snapped.

Jesse didn't hate this man. If he had, he could never force himself to supplication. "Mr. Star"—he held onto the mate's hostile gaze, which was more than many could do—"I want another chance. I want back in the boats again."

"Been whining to the old man, eh?"

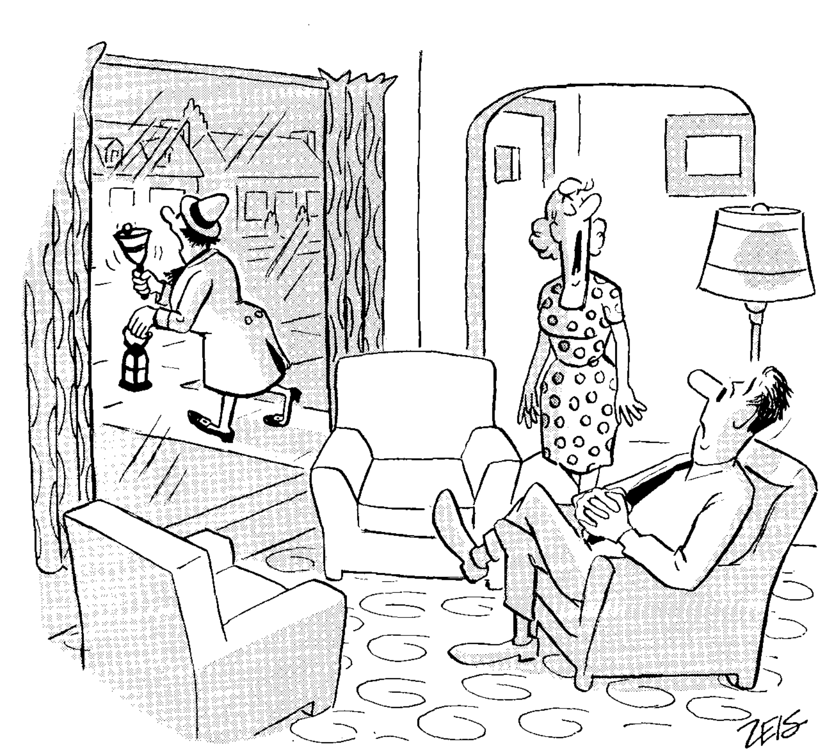
"Give you my word I won't jump. I'll give you more than that for a second chance. I'll go on my knees to you, to the whole crew if you'll say yes."

"Would you, Jumping Jack?" Star sneered. "Would you crawl? Aye, I suppose you would. But that's not what I ask of my seamen."

"You don't understand, sir."

"Belay!" Star shoved him against the hatch, pushing his weathered lump of face close to Jesse's. "I'll not mention my life. But you nearly cost me the lives of my boat crew. No one is ever going to forget that—no one, try-pot. Can't you get it into that blubbery head? I hate the sight of you. Now sheer off!" The mate shouldered by, clumping on down the stairs.

And Jesse, frustrated by the imposed impotency, (*Continued on Page 108*)



"I hope you didn't tell her anything—she's a terrible gossip."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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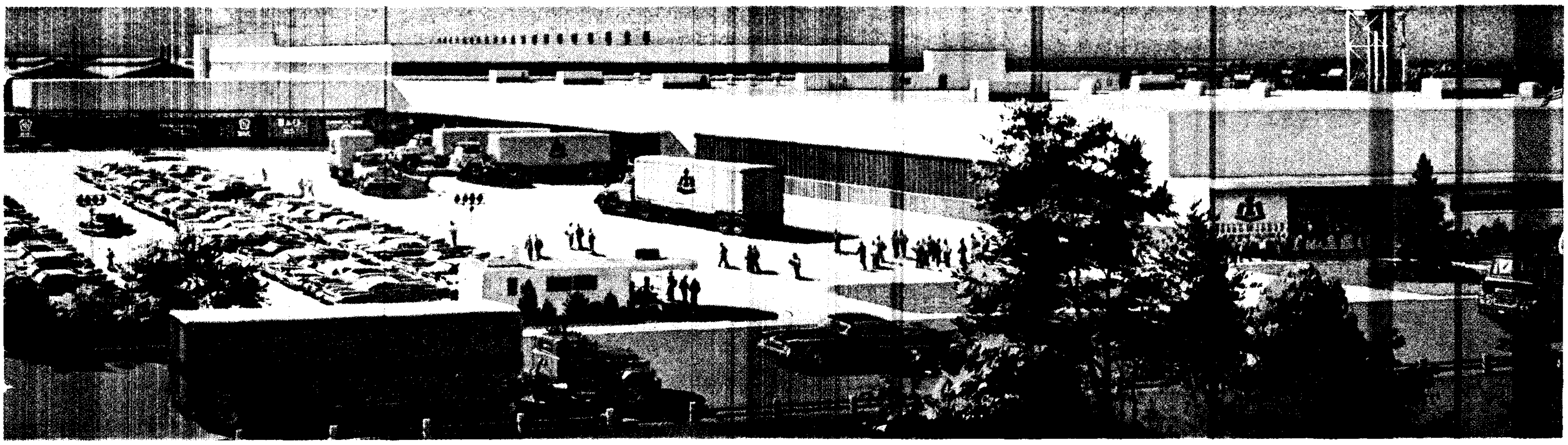

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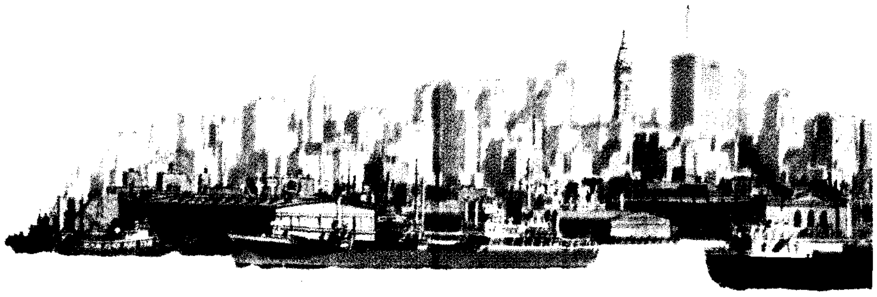

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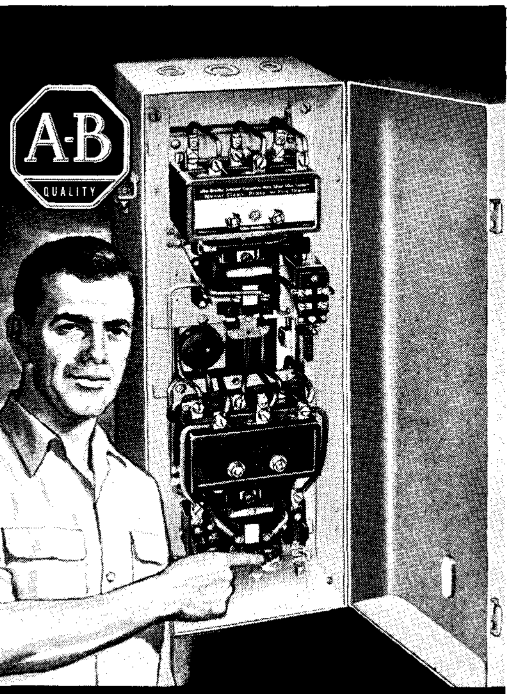

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(*Continued from Page 106*)

shouted after him, "I'll never leave this ship! You hear me, Mr. Mate? Never! I'll stay till *you* crawl to me for help. And then you can all go to hell!"

For four days they chased a whale pod off the Marquesas. During those four days they fought two decisive battles—both in favor of the whales. The first leviathan victory only cost the *Bunyan* a boat; but the second took the lives of the third mate, his harpooner and one oarsman—pounded to pulp under the smashing flukes of a sperm whale.

On the fourth night, Jesse was standing at the helm and heard, through the skylight, the mate and Mr. Hays arguing below in the cuddy.

"I said no and I'll stand by that." It was Star's voice.

"But we're shorthanded!" Hays answered, close to anger. "One officer and five men dead; three more in sick bay; and the old man ——"

"Then we'll sail short. The Jumping Jack stays where he is."

"At least put in to Nuku Hiva. We'll try to replenish the crew."

"What? Leave this pod without one kill? I'd rather cut off my arm. No; *after* the kill—then Nuku Hiva."

"You're a stubborn fool, Star."

"And you a weak one, mister. Weak enough to let that Jumping Jack's whining turn your head."

"He doesn't whine; he waits."

"Does he? Then let me tell you, mister, just how long he's going to wait. . . ."

Jesse was glad when he was relieved at the wheel. He didn't want to hear more.

Each day now Jesse would stand at the bulwark and stare at Star as the boats were lowered. And each day Star would scowl and go over the rail without a word. And this day was the same—the look, the scowl, and then the mate was overboard and shouting orders from his boat.

But something happened with Hays's boat. Thomas Pickering, Hays's stroke oar, slacking off on the davit cleat, missed his footing and took a fall into the lowering whaleboat.

"My elbone!" he cried. "Cracked my elbone!"

Hays said something profoundly dark and looked up at the bulwark. Jesse stared down at him, making an invisible bridge between them with his appeal. *A second chance; I won't jump.*

"Take stroke, Jesse!" Hays called.

And Jesse went over the side.

He rowed his heart out, laying his body nearly horizontal on every stroke. Hays, crouched in the stern sheets, clinging to the steering oar, spoke to them with a low, fierce intensity, giving them a beat. "Send! . . . Send! . . . Send-her-out-of-the-water, my buckos! Break the oars, but send! . . . Send! . . . Break-the-thole-pins-if-you'd-rather and send! . . . Send!"

Jesse, at the stroke oar, made Hays increase the pace of his chant; and within minutes his shipmates were sucking and blowing as though strangling. "Drop, drop the stroke, ye blasted Jumping Jack!" they gasped at him. But he ignored them and gritted his teeth in a ghastly grin at Hays. And slowly their boat began to crawl up with Star's.

The mate glanced back, looked again, then roared, "Hays! Who's that stroke oar? Is that the Jumping Jack? Why, damn your eyes, mister! I'll break you for this!"

Hays pulled his pipe from his mouth and grinned. "Could it wait till after I've made my kill?" he called.

Star looked ahead as though plotting Hays's course. "Hays!" he bellowed. "That's *my* kill! You hear me?"

Hays waved his pipe. "Come help us with it!" And to his crew, "Send! . . . Send! . . . Send-me-from-the-water-like-a-gull!"

It was a sperm, a monster of the species—seventy-five foot, the harpooner judged. Jesse didn't look. He, like the rest, kept his eyes on Hays's suspended hand. He could hear the wheezing and snuffling of the bull close by and the minor clattering of the harpooner's preparations. Hays's hand flashed down. He put the steering oar over.

"Send! Strike, Obed!"

They leaped forward; and again came the jolt of the bow and the *tunk!* of the harpoon. Then the seaquake exploded over them.

"Stern all! Stern for your lives! He flukes!"

Jesse lunged forward, digging at the foaming water with his oar blade, and the boat skittered away crazily. He didn't look up at the great flukes he knew were hanging over his head, he fought the careening boat with maniacal fury. The whale sounded, and the waving flukes slammed between the two boats. Someone was screaming something. Jesse looked around. It was Star's exuberant harpooner.

Jury-Room Dilemma

By Hal Chadwick

Although eleven jurors (all,
That is, except the blond one)
Agreed upon a verdict, still
The jury seemed beyond one.

The holdout's trouble (which was not
Discovered for some time) was
She couldn't understand just what
The prosecutor's crime was.

"Got him on both sides! I got an iron in his larboard!"

They sagged on the oars, gasping; they looked at one another, then overboard at a turbulent smear of scarlet froth on the moving water. Hays looked at Jesse, then across to Star, as if to say, "He's still here." But the mate's cryptic expression seemed to reply, "It's not over yet."

But Jesse thought it was. He relaxed and looked at his raw palms. In less than an hour the bull would surface; they would go after him and drive the lance into his heart. And Jesse would be a man who had tasted blood.

But the crews of both boats were fidgety. They kept biting their lips and glancing at the water. When Hays and his harpooner changed fore and aft positions, the harpooner said, "It might be a near thing, Mr. Mate. He's a fightin' whale. I saw old iron in him."

"What's he mean?" Jesse asked a shipmate. "A fighting whale?"

The seaman shook his head. "Means he's an old hand. Been harpooned afore an' got away. When he comes up he'll be lookin' for us."

They were all watching the water now, silent and tense. Suddenly Star straightened up, his features jerking out of whack.

"My God, Hays! Stern, man! He's——"

Jesse saw the black gleam of a great shape materializing under the boat. He opened his mouth, wrapping his hands hard about the oar handle. A mountainous black mass reared out of the water, kicking

(*Continued on Page 110*)

What have you heard about

METRECAL*

the new concept of weight control?

Since Metrecal was introduced several months ago in powder form, and with its more recent introduction in liquid form, many people have learned of its effectiveness by word-of-mouth. This factual report provides accurate information on Metrecal—what it is, what it is not.

In September of 1959, Mead Johnson & Company introduced a new product to the medical profession under the brand name Metrecal. It was developed to provide physicians with a new technique for use in judicious weight reduction of overweight patients.

We wish to stress the importance of the physician in problems of weight loss and control. This is particularly the case for individuals who are tremendously overweight, patients with disease of the kidneys, and patients with various forms of heart and blood vessel disease.

In view of the broad public and medical interest in weight control, many persons have learned of Metrecal by word-of-mouth; hence, this factual statement.

What is Metrecal?

Metrecal, when properly used, is an effective agent for weight loss and control.

Metrecal is a complete food available in two forms: a powder which is mixed with water; and a liquid, ready to use. Metrecal is designed to provide a low calorie diet which contains all basic nutrients required by a person on a reducing program. Metrecal contains no drugs.

Metrecal can be used as the total diet for the period required to achieve the weight loss which is best for the individual. Thereafter, it can be used for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days to maintain desired weight.

In other words, the concept is measured calories according to the needs of the individual.

What does Metrecal do?

Overweight persons are able to lose weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. In this manner they lose weight naturally, without resorting to fad diets, complex schedules, or artificial appetite depressants. And users of Metrecal are remarkably free from hunger—the appetite is satisfied normally.

What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. It cannot provide the will power required for weight reduction. It has to be used properly. It is imperative that the person who desires to lose weight stay on the diet of Metrecal. This is not difficult since little, if any, hunger occurs after a day or two.

Medical evidence of effectiveness

Extensive clinical studies, conducted under medical supervision, have shown an average weight loss by Metrecal users of approximately one-half pound per day for periods up to six weeks. Some lose even more.

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What is in Metrecal?

A frequently specified day's supply is one-half pound of Metrecal powder mixed with water or four eight-ounce cans of Metrecal liquid. This provides 900 calories or energy units, 70 grams protein, 110 grams carbohydrate, 20 grams fat and all essential vitamins and minerals in quantities that meet or exceed minimum daily requirements established by the Food and Drug Administration.

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How to undertake a reducing program

Your physician is the best source of counsel and guidance in problems of weight loss and control.

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(*Continued from Page 108*) the starboard oars into the air. It was the whale's blunt snout, and it kept coming; and the long underjaw lined with spikelike teeth came crashing down and slid under the boat.

Nothing made sense to Jesse. Everything was screaming and smashing. His equilibrium was gone; he was only conscious of a gigantic lifting under him. Men were jumping, tumbling into the sea willy-nilly. Only one repeated word had meaning, "Jump! Jump! Jump!"

But he wouldn't. He thrashed about desperately amidships, coming up in a trembling half-crouch, and looked straight into the sperm whale's cavernous maw. It rose sheer above him and around him, and for a suspended moment he saw the deep pits in the upper jaw where the great teeth of the lower bedded. But the lower jaw, he realized, was beneath him; it was, in fact, lifting the boat high from the water.

He turned and leaped headlong toward the bow as the jaws came together, splintering the boat to matchwood. He was in a tangle of line, paddles and lances; and the bow section was tipping straight down, falling into the sea. He saw little bobbing heads beneath him and arms flailing the churned water—and then the crash.

The chaos was worse underwater—kicking men, splinters, broken oars, paddles, blubber spades, boat boxes and hempen line coiling and whipping everywhere. The water was dark blue, smeared with crimson. And directly before Jesse was the great blurred shape of the whale's snout. Stupidly he reached for his sheath knife. Then his sweeping left hand caught something, and he went up with it.

He broke surface and found he was grasping a gunwale. Spewing water, wheezing, his hands clawing and ripping at wood for support, he spilled himself over the gunwale and into a half-flooded boat. *I didn't jump! Damn you, I didn't!* He thought he was shouting, but he wasn't, couldn't.

Something was wrong. The harpoon line was smoking from the loggerhead out through the bow chock. It couldn't be Hays's boat; that boat was splinters. Then Star had been dumped also. Now everyone was in the water except Jesse. No, not everyone—he saw a man's body jammed under the stroke oar's thwart, pinned underwater. Jesse stumbled, splashed aft and caught the man by the hair and raised the face—Star!

The boat jolted. Jesse went headlong into the stern sheets. He turned hurriedly, grabbing for the mate's hair again. A voice that might have belonged to Hays was shouting, "Jump! Jump, Jesse!"

He didn't. He wrestled with the mate's bulky body, trying to haul it up into his lap, and saw bright red streaks running from Star's hair. *Hit his head*, he thought absently. He looked forward and saw that he was being taken for the "sleigh ride." His knife was gone, the boat's hatchet was missing, but he found a lance on the floor boards. He propped the unconscious mate in the stern sheets and turned to the flying warp to cut it with the razor-bladed lance, but he stalled indecisively.

After a while he put the lance down and crawled back to the stern sheets with the mate. The harpoon line vibrating like a plucked harp string, the whaleboat was flying with sickening slams from crest to crest with spray cascading back from the bows. And mile fell into mile in the crazy whirling wake of the helpless boat.

The singing in the line toned down to a hum, and the wisps of blue smoke about the loggerhead vanished. Jesse watched the line; it went slack. The whale had stopped. The boy looked at the mate.

"Ask me for help, Star," he whispered. "Go on. Ask me to do your job now that you can't." He laughed crazily and began hand hauling the boat along the line.

As he pulled, hand over hand, the boat came ponderously up to the shining black mountain, creeping diagonally astern of the whale just safely clear of the slowly thrashing flukes. Jesse brought the bow up to where the harpoon pierced its side.

He waded forward through a tangle of line, carrying the lance. He braced his left leg against the forward thwart and, with both hands, brought the lance high above his head. The gleaming hump swelled up, over and away from him.

He drove the slender iron shaft six feet into the whale, putting more than just his weight and strength into the blow—putting his soul into the lance.

The sun was low, golden weary, when Hays came up in the third boat. The crew let out a cheer when they saw the dead sperm whale wallowing in a distant trough; but hushed when they looked in Jesse's face. He wasn't mad—as some first thought—but in a sort of calm shock.

They grappled the gunwale of the half-submerged boat and lifted the unconscious Star aboard. Jesse was sitting slack-armed in the water, staring at the whale. He didn't make a move to leave the boat until Hays leaned over and put a hand on his shoulder.

"It's all right now, lad. You don't have to jump. Just step over the gun'le."

He sat in the stern with Hays and, as the boat gave way, he looked across the sea. The dead whale was down on its starboard side, its larboard fin standing stiff and stark in the air, slablike against a milk sky. It was like a monument.

THE END

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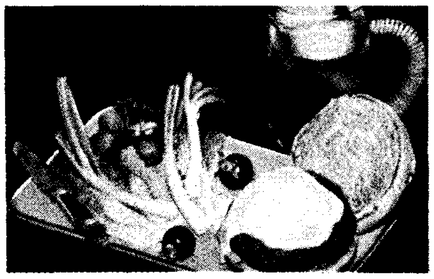

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The Last Warrior

(Continued from Page 24)

contemplating his victory and poring over the topographical map of Apacheria that he carried in his mind.

Cicatriz was the name the Mexicans had given him because of the scars that puckered and seamed his torso and face. He used the name in the same grim warrior pride with which all of the great ones had accepted Mexican names. Geronimo, Juan Jose, Mangas Coloradas and Delgadito. In the same pride the whole wild sweep of them had accepted what the Pimas called them. Trembling, the Pimas spoke of them as Apache—the Enemy.

Some of them had made the sign of surrender when the mustang herds went and when the coughing sickness and repeating rifle leagued against them. Some had made the sign and had accepted the plow and the beef ration. "We are gone under," they said in wonder, and accepted the reservation which they called The Earth Fashioned Into a Cage. But some could not believe. Some could not accept. Cicatriz had sat in a mountain rancheria and had scratched his many scars and had spat hate-soured spittle and could not accept. His hatred was a burning fever that would not give him rest. When the main band had been herded to San Carlos, he did not go. He fled into the mountain fastnesses, leading a small band who could not believe that they had lived on into an age when a man could not ride free and kill his enemies.

They raided into Mexico and took rifles and horses. They came back over the border into United States Apacheria, and General Crook sent out troops to bring them in. The name of Cicatriz began to pulse in the shining wire that looped across the land, giving life to the dry dit-dot carried in the line. His name became known. The patrols went out and scoured the plain and combed the mountains. At Crow Canyon they had finally come upon him.

After that battle Cano sat in the sage with the warriors and chewed the dry corn and there was no taste of it or of victory in his mouth. Cano means "White Hair." His long, travel-dusted black hair was splashed white down the center where a plowing bullet had taken him on some old raid. He was tall for an Apache, deep-chested, flat-muscled, sun-blackened and tough beyond belief. In his mouth there was only the dark taste of grief. His mind jerked away from him like an unruly pony and ran his back trail, stopping only when it came to a quiet canyon where crows lined the cottonwood limbs and live water ran sweetly under green trees. And to the body of Quiet Woman, dead without mourning.

The cold weariness in him was beyond any exhaustion that the incredible energy machine of his body could feel. The months of running had drained him, but this was not an exhaustion of the body. As he sat motionless, his innate entity slipped its halter and soared into the burning blue above, soaring, weightless and wide-seeing. He saw as the eagle saw and saw plainly the road this band walked and saw the end of the road very near, an end without purpose, without honor, without dignity. He saw how small men

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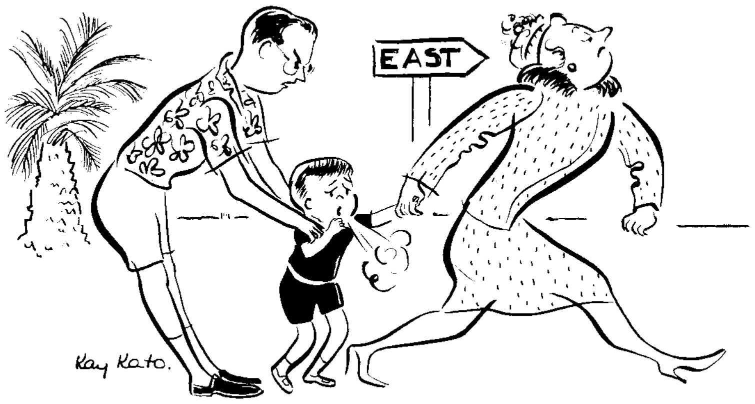

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Junior's asthma improved so much after his family moved to California that, following a divorce, his father refused to permit his mother to take the boy back to her family's home in Connecticut. Bitterly, the mother appealed to the courts.

"Connecticut is not a plague area," she argued through counsel. "Healthy citizens grow up there. Doctors there are competent to care for my boy's asthma, and who but his mother and her family can heal the hurt caused by a broken home?"

"Health is more important to a child than all the relatives in the world," the father's lawyer replied. "If he grows up so ailing that he has to be hospitalized, he won't see much of his family anyhow. And if he remains in California, he has his father."

If you were the judge, would you let the mother take the boy east?

... ...

The mother lost. The court reasoned that in California the boy would enjoy better health and also have his father. It added that its chief concern was the welfare of the boy, not the mother.

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were and how few. He saw his son Kantenne on that road and wept to think of him so soon to return to the earth. He saw Kantenne as a seed that would never know its function. He saw with awe that every living thing was only a part of the great and unchanging body of nature. If one part perished, another part fed and was strengthened, and the nature body maintained even strength. And death upon this road they ran fed nothing. He saw Kantenne as a young plant that could grow toward light and had the young plant's ability to bend before winds and to straighten again. The function of the plant was to flower and return as a hundred flowers.

His inner eye saw the quiet canyon and drank of the still pool there, and his entity returned to the husk of his body and he became whole, a being with strength and purpose and hope. He rose to stand before Cicatriz, waiting in long silence to show that he was not speaking without thought.

"I walk a dark road," he said at last to his brother.

Cicatriz pulled himself away from the taste of his victory and from the map in his head. He saw Cano's face. "On the way to the Chisos we will steal you two fat Mexican girls," he said.

"I have had a woman," Cano said and made the sign of love, hand flat at heart level. "We all walk this dark road. It ends soon. I have seen it. I take my son off this road, back to the canyon of the crows."

Cicatriz saw that his brother's grief was not all that worked within him. "The arrow that is not flying is only a piece of wood," he said.

Cano shook his head wearily. "Those were the days of our fathers. We will go to bury her whose name I cannot speak. We will wait for the madness to pass away from the land."

The months of running and raiding had not killed the fever of Cicatriz. It would abate only when the tissues that contained it were consumed. "What madness?" he said. "We are doing what we have always done. We are Chiricahua. We are *Hiuhah*." He gave their own name for themselves, Men of the Rising Sun.

"My sun has set," Cano said. He beckoned to his son, and Kantenne rose. He was not so tall as his father, not so broad. His face was an obsidian blade, nicked neither by grief nor by pride in his new warrior status.

"We have a thing to do," Cano said and would have touched him, softened him, melted his fierceness. But he did not. "We go to sing over her in the canyon."

For a flick of time the blade of the boy's face showed the deep nick of his grief. But it passed. He burned with the same fever as Cicatriz. He was a warrior, and his mother had just been killed.

"Now is not the time to sing," Kantenne said. "Now is the time to kill."

"She is in the canyon, like carrion," Cano said, speaking the words in the formal, singing language the Apache uses to evoke images and induce emotion. "She lies there without song, without weeping, without beauty. How can she sleep?"

He searched for the words that would draw his son away from Cicatriz. They all knew the coughing sickness. A worm creeps into a man's body and he coughs, spits red, grows weak and dies. Cano knew that a similar worm had entered the body of Kantenne.

"Our life is the course of the flung lance," Cano said deeply. "The lance is in the air. Killing will not alter the flight of the lance. It will fall. This killing road has always been a road of despair. Today I have seen it. I will fight no more."

Kantenne saw the thing working within his father. "I will go with you to sing over her. But her blood will cry out to me from the earth. How could I sleep with the sound of it in my ears? I am Chiricahua."

Cicatriz spoke, and spoke like a chief. "This one knows the way," he said. "This one is mine. This one will make the people glad."

"Blood does not blot up blood," Cano said. "Where does it end? It ends when there is no more Apache blood to leak."

Cicatriz made a fierce sound in his throat. "Then that is the way the lance flies," he said.

"Not this one," Cano said. "His sun only now is rising."

"He goes with me," Cicatriz insisted.

Cano knew his brother well. He knew the only language he spoke. He moved two steps to the side as if he were turning away and then he wheeled, and his sinew-backed bow was at full stretch, and the arrow point was unwavering on the chest of Cicatriz.

"He is my son," Cano said softly down the arrow shaft.

Cicatriz squatted in the trail and looked at his brother. He was a great gambler. He began to reach for the Spencer rifle with the many brass tacks in the stock. He began to reach and felt the brush of dark wings very near him. His hand stopped and he did not move at all while the wings beat the air about him.

"Take him," he said carefully. The wing beat diminished. "Keep him lean and fierce until I come."

Cano swept the bow downward and the arrow thudded into the ground an inch from the travel-ragged mountain moccasin of Cicatriz. "You were a dead man, brother," he said. "I have spared you, but you are a dead man anyway, and all who walk beside you are dying too."

"Death always walks beside all of us," Cicatriz said in contempt.

"A man should live out his years," Cano said. "We will live awhile yet."

"Only until the lance falls," Cicatriz jeered.

"Until the lance falls," Cano said.

There was a silence, and then among the warriors a man made a deep sound of weariness in his throat. He was Panayotishn, a warrior of the dest-chin clan. He was older than any of them, the muscles beginning to segment under his wrinkling skin and the age dust lying in his hair. He spoke seldom, but was a man listened to. When Cicatriz had refused to go to San Carlos he had spoken first to Panayotishn. When that man had nodded, the others listened. He stood up now.

"The bluecoats will not forget this victory. They will cover this land like a blanket. Cano has seen it. The road is short. I leave it and walk with Cano."

He left the band, and his woman and his two boys followed. There was a pause, and then another warrior made that sound and left the band, and another and another and another.

The pride of Cicatriz was a cruel bit that would not let him turn his head. He heard the sounds of the moccasins walking away from him and he could not believe it. When he looked he found only five young and wild ones at his back. He looked at all those who had deserted him.

"Pimas!" he shouted, his eyes wild. "We are *Hiuhah*. We are the sound of the war arrow and the noise of the wind. When the arrow does not fly it is a piece of wood, and no wind is silence. Cano's way is not our way."

No man moved. They looked at Cano, and he saw that he was a chief, without wishing to be a chief. "Do not come to the canyon of the crows," he said in the terse words they used to communicate plainly. "The bluecoats know your name. They will not let you live. Do not come to the canyon of the crows."

Cicatriz felt his anger in him like a claw. "Keep them lean and fierce!" he shouted. "All roads are open to me."

Cano took out his knife. "Shall we fight now?" he asked.

Cicatriz looked for a long time and then shook his head. "I will not kill my brother," he said. "They will cast you out when they find your way is not theirs. And then I will come."

"Do not come to that canyon," Cano said and sheathed his knife. "We have cast you out."

The band began to walk away toward the canyon, and Kantenne followed his father, tears of anger oozing past the dam of his pride. He had been a warrior, and his eyes yearned backward toward Cicatriz, his step lagged, his feet not wishing to leave that road at all.

The leader crow waited until the horses and mules laden with the dead and the wounded had wound out of the canyon mouth and were far out on the plain. Then he led his flock back into the canyon and into the crown of ancient cottonwood. The flock perched and the leader took a place facing them. He folded his wings three times with great ceremony. The sentry crow who had failed in his duty winged in and perched apart, edging far out on the slender bows, shifting his feet upon the perch.

The ritual of the crow court began. The leader crow talked for some time. When he had finished, a common crow became the accuser, fluffing his wings, dancing up and down in outrage. His caws were loud and harsh. When he was through still another common crow spoke in slow and measured tones of reasonableness. Finally all had spoken who were going to speak. The leader crow hopped to a higher branch and gave the verdict. The flock rose, flew away from the tree and dropped down to forage. Two sentry crows took their places. The criminal crow sat alone in the tree. That night he roosted alone. He was cast out.

At dusk the horned owl left his dark daytime perch and winged silently down the row of cottonwoods. His eyes were all black pupil. He saw the roosting figure of the solitary and undefended crow. No sentry sounded the alarm. No band flew to rescue and fight the killer. The lone criminal crow heard the sound of wings in the air as the horned owl checked his flight and banked. The crow looked blindly into the night and shifted on his perch. He made no protest when the owl dragged him from the branch.

When Cano and his band returned to the rock rim of the canyon, the dust of the crippled patrol was only a haze in the far distance. They entered the canyon by its mouth and walked its quiet length without taking cover, secure in the canyon's isolation.

Cano took the body of Quiet Woman from under the rocks and buried her properly, her head facing west, all things of her beside her in the grave. Her baskets, her blanket, her small jewelry. He painted her face tenderly and put maize into the grave and covered her over. He cut himself deeply upon the arms and thighs. He laid stones upon her grave and then the sacred *chalcihuitl.*

"Let her walk in beauty," he sang, because there was no shaman in the band to do the proper things. "Let her walk in beauty. Beauty above her, beauty below her, beauty at her every side. All in beauty."

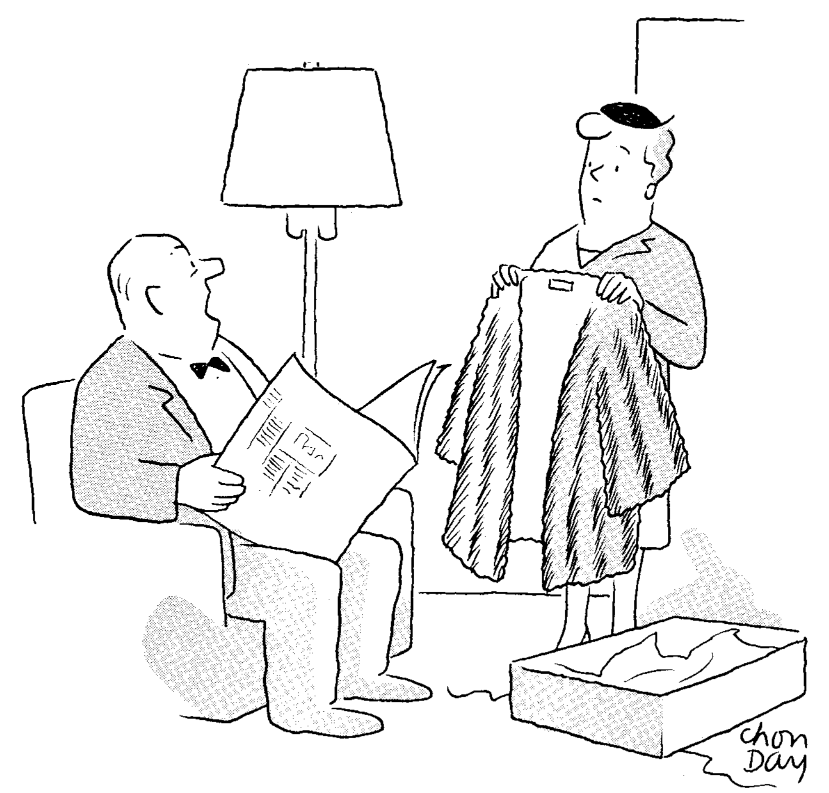
He spread the *hoddentin*, the sacred meal. "Let it be finished in beauty," he sang.

The members of the band spread *hoddentin* and echoed the song. "Let it be finished in beauty."

"Let these scars ache always so she will be always in my mind," Cano said. He turned to speak to the band. "In other times and places we would mourn the twenty-one days. But this is a new life and we must live it now."

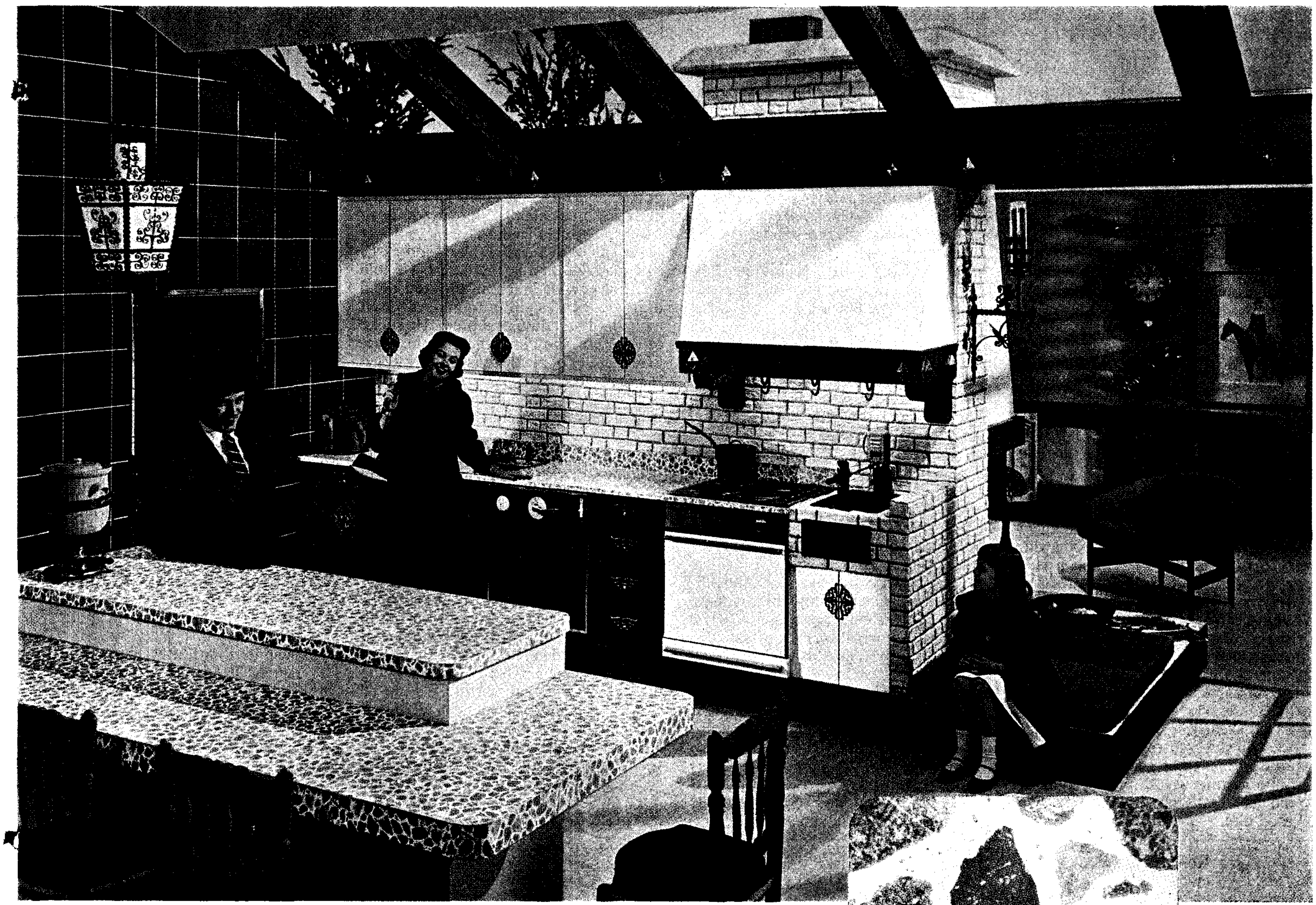
Kantenne cut himself also and looked at the blood running down his arms and legs and thought of Cicatriz on his way to the Chisos. *Where are my enemies in this place?* That was the thought he had as the blood dripped.

Cicatriz led his five young ones across the desert into Mexico. He found a trader wagon and killed the driver and helper, squatting to (*Continued on Page 114*)



"I'm a reasonable man and I won't let a thing like this spoil our happiness—take it back."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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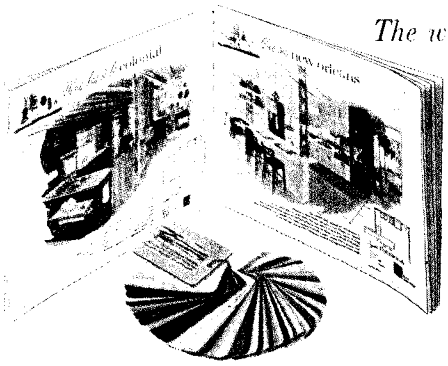

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(*Continued from Page 112*) look into their faces as they died in agony. He raided a rancho, killing the Mexicans by fire, and took horses. They rode the horses to death, quirting them until they quivered and would not move. They cut the throats of the horses and cut smoking meat from their backs and trotted on across the vast waste. The meat dried into jerky, hanging in strips from their shoulders, dangling, as they ran, like red banners.

In Chief Alsate's stronghold Cicatriz spoke of his great victory. He waited for Alsate's praise and welcome.

"The bluecoats now have sixteen-shooters," Alsate said after a long time. He was a great orator and said a great deal more. But that sentence was the most significant one he spoke—that the bluecoats have sixteen-shooter rifles.

Cicatriz heard it all and he looked around at the permanency of the wickiups and the plots of corn and squash growing in the stronghold. He rose proudly. "You have become Pimas!" he said and spat.

"We have found we like to live," Alsate said dryly.

Cicatriz gathered his weapons. "You are gone under," he said.

Alsate's war lieutenant brought them ponies to ride away on, and he rode with them to the pass. There he laid a rifle across the chest of Cicatriz.

"This pass is closed to you," he said. "We have enough enemies."

Cicatriz cut the pony's throat as he slipped from it. He shoved the dying animal into the war lieutenant's pony. He ordered the five young and wild ones to do the same. Three complied. The two others sat silently.

"We will steal our own horses," Cicatriz said in contempt and walked away. The fine gesture was diluted somewhat by the fact that only three of the five followed him.

They attacked a rancho in blind anger, without caution. In the burro shed there was a man hiding who could shoot a repeating rifle well. When caution returned to Cicatriz it came with the aid of a hole through his shoulder. One of the wild, young ones never learned caution. They were now only three, and Cicatriz led them aimlessly, his wound swelling and turning black. He sat down in sage shade and panted. The two young ones drew aside and spoke softly. They came to squat before him. One of them eyed the Spencer rifle with the brass tacks studded thickly in the stock.

"A fast bullet and a deep grave," he offered, his voice sympathetic. He was offering a favor, but his eye was on the rifle.

"Return in three days," Cicatriz said, panting. "I will die my own way."

When they were ten yards down the trail he raised the Spencer with his one good arm and tried for both with one shot. Only the one who had eyed the rifle fell. The other melted into the brush, unslinging his bow. Cicatriz rolled over and crawled away. He got the last one at a tiny rock pool as he knelt to drink. It had not been a hard stalk. He knew the young one would come to drink and had waited.

He lay down beside the pool and withdrew himself from his body while it fought its own battle. He did not count the days, but he felt vaguely the cycles of day heat and night cold. He felt his fever go away, but when he grew strong enough to catch mice and lizards and locusts to eat, the fever lights in his eyes did not go away. He wandered on, shouting at the nothingness around him. He was alone, cast out everywhere.

There were too few of them in the canyon to observe the old ways of council. There was no shaman, no tiswin to drink, no food to feast upon. They sat silently, no man speaking, until at last Cano spoke into the silence, using the poetical form of address, delivering each line as a man reads a poem.

"The hare and the deer and the antelope are creatures that are fed upon by their enemies. Yet these creatures feed only upon the grass." His voice was deep and somber. "We are a people alone and now we must become as the hare and the deer and the antelope, looking only to Mother Earth to feed us."

He spoke to them of his vision as he had sat exhausted in the desert. He told them of how he had seen the seed in all of its wonder, its power to multiply itself a hundred or a thousand times. He spoke of the Zuni, the Pima, the Navajo, these peoples who planted seeds and protected the seeds from enemies in the same way enemies were kept from the Apache women who bore within them the human seed. He spoke of the wonder of man who had within him the seed for a hundred others that were like him and yet distinct from him.

"We are a people alone," he said, "and we are no longer Chiricahua or even of the people called everywhere the Enemy. On this earth there is no place for us. We are alone, and yet we are together. In this canyon we can become as the hare, the deer and the antelope. We can work with the earth, and now this work cannot be called the work of women or that work the work of men. There can be now no division of work among us. We are all workers and all work will be of all of us."

He let the silence fall and let the people contemplate all he had said.

"There may be those who cannot change," Cano said after they had thought upon it. "Those must walk away from this place."

He sat and waited for them to reply and waited really for the words that would come from one mouth. The others rose and spoke, accepting, and that mouth which Cano watched would not open. Kantenne sat with his face down until all the others had spoken. Then he rose and spoke, and his voice was bitter.

"The feathers of the sparrow cannot fit the bones of an eagle," he said. "I have played the killing and stealing games, and if I played well at these games my father's hand was good upon my shoulder. Now I have killed a real enemy and where is my father's hand? All the days of my life I have known only that any man who stood before me who was not of my people was my enemy. Now where are my enemies? The body of one was buried and there is no talk of revenge. My head was empty and it was filled with thoughts by my father. My heart did not know how to hate my enemy, and my father gave me enemies and gave me hatred. Now how can my father say that all he has given me is no longer good?"

Cano felt himself fill with pride. He knew pride in how well he had taught and what a warrior he had taught. And now all he had taught was bad.

"I taught as I was taught," he said at last. "Now I know that the teaching was bad. If we are to live, we must change."

Kantenne gathered his weapons. "I walk away from this place," he said. "The eagle cannot fly with the sparrow flock."

"You have said it," Cano said. "We are flock things, and the flock thing that walks alone is eaten by his enemies. Think well."

Kantenne turned and climbed the fissure and stood on the rock rim. The sun was low and the valley bluing into dusk, but up on the rim the sun still shone and lighted him, while in the canyon there

"What this country needs

was shadow. Cano ended the council, but sat for a long time beside the fire, looking into the flames.

That night Kantenne made a dry and fireless camp. At dawn he rose and trotted toward the Chisos, running without food or water. At dusk he found mescal, chewed the pulp and roasted the leaves upon the fire. He slept. He woke when the point of a knife bit into the skin of his throat.

"Is your life mine? Could the point bite deeper?"

Kantenne drew breath as he recognized his father's voice. "It could go deeper," he whispered.

"Is your life mine if I choose to take it?" Cano insisted, and Kantenne knew he had been tricked and humiliated. He knew the law. If a man found himself in the hands of his enemy and if the enemy spared him, his life belonged to that enemy.

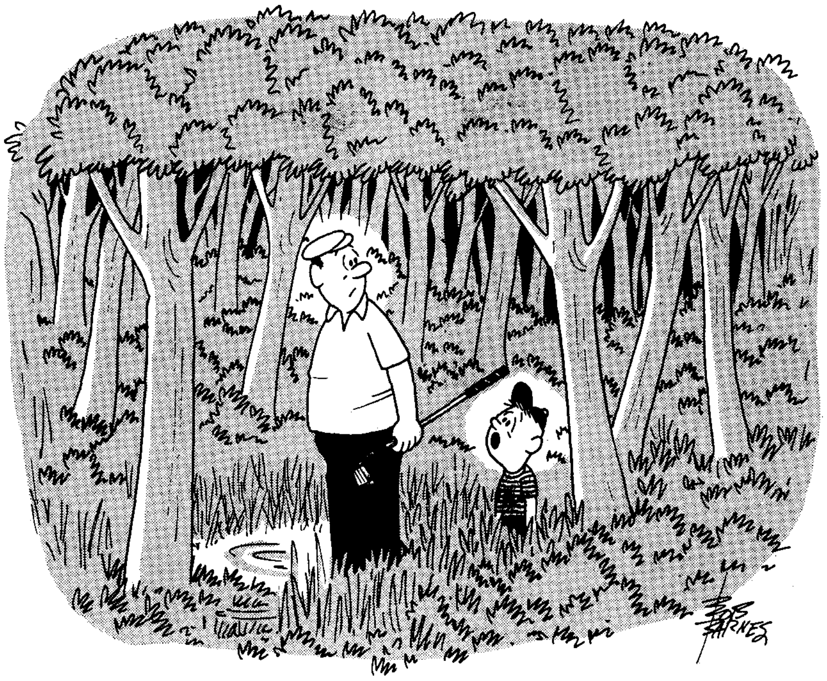
"Are we enemies?" Kantenne whispered, trying to evade the law.

"You are the eagle and I am the sparrow," Cano said, the knife point still biting. "Anything which threatens the flock is an enemy. How can a sparrow hatch an eagle?" The knife point went away.

"Kantenne, Kantenne," Cano said gently, and broke the law because a man so taken was a dead man, and his name could not be spoken, "come back with me. The oaks live only because they drop acorns. If all the acorns are eaten, where will be the oaks? You are the acorn. You must live. You are the seed. Come back with me to the canyon and we will make things grow. The people who do that say that the growing things make a song."

Kantenne sat up, his face bitter. "You have my life," he said. "I will go back. But I will never hear the song."

At the canyon mouth Cano put his hand upon his son's arm. "There is no need to speak of this," he said gently.



"Let's forget about the ball and try to find the golf course."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The boy within him made Kantenne grateful, but his face stayed warrior still.

For the first time in the memory of even the oldest of them, they began to build wickiups that were not temporary things to be burned on an hour's notice and left behind. They selected cottonwood poles and bent them and lashed them. They began to thatch to last, using leaves, sticks and brush. Kantenne and Cano worked together.

"I will build my own wickiup," Kantenne said when they had finished. "Apart."

"This wickiup is big enough for both of us," Cano said.

"No wickiup is big enough for both of us," Kantenne said. He went to the end of the canyon under the trees where the crows roosted. There, in an hour of careless work, he built a shelter as impermanent and fragile as the nest of a bird.

They sat in grave council and scratched pictures in the dust and became excited as they remembered. They had raided often among the Pimas and had seen how those people planted in flood lands and grew crops that were tall and bore heavily. They had seen the water being led out into the fields from the river. They sat in council and remembered and felt excitement. It was strange talk for an Apache council, and the women sat with them and smiled in wonder.

Kantenne worked in the fields like a slave, with the slave's surly silence. But each day after he had worked he would strip to breechclout and high moccasins and climb to the rock rim to run for miles across the desert, practicing the stalk, keeping lean and fierce.

The crows and the people lived together in peace until the seeds were planted. But after the pollen had been scattered in the sacred four directions above the prepared earth, and after the seed had been put into the earth and covered, then the crows became the enemy. The seeds in the dark damp body of the earth felt the stirring of life within them and swelled, reaching upward to light. As the seeds swelled, the crows tried ceaselessly to scratch for the seeds. Men stood sling watches, while others walked across the fields, plucking each alien weed. They began the pleasant and sociable work of weaving the big harvest baskets from reeds. There was joking and laughter.

Always these people had slept as lightly as animals, ready even in sleep to spring up to fight. Now they worked in the sun, and their sleep at night grew deep and peaceful. Each began to find his place in the great wheeling cycle of the sun, the earth, the seed and the man. The peace in the canyon became a thing so tangible as to be felt upon the skin, to be rubbed like moth-wing dust between the fingers. Even Kantenne felt it, and ceased to run across the desert at dusk. He kept himself silent and apart, and often he climbed the wall to sit and look toward the Chisos, but he found it hard to hate now.

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Cano watched and knew a great deal about the inner storms of youth. He made Kantenne stand long watches with the reed slings to keep off the crows. Cano knew that if a man joined with another against a common enemy, there was built a bond between the allies. And were not the crows the enemy of the corn? He watched and waited. He saw Kantenne put out fermented corn to make the crows drunk, but the leader was too wise. He saw him build reed shields to hide behind in order to shoot his arrows at the crows. But the leader again was too wise. Cano watched Kantenne begin to look upon the crows as enemies, going no more up on the wall to look toward the Chisos.

Even Cicatriz himself did not know when he began to run in the great circle that is the path of almost all wild and pursued things. The coursed rabbit, the stalked deer, even the squeaking mouse, all bend their running track into the great circle. As the patrols increased and pursued him, Cicatriz began to run his big circle. As he ran he killed whatever weak and defenseless thing was in his path. Lone wagoners, traders, sheepherders. He killed when there were no goods to be taken. He killed and ran and was pursued, and unknown even to him his track began to bend into the big circle.

Cano watched his son and watched the plots, and one day he came to Kantenne in the field at dusk. The growing plants were just breaking the surface of the earth.

"Listen," Cano said and placed his ear to the ground. Kantenne hesitated and then knelt.

"Do you hear the song?" Cano asked.

Kantenne got up quickly. "I hear the bees and the water and the crows," he said.

"It is a deeper sound," Cano said and looked at his son's face and knew that he had heard the song. Kantenne had not believed in the song, and yet the strange look upon his face told that he had heard it. It was a song that was not really a song, but a slow moving within the earth, the quietly mighty thrust of life.

He walked carefully across the fields to his lonely wickiup and prepared an ambush for his enemies, the crows. As the flock settled to roost, before the sentry crow could sound the alarm, Kantenne, high on a cottonwood limb, brought down a common crow with an arrow.

The next morning he was roused by the sound of the crow court. He saw the sentry crow sitting apart, he saw the noisy ceremony of the trial and he saw the flock fly up after the verdict, gather and descend upon the criminal crow, pecking for his eyes. The condemned bird flew screeching through the branches and was knocked down. Without thought, acting by the instinct of the person who is lonely, Kantenne ran through the squabbling flock and picked up the stunned bird. The flock fluttered and screamed, rising to become a shifting and angry black cloud over him. When he ran to the other wickiups, the angry cloud went with him. He borrowed a large loose-woven basket and put the crow inside. Cano came out of his wickiup and saw the fluttering anger of the crows and saw the huddled criminal crow in the basket.

"Why do you not give him to the flock to kill?" he asked Kantenne. "He has endangered the flock. He must be killed. It is the law."

But Kantenne, recalling the biting knife point at his throat that night in the desert, remembered almost those same words and shook his head stubbornly. And he knew why he had run to save the bird.

They were in the fields when the rattle of the pony hoofs brought them all up standing. Cicatriz stopped at the canyon mouth and looked behind him, checking the column of dust. He brought the pony into the middle of the camp and looked with contempt upon the permanent wickiups, the orderly plots, the water in the irrigation trenches. The pony stood heaving, foam dropping from its mouth, and Cicatriz sat upon it and bled from a wound in his shoulder, and the blood ran down his arm.

The people came slowly from the fields, no knife, bow or rifle among them. They gathered silently around Cicatriz. Kantenne pushed through the people and saw his uncle, his thinness, his raggedness, his bleeding wound and saw that he was unbeaten.

"You have come," Kantenne said.

Cicatriz raised wild eyes and looked at him, the surface lights of madness lambent on the shallow black of his eyes.

"I have come," he said. His voice was a harsh croak, rusty from disuse. "I have come to make the people glad."

Cano moved to look up at his brother. "Are you pursued?" he asked. "Do the bluecoats follow?"

"I am Cicatriz," he croaked. "So I am pursued."

"You were told not to come to this place," Cano said. "Now you have come and led the bluecoats to us."

"I said that I would come," Cicatriz said and slid off his pony. "Will you speak of this in council? Will you let the people say if they wish to ambush the bluecoats again? Will you let the people say if they want blankets and rifles and horses? Will you let the people say if they want to become women?"

Cano looked at him and at the people and at his fields. "And if they wish not to fight?" he asked.

"They will wish to fight," Cicatriz said. "They are *Hiuhah*. But if they choose against me, then I will ride out of this place and lead the bluecoats away. I will say that the lance has fallen. I am alone."

Cano looked once again at the fields and then bowed his head.

The people gathered in council. Cicatriz went immediately to the circle's center and began to enact the pantomime of the ambush in this canyon. He jumped, jerking his muscles, shot many shots and became many dying bluecoats. His eyes burned and his bloody hand gestured. The people stirred, remembering it, and Kantenne drew a breath that burned his nostrils. The crows cawed angrily in the background, and he did not hear them. He heard only the song of the arrow, only the fierce song that had filled him that day as he had drawn the bow into the singing crescent, looking at the bluecoat's neck, breathing down the shaft of the arrow. The song of the bending bow, the locked arm, the knotted shoulder, the hating heart. He heard it loudly. It filled all of him.

Cicatriz finished his pantomime, his thin body arched and quivering, standing proudly amidst the horses and the blankets and the booty that he had piled before them. In the silence the people let out the breath that had been held pent while they had lived again the fiercely wonderful days when they had been the Enemy.

The leader crow left his perch in the trees, made a swoop down to the caged crow, rattling his beak against the reeds. As he returned to his perch he saw the undefended fields. He continued his flight, made a cautious circuit of the plots and then cawed the flock away from their siege, to feed. They flew low over the council gathering, echoing the forage call. They landed in the plots and began to pull up the sprouting maize.

Kantenne was hearing the roaring song within him, was seeing the piled booty, and had turned awed eyes to Cicatriz. The flock flew over, and his eyes followed their flight. He saw them, gleaming, black and busy in the sunlit plots and he rose. The people saw him standing, followed his gaze out to the fields, and the vision of the piled booty melted away. First one and then another, and then all of them, began to stream out to protect their fields, moving away from Cicatriz.

Kantenne looked again at Cicatriz. He saw a man with madness in his eyes and, as he watched, he saw the bony scarred face sink inward upon itself, showing the death's face beneath the skin. And at the same time the last notes of the arrow song within him were drowned in the slow music of the growing corn. He turned and went to the basket that held the condemned crow and threw off the lid. The crow took instant flight. The sentry crows sounded the two-tone alarm, and the flock lifted from the fields, rose into the air, gathered and then descended upon the fleeing criminal crow.

Cicatriz, his proud body gone all slack, walked to his pony and hauled himself upon it. He kicked the pony around to face the canyon mouth. Cano went to him.

"*Cheekasay*," he said, calling him "brother," and then could not say more.

"I will make the people glad," Cicatriz said, and his back straightened, his head lifted and he kicked the tired pony into a gallop.

That night they made no cooking fires. They sat silently, waiting. At dusk the people heard the guns far to the south, the sound so distance-diminished that it was no more than the sound of rotten sticks breaking.

I Call on Perry Como

(Continued from Page 33)

Prehistorics, Dante and the Evergreens, Roy Orbison, Hank Locklin, Wakely and McManus, the Goose Brothers, Bill Black's Combo, Ron Holden, Jimmy Jones, Don Costa, the Fleetwoods and the Skyliners. Who are these people?"

"Nowadays," Como said, "it's a youngsters' business. The buyers for single records are mostly boys and girls between ten and thirteen, usually a girl, and sometimes she's maybe fourteen or fifteen. Take my daughter, Terri. She is a teen-ager, no better or worse than any other thirteen-year-old who listens to that stuff. Occasionally, when I have the radio on, Terri and her pals come in, switch it off, tune in on a station they like. Unless they hear that big beat and somebody wailing they don't like it. They don't come right out and say it, but the fact is it's their music, and we older folks are not supposed to mess around with it. Once in a while I ask them curiously, 'Whom do you like now?' and they come up with another batch of new names I've never heard of. Yesterday it was Fabian or Frankie Avalon, today it can be somebody else.

"In all fairness," Como went on, "that Avalon is a pretty smart boy. I'll go so far as to say he's pretty good. I once asked Terri, 'Now you like Fabian?' She said, 'Yes,' and I said, 'What do you like about Fabian? Do you like the way he sings?' Finally, driven into a corner, she said, 'He's cute.'"

Como seemed to shrug without actually doing it. "What can you do?" he asked. "What she really means is that all the other girls like him, too, and he's a fine-looking boy. Fabian is only seventeen. How much wrong could he have done in his short seventeen years?"

I said, "The last time I saw Avalon, rehearsing for a Dean Martin TV show, he hadn't reached sixteen. He was ducking behind the scenes for his compulsory school lessons between rehearsals."

"Actually I like Frankie Avalon," Como said. "He's been on our show before, and he'll probably be again. Some of these kids in the record business are very nice. There's nothing really wrong with them—except I can't help having the feeling that too much is happening to them too soon."

I asked, "Is the record business as controlled as it seems to be?"

"Perhaps the word ought to be 'contrived,' not 'controlled,'" Como said. "Six or seven years ago the big recording companies allowed the free-lance, fly-by-night boys in the business to take hold. Now these fast-buck lads have dug both hands in that business up to their wrists.

"Until a few years ago, certain publishers who had been with the business for years more or less controlled it. About ten publishers pressed the Gershwins and the Rodgers-and-Hammersteins, or printed their sheet music. There were Schirmer and Feist and Robbins and Dreyfus and Bernstein and Berlin, to mention six. Nowadays a mob of little fellows have come in who don't even have recording companies. As I've told you, the big fellows record their product for them, and most of it is bad. What they're selling the kids is the big beat we used to hear coming from the big bands. First of all, they have to have a guy who can whang that bass drum. Everything else is incidental."

"You'd think it would drown out the singer's voice," I said.

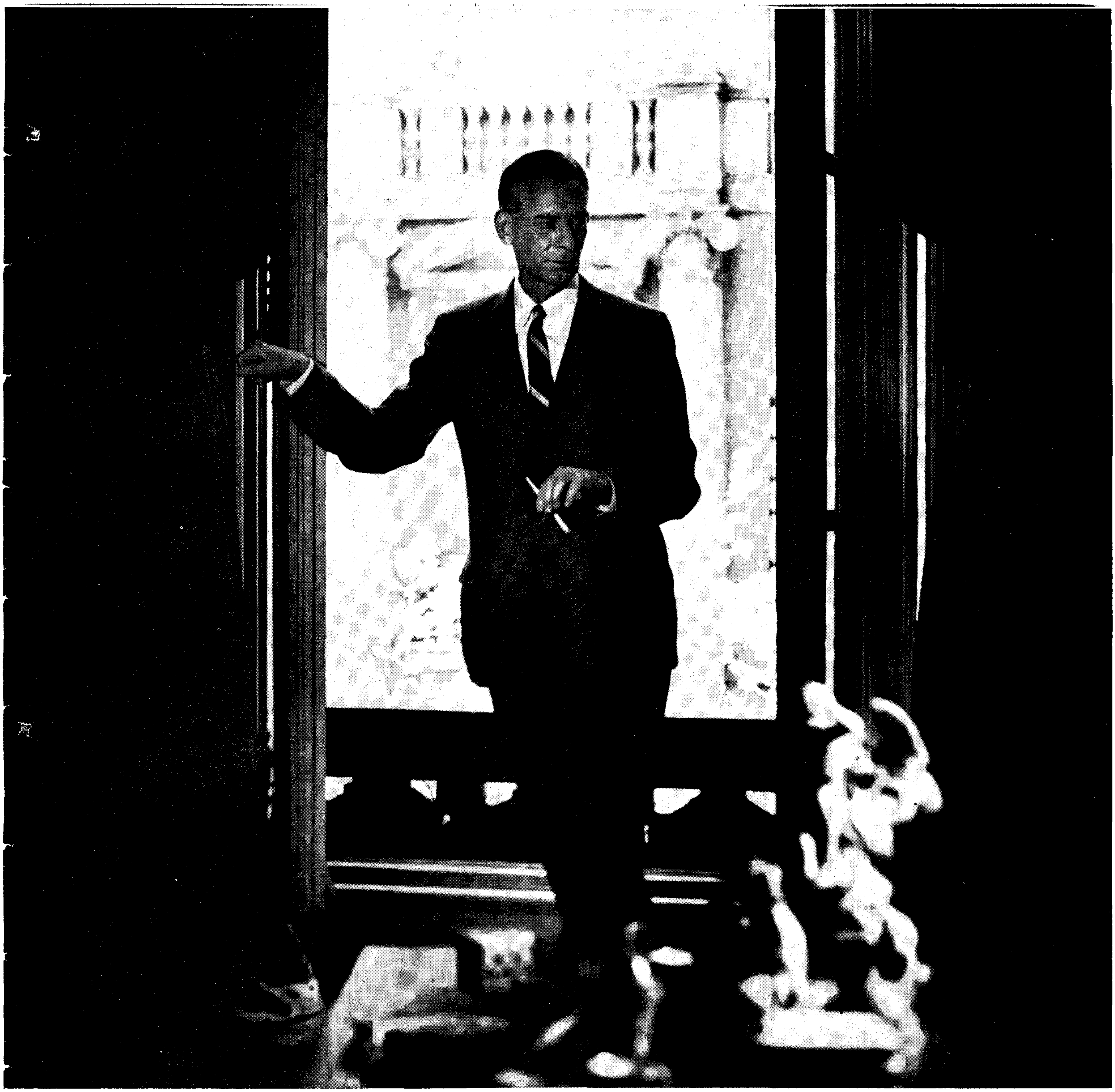
"The kids don't mind," Como said. "They don't listen to the singing anyhow. At least I don't think they do. They can sing along with the artist on the record if they have to—they know the lyric subconsciously—but in at least half of the records, you can't understand what the hell the artist is singing about."

"I know what you mean," I said. "There's a big throbbing noise, and somewhere, trying to cut through it, is a human voice."

Como picked up my thought and ran with it. "The voices of the kid singers these days," he went on, "are a wailing background for the orchestra. It used to be that music accompanied a guy. Now the singer accompanies the orchestra—if his lungs are strong enough. The only trouble is, the moment I say something like this, people take it for granted that I'm being bitter about it."

"I'm not bitter," I said. "I just tune out the wailers and the screamers and wait for the ballads and the Dixieland, which I

(*Continued on Page 118*)



PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE HAMILL

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—*Philip Wylie*

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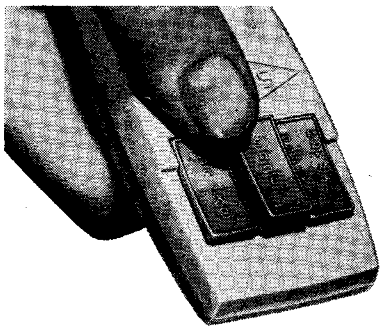

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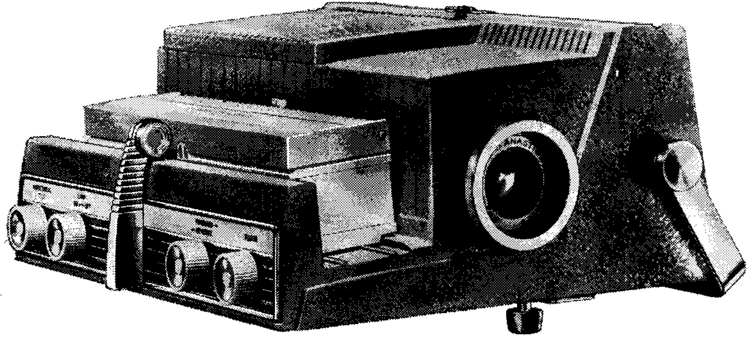

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Makers of View-Master

(Continued from Page 116)

like—and which, of course, makes me antediluvian."

Como said, "A lot of people out of our era have a head packed full of wonderful remembered music. Today the music the kids are packing into their noggins is all noise and throb. Play *Stardust* or *Till the End of Time* for them, and it doesn't mean a thing. That's strictly for Spanish-American War veterans."

I asked, "How can they do better than *Up a Lazy River* or *Honeysuckle Rose?*"

"They can't," Como said. "The point is, it's not *their* music."

I asked, "Do you suppose that someday the stuff they're listening to will make them remember a beautiful moment in their lives?"

He said, "I can imagine that twenty years from now when somebody sings *You Ain't Nothing But a Hound Dog*, it will make some guy in his late thirties recall a beautiful, nostalgic, sentimental moment in 1958 or 1959. To me, a song like *Deep Purple* is still the most beautiful music I know, and when I hear *Hound Dog*, I have to vomit a little. If you're built the way I am, it's got to make you a little sick; but in 1970 or 1975 it will probably be a slightly ancient classic."

I pushed it a little further. "So a guy will remember, *They were playing that when I dated my wife for the first time!* and it'll make him tender and loving?"

"We have to suppose that," Como said. "Although to my ears it is so much processed fertilizer. A lot of it is O.K. if it is done well by good musicians, but eighty per cent of our bands are not good musicians. The vast majority of these records sound as if they'd been made in a garage. However, there's a chance that our kids will grow out of it a little. My oldest boy, Ronnie—he's almost twenty-one now—will sit around and listen to Fabian and Avalon and he'll seem interested temporarily because they're partially in his era too, but pretty soon he'll duck upstairs and play the most beautiful music you ever heard on his own stereo."

"Such as?" I asked.

"Such as the Kingston Trio," Como said, "and Belafonte and opera. He doesn't really go for the teen-age stuff now. I hear him kind of laughing under that teen-age music. He's thinking, *That guy doing the finger-snapping must be kidding*. Ronnie's crowding into manhood and, at twenty-one, teen-age music has come to sound pretty bad to him.

"When it was first suggested that we have Fabian on our show, my first reaction was, 'Who's he? I never heard of him.' When he joined us for rehearsals, I looked at him and I asked, 'Where were you singing when they found you?' He said, 'This man met me on the street one day and he told me, "You're going to be a singer." '"

I asked, "Do you mean they can call their shots that way and turn out singers like sausages?"

Como shrugged again. "Anyhow, the kid was singing on our show, and you've never seen anybody so frightened in your life. I was sorry for him. To me he was still a baby. Now hold your skull while I tell you this: At this moment this 'baby' is getting seventy-five thousand dollars a motion picture."

I asked, "Is it possible for a rock-and-roller to be an old man vocally at seventeen?"

"Some of them have proved amazingly durable," Como said, "and have lasted longer than that. The most durable ones come out of it, but it takes a lot to pull them through. The first ten or so names on *The Billboard*'s Top 100 list are there because a recording of theirs has sold a hundred thousand copies or more. While a hundred thousand may seem impressive, it can also be a big, fat flash in the pan."

"Do you mind if I change the subject violently?" I asked. "I'm interested in why President Eisenhower is laughing in that huge photograph hanging there on your office wall. Something has certainly tickled him."

"It was this way," Como told me. "I was representing television in Washington, D.C., for the Variety Clubs of America. Kim Novak was representing the motion-picture industry. The clubs called me and told me that they were going to give Ike an honorary membership. It is a great organization and it has raised a lot of money for good causes. But before I met the President, I spent half an hour with Jim Hagerty, the President's press secretary. Jim's a golf addict, just as I am.

"I asked him, 'What kind of clubs does the President use? I'd like to send him a set.' Jim didn't answer. He began to laugh instead. I thought, *He's not going to be too committal in talking about the President. That's part of his job.* But finally he said, 'He wouldn't use your clubs anyhow. He's a good friend of Bobby Jones. He uses Bobby Jones's clubs.' But I was persistent. I asked, 'What kind of a shaft does he use?' and once more Jim began to laugh.

……

I Never Miss a Game!

By Addison H. Hallock

How icily the wind doth
  blow!
How turbulent the heavens!
How bitter-cold the sleet
  and snow
Which pelts the two elevens
Awaiting in such stoic style
The referee's decision!
Turn up the thermostat,
  and I'll
Adjust the television!

……

"You may not be a golfer," Como told me, "but there's a Number One shaft, a Two shaft, a Three shaft and a Four shaft. The Number One is usually used by the pros. A Number Two is used by ordinary men players; with a Three you start to get up to elderly men or ladies. A Three shaft is very limber. It's like a fishing rod. The older you get and the slower you swing, the whippier and lighter the club you need. Four is for very weak hitters indeed. Hagerty wouldn't tell me for a while, then he said, 'He uses a Three, but if he finds out I've told you, there'll be hell to pay.'

"I guess I crossed Jim up," Como admitted. "When I met the President, all I could think of was, *What can a man say to the President of the United States?* He solved that for me by beginning to talk golf. Chuckleheadedly forgetting Hagerty's fears, and for want of anything else to say, I asked, 'What kind of clubs do you use?' 'I always use the Bobby Jones clubs,' he told me. 'Bobby's a good friend of mine.' Then, like a dummy, I went on. 'But what kind of shaft do you use?' And as I asked that, a photographer snapped that picture of us you see on that wall.

"The President laughed all over his face and he said, 'That traitor Hagerty must have told you.' He never did really answer my question, but what a wonderful laugh he's got. But I don't know whether I want you to use that story," Como said. "Maybe it would embarrass Ike."

"What's embarrassing about it?" I asked. "Every golfer will understand that story and appreciate it."

We sat there together looking at the huge photograph on the wall. Como went on, "Once you've seen that picture, it's unforgettable. As you can see, he's not a lot taller than I am, but he was tanned and he looked wonderful. We sat there for half an hour while he told me stories.

"Which reminds me of one of the funniest things Bob Hope ever said. Two or three years ago the golf-club manufacturers brought out a club with a longer shaft. The standard length is forty-two or forty-two and a half inches. Forty-three inches is really a long driver, although that depends partly on your height. But the club makers came forth with a club forty-five inches long and even a forty-six-incher. Their theory was that the bigger the arc described by the player with his clubhead, the more power. In other words, if your tendency is to swing slowly, a bigger arc will give you more hit at the ball. Anyhow, Hope called me long distance one day while I was at a tailor's having a suit fitted. I was told Bob Hope was on the horn and I wondered how he'd found me there. I never did find out, but I figured it must be an emergency. What do you think he called me for?"

Remember the old days when it was the man who got married in order to have somebody to do the housework?

HAROLD COFFIN

I shook my head. "Hope said, 'I've got the damnedest thing to tell you.' 'What's going on?' I asked, and he said, 'You know the new long shaft?'

"I said, 'Yes,' and he said, 'Well, Bing has got one now that's so long he doesn't even show up at the golf course. He just opens his window and hits it from there.'"

Como paused while I grinned weakly. "I can see," he said, "that it doesn't make you hysterical but if you were a golfer, it would break you up. I laughed so hard that my tailor wondered if he should notify my friends that I should be committed.

"Now we're talking about a fine man who's been a great help to me," Como added. "Bing Crosby. The American people carry such an affectionate image of him in their minds that all they really ask of him is that he sing. It doesn't make much difference what it is, just as long as he sings something."

"He's the best interview I've ever had," I said. "I always tell people that when they ask me, and I *am* asked now and then."

"He's wonderful," Como said. "He can also be very distant, but people forget that his work and his family have kept him busy twenty-four hours a day at times—busier than anybody will ever know. He's had a lot on his mind and a lot of worries, and I think he's assumed his hard-to-get-close-to attitude in self-defense. He may be distant and standoffish with people who waste his time or who are trying to get something out of him, but he's surely had a long, long love affair going with the public, and that's what really counts."

Como continued, "All I know is he's always been a nice guy to me; he's always been unfailingly kind. Yet you can go just so far with him. In a sense I'm the same way. You can push me or push any human being just so far, then a line has to be drawn somewhere."

I said, "My theory about Bing is that if you want his friendship, your best bet is to let him make the moves. If you try to make them, if you're pushy or shovy or demanding, he disappears into the mountains and goes fishing."

Como commented, "A lot of people have no conception of what a nuisance it is to have others eat up your privacy and your hours, even your minutes. I know I don't like strangers intruding in my home. If somebody comes to my house without calling up first, I may be a little frigid. It may be a night when all I want to do is sit down with my family and unwind. I wouldn't walk into your house unannounced. If you call me and ask me to come over, that's different. The same thing is true of anybody's home. I wouldn't go prying into my mother's icebox. There may be something in there she doesn't want me to see. By the same token, I don't want her peeking into mine."

"Your sense of privacy is more highly developed than mine," I said. "If I'm in a friend's house and I get hungry, I'm as likely as not to take a look into his icebox. It wouldn't occur to me that he'd mind, because I wouldn't mind if he looked into mine. Yet, listening to you, I'm beginning to think I'm not a very nice guy."

"Maybe I put it too strongly," Como chuckled, "but you certainly wouldn't want an utter stranger walking into your house and wandering around without being invited, would you?"

"I'd like to have him tell me he was coming," I conceded. "For one thing, it would give us a chance to tidy up."

I pointed to another photograph, this one of the entire Como family, which rested on his desk. They were standing with Pope Pius XII. Perry had a tie on. "Yesterday," I said, "you told me: 'I'm probably the world's worst dresser. I never wear a tie.' Yet there you are with one on."

"That was one of the few times," he said.

"I'm not a Catholic," I said. "But Pius XII's face was so aesthetic, so stripped of fleshly things that to me it was a saintly face. Tell me about your meeting with him."

"It was a little over two years ago," he said. "My wife and I gave ourselves a trip to Italy as a twenty-fifth-wedding-anniversary present. We'd talked about it for ten years, but we'd never quite made it. In fact, it was my first trip outside of the country. The arrangements were taken care of by a friend of mine, Monsignor Carroll Abbey. He founded the Boys Town of Italy."

"I didn't know Italy had a Boys Town."

"Well, they do," Como said. "I had done a few things for Boys Town, U.S.A., and for the one in Italy by remote control. We reached Rome on a Friday night. That same night we were handed a letter from the Vatican. It told us to be there at eleven o'clock the next morning for an audience with the Pope. You can't imagine what went on in the Como family for the next twelve hours. Pandemonium, that's all. My wife hadn't unpacked the clothes she was planning to wear to the audience—the black dress, the hat, the gloves, not too short—and I had to have my dark suit pressed and lay out my tie. Nobody slept much.

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"We reached Vatican City at ten o'clock next morning. We wanted to make sure we'd be there for the eleven-o'clock audience. We met Monsignor Carroll Abbey, who spoke fluent English, thank God, for we Comos didn't know which room to go into or which end was up. I was so emotionally brimful, because we were about to see a man who was our spiritual leader, that I was wringing wet from nervousness.

"About an hour later we wound up in the room you see in this photograph. There was nobody there except my party. Nobody had told us we were going to have a private audience. We'd been told we were to have an audience, period. So we sat there, and our friend the monsignor kept saying, 'Don't worry.' 'But,' we asked, 'what do we do?' 'Do nothing,' he said. 'When you see him, he'll take care of making you feel comfortable.'

"A door opened quietly, and two cardinals came through and knelt down. You're not a Catholic, so you won't understand this, but I was so stirred up I was about to jump right out through the window from which His Holiness blesses the crowds on St. Peter's Square. Then the Holy Father came in; we knelt, but he told us to stand, and he said, 'I know all about you and your N.B.C. TV shows.' I couldn't say anything, and my wife, standing there, was saying nothing either. What *do* you say?"

"I wouldn't know," I told him.

Como went on, "Earlier that morning I'd asked the monsignor, 'Could we possibly have a photograph of our meeting?' He'd said, 'There'll be one. Don't worry.' At last I got my mouth unstuck and chatted with the Pope. He not only talked about our show but he asked where our children were going to school and about other personal matters."

"He must have been well briefed," I said.

"He was that," Como agreed. "You remember you said he had a wonderful face? Well, it looked as if it were made of Dresden. He had been very sick, but he'd kept on going."

"When was that photograph on your desk shot?" I asked.

"As the Pope was about to leave, a man came up, apparently out of a crack in the floor, and took the picture you see here. The Pope told us where to stand, then he stood between my wife and myself. I thought, *This will be one time when a photographer won't say, 'One more!'* But this photographer was just like all others. He said it too. The Holy Father explained to us solemnly, 'It's for what he calls a safety. He uses it in case anything goes wrong with his first picture.'

"That night, when we were at our hotel, the Pope sent us a beautiful velvet box. In it was the cap he'd worn when he talked to us."

"Where is it?" I asked.

"At home in a glass case," Como said.

I thought my next question was a natural one. "Does the fact that you are deeply religious have anything to do with the amazing quietness, that relaxed quality people see in you? Does your religion help you overcome the minor irritations which beset you?"

Como smiled his slow smile. "I'll tell you this much: I've never felt any halo hanging over my left eyebrow. I'm no worse and no better than most people. Religion lies so deeply in a man's inner nature that I don't like to talk about it very much. It's too personal. Certainly there is nothing to publicize about it."

"I'd like to ask you another question," I said. "It's about the time you went over to New Jersey and helped some citizens there buy two stained-glass windows for a church, instead of appearing at Madison Square Garden that same evening with thirty-five other topflight entertainers."

"I don't go for those big affairs," Como told me. "I have a few small pet things I like to do. Who needs me if they've already got thirty-five other headliners signed up for a huge benefit? I feel that it's better for me to try to help a little cause, like the St. Francis Cardiac Home for Children out on Long Island, for example. I've been out to the St. Francis Home for ten Father's Days now.

"It's a place with beds for youngsters who have rheumatic hearts. They also take the blue out of blue babies. Once a year the sisters get together, put up booths and have a fair. I got into it because my brother-in-law, Dee, asked me, 'Why don't you go over there? Maybe you can help them a little.' By that time they had their bed capacity up to two hundred and thirty, and they were taking in a few elderly people too. So I said to Dee, 'O.K., but as long as we're going, why don't we get some albums of my records, and I'll autograph a lot of photographs and I'll get a television set for them, and we'll borrow some of the chancebooks they use to raffle off the automobile a local dealer sells them at factory cost. Maybe we can sell some chances on the TV set too. What with one thing and another, perhaps we can pick up five or ten thousand for them.' I also suggested to Dee, 'Pass some of those chancebooks around to our friends in the music business. They're only a dollar a book of four,' and Dee sold a couple of thousand dollars' worth.

HAZEL by Ted Key

INFORMATION

"And your Aunt Cora. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Anyway, on Father's Day, which comes in June, we lugged out a few loads of albums and autographed pictures and put them in the booths. I went out there myself in the evening. In the meantime, the kids had been having a big day with the hot dogs and the soft drinks and breaking balloons with darts. I brought a pianist with me and I sang a few songs. The kids screamed happily, and it was very heartening, although it upset me a little because I was worried about the patients who had to be kept very quiet—those who were not to be exposed to excitement.

"I don't know about the other Catholic laymen involved, but Dee and I worried quite a lot about whether the sisters would know how to make a buck out of running an affair like that. The following day, however, we dropped by the home, and I asked the head sister, 'How'd we do?' She said, 'We made quite a pleasing bit of money.' I thought, *Maybe they picked up ten grand. That's great!*

"'Would you like to know how pleasing?' she asked me.

"'If it's not prying,' I said.

"She said, 'We sold fifteen thousand hot dogs and fifteen thousand soft drinks.' That was interesting, but I wanted to hear how the chances on the television set had made out, so I asked, 'Did the television set help?' Her answer left me feeling as if I'd swallowed my tongue. She said, 'Oh, we decided not to raffle that off. We kept it. We felt we could use it to better advantage here at the hospital.'

"I gulped and said, 'How about the automobile?' I knew she had paid a generous dealer the lowest possible price for it—about two thousand dollars, I guessed. 'We made thirty thousand on the car alone,' she said. I practically died. After a few more discreet questions, I did a little rapid arithmetic and concluded they must have picked up between forty and fifty thousand dollars. 'Mother,' I said, 'any time I throw a charity function, do me a favor, will you? Be my manager?'"

Shifting the subject, I said, "Someone once told me that you're extremely patient with autograph hunters. I hear that you don't let people shove them away from you; that there is none of this 'Leave Mr. Como alone'; that you'll stay with them an hour, if need be, to sign their books. Is that true?"

"Well, yes," he said with a certain reluctance. "I figure that's the least I can do for those characters—and I use the word 'characters' affectionately—because they stand out in the rain and the snow, waiting for me indefinitely." He paused, then went on, "Of course, there *are* fans who are strictly jerks. I don't call them characters. I have other names for them.

"One night I got home to Sands Point to find a smartly dressed woman sitting on a suitcase outside my door. 'Didn't the letters I wrote you mean anything?' she asked. I said, 'No,' and she asked, 'You mean you didn't get my letters?' I said, 'Just a minute. Let's start again from the top. I don't know you. I've never seen you before. I've never written to you.' She said, 'Why, this is terrible.'"

Como snapped his fingers and said, "Just like that her face changed. I saw a wildness come over it. She had a big pocketbook. My brother-in-law, Dee, was right there with me, but I grabbed her pocketbook because she looked so strange that I wanted to see if she had a weapon in it. You can never tell what these jokers are up to. There was nothing in it that could harm anybody. I explained that I was just looking for a match and gave it back to her. When I did, she went completely berserk. She made no sense at all. It was the weirdest thing I've ever seen. For the first few minutes she had talked fairly sensibly; then her mind blew a fuse, and she was as flip as anybody you've ever seen."

"How do you mean, she made no sense?" I asked him.

He said, "She said that she knew definitely that I wasn't getting along with my wife. When I opened my mouth to answer her, she said, 'I know you're going to tell me you are getting along, but I know better.' I didn't know where she was from or where she went, and I never found out."

I asked, "How did you shake her?"

"Dee drove her to the train station," Como said.

"And speaking of strange twists of the fan mind," he went on, "I get so many letters from women who claim to be my sister that, rated off my mail, I have more relatives than any other man alive. That goes hand in hand with the barber bit. A guy will say to me, 'Remember me, Perry? For goodness sake, you used to cut my hair in Steubenville,' or 'You used to cut my hair in Chicago.' Apparently I've cut hair everywhere in the country. I don't deny it. I just say, 'Sure, I remember.' When that fan walks away from me he's got to think, *Now, there's a real idiot*, but I think the same, so it evens things up. But what can I do? I know he is trying to impress his friends or maybe he's a little in liquor."

I said, "I am told that your wife, Roselle, is a good sport about such visitations as the one you had from the addled doll with the suitcase."

Como said, "After being exposed to it all of these years, she is; but, after all, she is still a woman. She was all woman the day she picked up the phone and a low, throaty woman's voice asked, 'May I speak to Mr. Como?' Roselle asked, 'Who is this?' and the woman at the other end said, 'I can't tell you, but this is a friend.'

"This was too much for Roselle. She said, 'This is Mrs. Como. Any friend of Perry's is a friend of mine. Speak up, friend.'

"There was a gasp and a click at the other end of the wire. That was all."

Next week Perry tells how his successful TV show is put together. —THE EDITORS

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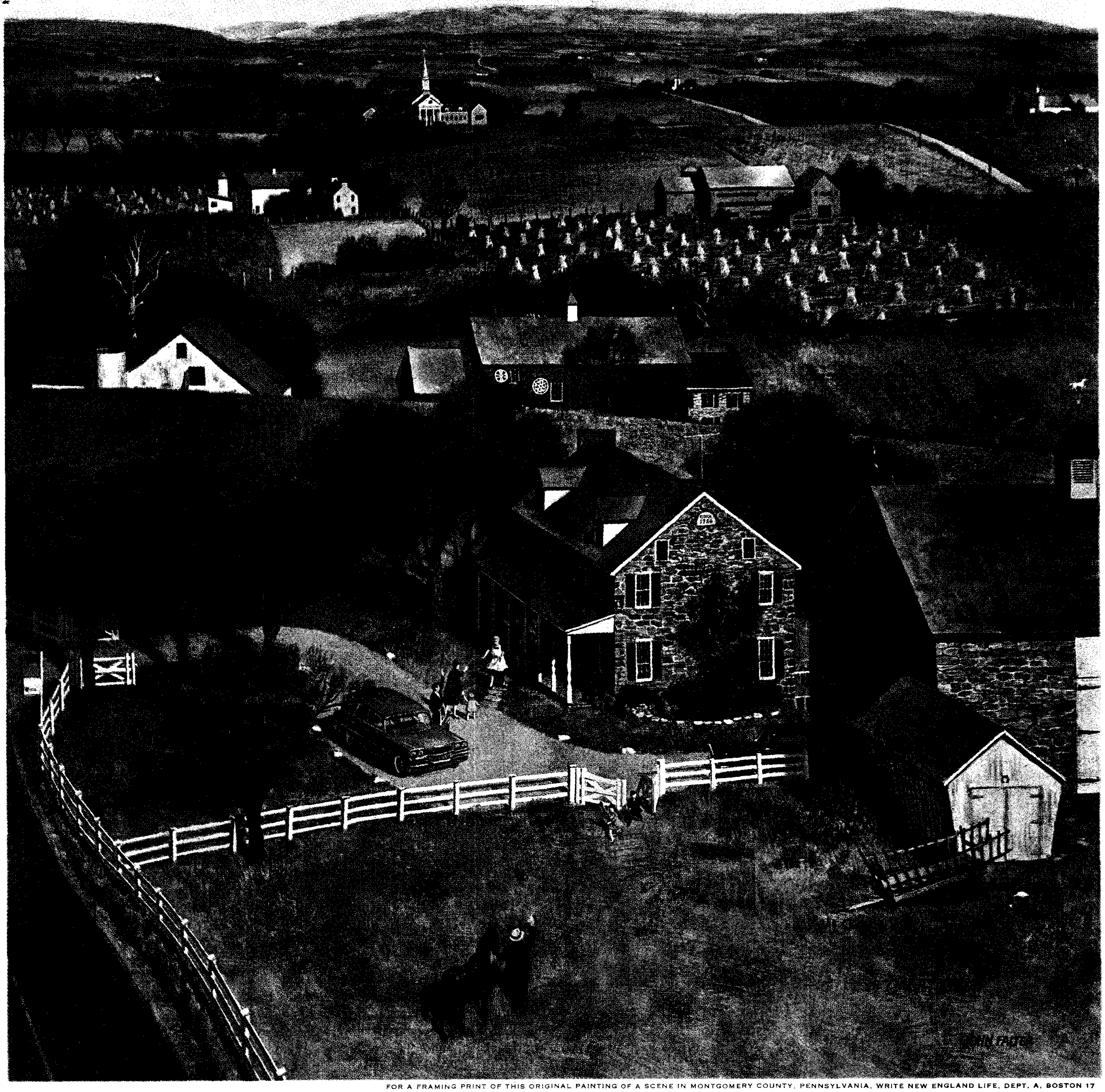

FOR A FRAMING PRINT OF THIS ORIGINAL PAINTING OF A SCENE IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, WRITE NEW ENGLAND LIFE, DEPT. A, BOSTON 17

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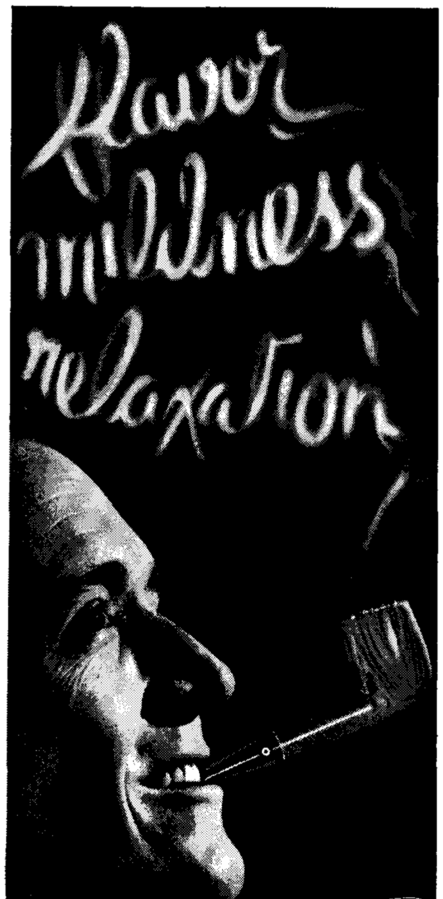

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Keeping Posted

Change of Pace

Round One: Roger Kahn vs. Jack Dempsey.

The scene: Jack Dempsey's restaurant in New York. Sportswriter **Roger Kahn** *is paying a social call on the former champ.*

Dempsey: "Would you like to see my old one-two?"

Kahn: "Not especially."

Punch number one is a left to the stomach. Number two is a right cross to the chin. Unhurt, Kahn drops his guard, whereupon Dempsey throws another left.

Kahn: "You said the old one-two. That was three."

Dempsey: "Keep yourself protected at all times."

Our author was bested in the above scene, but he improved in a later round (Scotch and soda for Kahn, beer for Dempsey).

Sportswriter Kahn takes a vacation from the world of the old one-two in his interview on page 26, A VISIT WITH ROBERT FROST. "I was a little nervous as the interview began," admits Kahn, "as I never am with athletes. Frost, after all, is a man who has the English language solved." But the nervousness wore off quickly, and before they parted Frost told his interviewer, "We think alike. We didn't have any arguments."

Says Kahn: "A visit I shall remember always."

Speaking of changing pace—our own **Pete Martin**, an old hand with a tape recorder, has become a "recording artist." Decca Records has just released Pete's L.P. album, *Face to Face*, on which eleven stars such as Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Mary Martin and Maurice Chevalier sing and are interviewed by Pete.

For a happy reminder of *The Post*'s changes of pace in good reading, we refer readers to a pair of articles in our October-first issue—DYNAMITE JOE OF NAVY, by **Shirley Povich**, and THE FUTURE OF MAN, by **P. B. Medawar.** In the following weeks, **Dynamite Joe Bellino** led the Middies to victory over Washington, Southern Methodist, Air Force and Penn—and Professor Medawar was awarded the Nobel Prize for Medicine.

A Rolling Hempstone

Smith Hempstone has gathered no moss in the decade since he was graduated from the University of the South, in Sewanee, Tennessee. He was a Marine artillery officer in Korea through 1952. In the next four years he held editorial posts with the Associated Press, the Louisville *Times*, the *National Geographic* and the Washington *Evening Star*. In 1956 the Institute of Current World Affairs awarded him a fellowship (which expires next month) to make a survey of Africa south of the Sahara. He and his wife, Kitty, have driven 65,000 miles through Africa. Since mid-1959 they have been living in a "Gauguinlike" house in Malindi, Kenya, on the Indian Ocean. There he wrote his first book, *The New Africa*, to be published by Knopf next year, and his first *Post* article, TWILIGHT OF THE GREAT BEASTS (page 21).

While hunting in Uganda, Hempstone shot his first and only lion. (See photo.) "Although I still get a big kick out of hunting dangerous game," he writes, "the killing no longer gives me pleasure, perhaps because I now realize what an asset Africa's wildlife is."

Hempstone and cat.

Lawn Party

McGinnis and guests.

The eyebrow-raising photograph above was made at the Old Greenwich, Connecticut, home of illustrator **Robert McGinnis** and helps explain why so many people get such naughty notions about the behavior of artists and their models. That's McGinnis, with a limp model in his arms. McGinnis's pretty wife, Ferne, took the picture while she perched on the roof of the house—a sight which reassured passing motorists not at all. The excuse for this wild scene is Part Two of Eric Hatch's serial, MORESBY'S GODDESS (page 36). We asked McGinnis to illustrate the scene in which a number of characters are drugged in a dimly lighted café on the island of Crete; so McGinnis enacted the scene on his lawn, without the drugs, in broad daylight.

At age thirty-four McGinnis is the father of two girls and the painter of two major illustrations in a single issue—the latter achievement being an uncommon one. His illustration for **Louis Paul**'s story, THE HIGH FLYERS (page 32), is based on a Ferne McGinnis photograph taken in the family garage. To simulate a man on a flying trapeze, Bob, a former Ohio State lineman, gripped a rafter with his legs and hoisted a scarcely clad model off the floor. He no longer cares what the neighbors think.

ERROR

We don't make nearly as many errors as the LETTERS columns seem to indicate. In fact, our accuracy average is quite high, and most of the errors we do commit are not serious. But once in a while we pull a goof that is, in the memorable designation of the late F. H. LaGuardia, a beaut. On page 92 of last week's issue we advertised that this week's issue would contain AMERICA MUST GROW, an article by Walter Lippmann. In truth, the Lippmann article had been published in the November 5 issue. The four editors who let the error slip past them were beheaded, of course.

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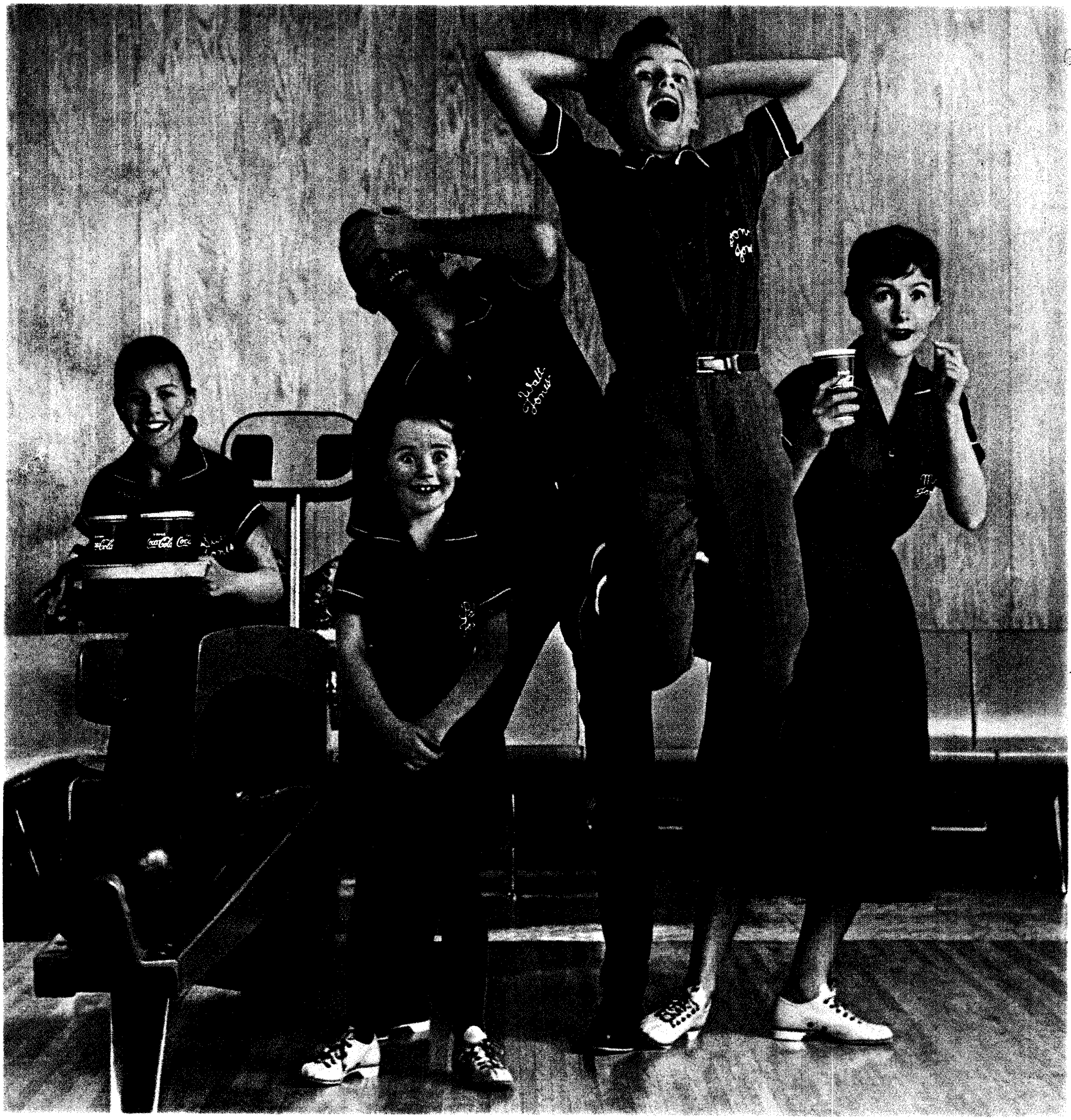

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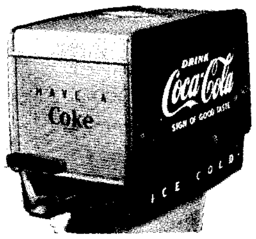
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